

Hard-Fi "Polish Love Song"

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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?
I'll go give it my best shot."
Yeah, it's gotta be better than nothin'
And that's exactly what I've 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 Sergei
from Ukraine

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 I'm surrounded
by a group of men who what to hurt me
They said "You're not
welcome in our country.
We're sick of givin' to all and
sundry
I don't work to try and rob

I said, "Mr. you
wouldn't want my job."
And then I'm 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 I'm going to be killed
Just like my grandfather
My Polish blood on England's soil is spilt
Just like my grandfather
My Polish blood
On England soil is spilt

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