

Manhattan Transfer

"Soldier Of Fortune"

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Before the jungle closes in a letter to America
The candles are a cocoa hue
Inside the room of missing men

100 mercenary souls
Ohh
We are the army of the night
Ohh

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

Ohh
A tiger dreaming of his prey
Ohh
This is the edge of history

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Feel a soldier of fortune
Marching inside of me

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