

Soul Business

There's a lonesome traveller
in a train to Cologne.
Beside him a stranger
with a face as cool as stone.
A banker from the City-Bank
in his durst coloured suit.
A waitress of Mc'Donalds,
without any food.

There's a french dark beauty
with short black hair.
An Italian woman,
on the way to a fair.
An 'hout couture' beauty,
that was missin' the fair.
A manager of 'Music Men'
without any care.

Refrain:

Soul business
You have no face to show.
Soul business
There is no place to go.
Soul business
You have no time to grow.
Soul business

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A silhouette of industrie
in the north of the town.
A silhouette of industrie
in the south of the town.
A silhouette of industrie
in the east of the town.
A silhouette of industrie
in the west of the town.

Refrain: ...