

Stanisław Soyka, No Place For Poetry

onday morning, after coffee, a business meeting at the town hall
Our lunch with the guy who knows how to deal with the newest "that's love"
What a drug, what a drug midnight party at the club: ready, steady, go!
Girls, girls on the raid all the night and bye; "you can try, I'm so hot, I'm so lii..."

There is no place for poetry in the world like this
There is no place for poetry between the fingers of a fist

Oooooo! Ah Ah!

West side story, east side story, I don't worry, you don't worry
Somewhere, someone dropped the bomb and signed the final deal with Loki
But the high, what a high, what a crazy way to fly: ready, steady, go!
But tonight this league is mine with so much going down on me, losing sight of faulty throat

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