

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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And the wolf is at Your door
When the iceman's coming
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