

Hard-FI, Polish love song

Back in 1940

My Grandfather died

Fightin in a spitfire

Over at Kent countryside

Since then my country never really got back off its knees

Uncle Joe put paid to that and I was born late seventies

I heard that over in England men were gettin paid

More than I earn in a week, working just one day

I thought, What the Hell? Ill go give it my best shot.

Yeah, its gotta be better than nothin

And thats exactly what Ive got

I caught a train and I headed west to sail across the sea

Pretty soon I had a job workin in a factory

Well, the work was hard

It was hot as Hell

My fingers bleed and my blisters swelled

Long, long hours back racked with pain

Just me and Serge from Ukraine

When I When I got my first paycheck

It was minus food and board

Not much left for me. I thought

So this is my reward

So when my first night off in ten

I wandered into town

Yeah, I just wanted to have some fun

And have a look around

I met a girl oh, oh, oh

She had blond hair and curls oh, oh, oh

We got along

I sung her a Polish love song

We were kissin in the car park

When I heard someone come up behind me

Suddenly Im surrounded by a group of men who what to hurt me

They said "You're not welcome in our country.

Were sick of givin to all and sundry

I dont work to try and rob

I said, Mr. you wouldn't want my job.

And then Im down on the floor

Their boots connecting with my jaw

Round, round, round my head is spinning

I don't think I can take much more

My girl is screamin

I think Im going to be killed

Just like my grandfather

My Polish blood

On England soil is spilt

Just like my grandfather

My Polish blood

On England soil is spilt