

## **Bruce Springsteen**

### **"War Nurse"**

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She was just another war nurse  
She could strike a noble pose  
Caring for our young boys when a bullet laid them low  
She would hover over them and cry  
And pull the cover over them when they'd die  
She was just another lonesome lady, lover, sister of the  
gun  
And though france would call her darling,  
She was a nurse 'neath the rising sun  
She knew no hells or heavens, or harbors or havens  
She was every mother, sister, wife and lover  
Whose love a soldier boy was savin'  
She believed in the birth of the broad sword  
She was not a shielded one  
Though france would call her darlin'

She was nurse 'neath the rising sun  
She was a soldier's shrapnel sweetheart, direct from  
the combat zone  
She was a reincarnation o fthe virgin mary  
She was the hooker down in san antone  
And though her heart was somewhere in iceland  
Commanding the dawn patrol  
Blessed in this blood and stitched into these bones  
The war nurse left her soul  
Blessed in this blood and stitched into these bones  
The war nurse left her soul

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