Czesław Niemen, Song of an emigrant

We have been kings since the day we came in. A ship filled with hopes and plans for the new beginning Well it did not turn out as a golden fortune But a song of an emigrant that sang out of tune. The language of aliens with long blond silk Will not be respected because of Mothers milk So look back and find a virginal soul mate The song of an emigrant will not change, it's too late! I thank you welfare For alweys taking care And how you make me A happy wannabe It's not forgoten Your arms wide open Those easy money It's been a good time for me! A man is supposed to support his woman A Fathers job is to feed his children So how can it be that the paycheck is wealthy The song of an emigrant it's done, the system is healthy! I thank you welfare For alweys taking care And how you made me A happy wannabe It's not forgotten Your arms wide open Those easy money It's been a good time for me!