

# Izabela Trojanowska, Wolf

You'll have no family  
You'll have no friends  
You'll wait for letters  
That no one sends  
You'll break Your heart  
You'll break Your head  
You'll break the promise  
You made in bed

When the wind is howling  
And the wolf is at Your door  
When the iceman's coming  
To even up the score  
You'll do anything for money  
Do anything for money  
You've got to have the money  
All You see is money

Your dress is tired  
Your hands are thin  
The baby smiles  
Your senses swim  
The cupboard's empty  
The breast is dry  
You'd sell Your soul but  
No one would buy

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