Little Problems, Little Lies

Ann Wilson

I come down from Ft. Lewis
First time PFC
And kickin' in these doorways
Ain't natural to meBut now I got my orders
That evil lives inside
Hate the sin and kill the sinner
And do it all with prideHere 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 bonesAnd I'm standin' on a ledge
Out here on the edge
And the moon is hangin' high
It fills my dyin' eyesLittle problems, little lies
Little problems, little liesAnd all the young dudes fighting
So far away from home
Some are unsung heroes
Some are made of stoneAnd 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' eyesLittle problems, little lies
Ooh, little problems, little lies
Ooh, little problems, little lies
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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