POLISH DISEASE

When I think of Poland, I look her straight into the eye

Lost the day after a sleepless night

Not much happens, more and more vileness

It's not enough to live for a little freedom

I AM SICK OF POLAND

SICK OF POLAND

I AM SICK OF POLAND

Sick...

When I think of Poland, frankly to the depths of

Sarobe streets of dark mysteries

Not much happens, almost nothing changes

It's not enough to make your dreams come true

I AM SICK OF POLAND

SICK OF POLAND

I AM SICK OF POLAND

Sick...

When I think of Poland, without regret and anger

Generation without chances, deprived of youth

Not much happens, time of carefree promises

It is not enough to live to cure himself from Poland

I AM SICK OF POLAND

SICK OF POLAND

I AM SICK OF POLAND

Sick...

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