

# Someone Else's War

[Dan Mills](#)

Dawn is homeless on a suitcase by the train  
While city princes hail cabs to beat the rain  
Stacks of books she never reads  
She never begs  
There's reservations on her mind and in her head I spend my days searching for my soul  
And as we roar along the truth is left untold  
I know my brother came and turned some heads before  
But that was then  
And this is someone else's war Covered faces on the pictures and the news  
Are covered faces in my home and in my shoes  
A bigger stage should make it quicker than before  
But now it's jeans not oily key that open doors All the buildings are selling poison on the street  
They probably brand a better ground for better feet  
She breaks her back to have the cash to break her face  
And even worse my broken heart, my broken faith And it could find me before I find it first  
And it could take away this unforgiving thirst  
It could find as I could miss  
We block the shine to beat the fish  
But tilted hats in times like this could be a curse

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