

Soldier Of Fortune

Doug And The Slugs

Here comes another miscast
Night of remembering when
I had a definite grasp on
That particular something
Keeping my feet on the ground
Solid shoe-shine style
My name engraved on this silver flask
You were my guide to a foreign land
Pulling me through those deserted streets
Was enough of a task for anybody else
You had the touch, or so I thought
There was anger behind the innocence
I never noticed at all until that lesson been taught

You had your reasons for leaving
Mostly concerning me
Who would've thought that by staying in one place
I'd become a refugee

In that maze of happiness
Alas to admit that I was lost
Getting fat off the land of a lover
Who soon realized
What I gave just wasn't worth the cost
You rode your wagon south
Left behind my city in flames
A soldier of fortune sinking in
The mud and mire
Nobody else but myself to blame

You had your reasons for leaving
Mostly concerning me
Oh, who would've thought that by staying in one place
I'd become a refugee

Oh, but that was some other time
Distant just as far
I made it through the rebellion
A few minor bruises, a permanent limp and a major scar
'Cause there's never been another
Lover with your amount of bite
You've got the taste of retsina
To warm my throat
It kept me going through those October nights

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Mostly concerning me
Who would've thought that by staying in one place
I'd become a refugee