

Lonely Soldier

Damien Rice

Lonely soldier go home
Lonely, but never alone
Good eyes see nothing to shoot
Good feet feel good given up good boots

Ask your father how do ya fall
Like a leave sitting on the ground
Good for nothing except kicking around

She died with her hand stretched out
She died with a hungry mouth
She died with a mind full of doubt
(And a pulse of weakening)

So may river never dry
May your mouth never lie
May you be satisfied to never know why
Sometimes, someone just wants to die
Where'd you get those cuts in your hand
I thought I told 'bout playing in the sand

There's always someone carelessly class
There's always questions no one asks

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