**NOT A SONG**

Guys don't cry, mafia sandbox

Trumpets Kombi team, artists in the basement

Szopen Frederick falls over in the grave

Krakow falls – Warsaw is the power

THIS IS NOT A COMMERCIAL SONG

IT'S JUST A YOUTH COMMENT

THIS IS NOT A COMMERCIAL SONG

IT'S JUST YOUTH

Perfect, Urszula, Sufler's Booth

Old generation of the new trainer

They bake magpies from a bygone era

Highlanders, preachers – who doesn't sing

this one does not eat...

COMMERCIAL SONG

IT'S JUST A YOUTH COMMENT

THIS IS NOT A COMMERCIAL SONG

IT'S JUST YOUTH

I'm such an ulcer, little man

I am writing now about what's going on on the head

No cwany cizio will tell me

What to sing about and what to like

Not for me humility, career path

You can trust me, I'm honest

Quoting a well-known poet in Cracow

A mediocrity worse than anything

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