

## 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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