

Soldier Of Fortune

The Manhattan Transfer

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

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Marching inside of me