

# 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 always taking care  
And how you make me  
A happy wannabe  
It's not forgotten  
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 always 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!