

Sabine came from Texas
With a scar across her cheek
A razor blade had cut right through it
She didn't talk about it, yeah
But it was understood
That it had been done
By a man she once loved

What an awful thing to do
And man, when she looked at you
There was a sadness in her eyes

It really made me wonder
How someone could be so cruel
And cut so deep
Into someone so nice
Well, Sabina, Sabina, tell me how could he be so cruel
Sabina, what becomes of you

Well, Sabina, she made up her mind, she said
No, never again
But where's a girl go to get away from a man like that
She didn't have much school
No, she's your basic kinda girl
From a simple little town
With a monster in the woods

Well, the kids were grown
She sold the home
She wasn't coming back
She heard about a job in the middle of a war
In a kitchen in Iraq

Well, before she left, he called to say, he said
War's no place for you, you better stay
I wouldn't walk away from me
If you know what's good for you
No, she said, this is goodbye
And by the way, I hope you die
I can't see anything being worse than
Being with you
Well, Sabina, Sabina, tell me what else could you do
Sabina, what becomes of you

Sabina's got an army now
That treats her with respect
She brings them to a kitchen
In the middle of Iraq
And the men who work for her are like a little row of ducks
That form in lines behind her
Well, Sabina, Sabina, tell me what else could you do
Sabina, what becomes of you

Sabina's In the desert now, looking up at the stars
She's not afraid of anything anymore, not even of the bombs