

The Manhattan Transfer, Soldier Of Fortune

Before the jungle closes in
A letter to America
The candles are a cocoa hue
Inside the room of missing men¹
100 mercenary souls
Ohhhhhhh
We are the army of the night
Ohhhhhhh

One foot in front of the other babe
One baby step, I, I, I, I
Feel a soldier of fortune
Marching inside of me

We drink our gin in Mandalay
Afraid of what we have become
This is the moment of intrigue
Ohhhhhhh
A tiger dreaming of his prey
Ohhhhhhh
This is the edge of history

One foot in front of the other babe
One baby step, I, I, I, I
Feel a soldier of fortune
Marching inside of me

(Repeat and Fade)