

Beck "Soldier Jane"

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Nobody cares what dress she wears at all
Tattered rags and paper bags and all
She's the one sleeping in the dirt
Drag her down, don't let her drown in dirt

Gamblers trade candles for the dice
Mothers drag their canes across the bridge
No one wake her up, she's sleeping still
Put a candle on the window sill

Soldier Jane, don't be afraid
Taking heart out of the shell

Taking heart out of the shell
Throw it away

?? strike the darkness from the room
Knives, they take the poison from the wound
'Cause they drag us down into the ruins
Sleep away our cares, dirty boots

Soldier Jane, don't be afraid
Taking heart out of the shell
Taking heart out of the shell
Throw it away

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