

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 men¹
100 mercenary souls
Ohhhhhhhh
We are the army of the night
Ohhhhhhhh

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

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One baby step, I, I, I, I
Feel a soldier of fortune
Marching inside of me