

# Little Problems, Little Lies

Heart

I come down from Ft. Lewis  
First time PFC  
And kickin' 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 bleedin'  
In a bombed out SUV  
No more cell reception  
No more light to see

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

And I'm standin' on a ledge  
Out here on the edge  
And the moon is hangin' high  
It fills my dyin' eyes

Little problems, little lies  
Little problems, little lies

And all the young dudes fighting  
So far away from home  
Some are unsung heroes  
Some are made of stone

And some of them are broken  
The broken places strong  
Some of them are crazy  
Their innocence is gone

And I'm standin' on a ledge  
Out here on the edge  
And the moon is hangin' high  
And it fills my dyin' eyes

Little problems, little lies  
Ooh, little problems, little lies  
Ooh, little problems, little lies