

Dan Mills

"Someone Else's War"

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Dawn is homeless on a suitcase by the train
While city princes hail cabs to beat the rain
Stacks of books she never reads
She never begs
There's reservations on her mind and in her head

I spend my days searching for my soul
And as we roar along the truth is left untold
I know my brother came and turned some heads
before
But that was then
And this is someone else's war

Covered faces on the pictures and the news
Are covered faces in my home and in my shoes
A bigger stage should make it quicker than before

But now it's jeans not oily key that open doors

All the buildings are selling poison on the street
They probably brand a better ground for better feet
She breaks her back to have the cash to break her face
And even worse my broken heart, my broken faith

And it could find me before I find it first
And it could take away this unforgiving thirst
It could find as I could miss
We block the shine to beat the fish
But tilted hats in times like this could be a curse

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