

Soldier Jane

Beck

No one cares what dress she wears alone
Tattered rags and paper bags and all
She's the one sleeping in the day
Drag her down, don't let her drown in dirt

Lovers drag their canes across the gates
Gamblers light candles for the dice
No one wake her up, she's sleeping still
So put a candle on the window sill

Soldier Jane, don't be afraid
Take your heart out of the shell
Take your heart out of the shell
Throw it away

Stars, they strike the darkness in the room
Knives, they take the poison from the wound
Cars, they drag us down into the ruins
Sweep our cares away with dirty brooms

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