

Izabela Trojanowska, Golden Soldiers

Sun in my face
And I can feel it glow
Someone draw the curtains
Sometimes I'd like to smash
Those windows open
Sun in my face
And I can feel it glow

I could be so golden
Shine in the dead of night for You
I could be a criminal
Lead a life of crime for You

I could be so golden
Shine in the dead of night for You
I could be a soldier
I could go to war for You

I won't give up a good fight
With talk of passive action
And when the fist comes down
I provide the opposite reaction
I won't give up a good fight
With talk of passive action

I could be so golden
Shine in the dead of night for You
I could be a criminal
Lead a life of crime for You

I could be so golden
Shine in the dead of night for You
I could be a soldier
I could go to war for You

Pour me night and day
In equal quantity
And I will drink to those who
Sacrifice that part for me