

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 swear We 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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