

Little Problems, Little Lies

Ann Wilson

I come down from Ft. Lewis
First time PFC
And kicking in these doorways
Ain't natural to me

But now I got my orders
That evil lives inside
Hate the sin and kill the sinner
And do it all with pride

Here I lie a'bleedin'
In a bombed out SUV
No more cell reception
No more light to see

Screaming hopeless questions
Dreaming 'bout my home
Till the chopper comes from heaven
To gather up my bones

I'm standing on a ledge
Out here on the edge
The moon is hanging high
It fills my dying eyes

Little problems, little lies

And all the young dudes fighting
So far away from home
Some are unsung heroes
Some are made of stone
Some of them are broken
The broken places strong
Some of them are crazy
Their innocence is gone

Standing on a ledge
Out here on the edge
The moon is hanging high
And it fills my dying eyes

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