The Good Soldier

Nine Inch Nails

Gun fire in the street where we used to meet
Echoes out a beat and the bass goes
Bomb right over my head, step over the dead
Remember what you said you know, the part about
Life is just a waking dream, well, I know what you mean
But that ain't how it seems right here and now
How can this be real, I can barely feel
Anymore
I am trying to see
I am trying to believe
This is not where I should be
I am trying to believe
Blood hardens in the sand, cold metal in my hand
Help you understand the way that things are gonna be
There's nowhere left to hide 'cause God is on our side
I keep telling myself
I am trying to see
I am trying to believe
This is not where I should be
I am trying to believe

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