

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