

The Soldier

Ataxia

I fell in line for your country
You take mine in the deep valley
It's about time you sing our praise now
(without you there...right down?)

I'm realized, I beat my brains out
It feels right in a Jesus halo
I walk back, feel for me now?
I look back but it's not the same (girl/route/group?)

I'm on time
You crossed that line
And your dreams all come back
And the scenes all go black

I'm on time, the dream is over
I shoot again to the British soldier
They're out of scale but that's how things go
What I see is a double single

I cross the heart of the sounds of a wind bag
Memories like anyone had
I get lost, with the (thin butter dingbat?)
We ought to face the consequence of that

I believe in cheating a ghost
It's his line so only god knows
The sandman and in between says
I read books but don't last to the first page

Life on the line
Dreams expire
And they never come back
You forever have that

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I look back but it's not the same (girl/route/group?)

I think twice
That's my advice
I wish you'd give it back
It's the good thoughts I lack

We know too well the dream is over
You throw work over your shoulder
The busy (...) must have begun
Those are the sort of ideas I shun

The four walls, the skulls I'm cracking
?

was all that was happening
We move up but the ?
We go down because we've reached our peak