

# Little Soldiers

## The Crane Wives

On the broken backs of all the words we spared  
Like little soldiers in the trenches  
It was a march we made towards ruin and despair  
But we held hands all the while.I swear that I loved you,  
I swear that I loved you,  
I swear that I loved you,  
I swear, I swear'Neath the table you would offer up my bones  
And all the dogs would lick your fingers  
And I'd drag dirt through every room inside our home  
But you still held me at night.I swear that you loved me,  
I swear that you loved me,  
I swear that you loved me,  
I swear, I swearWe didn't give up  
We wouldn't dare surrender  
It was an honest loss.Now the aftermath will ring with songs you've sung,  
All of our words sent home in boxes  
I fought with tooth and nail before the flag had flown  
But you were already gone.I'll swear that I loved you,  
I'll swear that I loved you,  
I'll swear that I loved you,  
I swear, I swear.I'll swear that I loved you,  
I'll swear that I loved you,  
I'll swear that I loved you,  
I swear, I swear.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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