

## **Felice Brothers**

### **"Soldier's Song"**

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You like the desert sun  
Shinin' over everyone  
You like a fighter plane  
Blowin' us all away  
There in your low lit room  
Your singin prayer to your open wounds  
The fire that's your pale blue jeans  
Is bandages no one sees  
Here in my suit of tin  
I sing in tune for the fool I've been  
Fire down my tinfoil throat  
There's a fist where my heart should go  
But you like the desert sun  
Shinin' over everyone  
You like a fighter plane  
Blowin' us all away  
Nail in your famous spike  
Your singin' prayer cause your pain has died  
All down that thorough fair  
You throw your bandages in the air  
You throw your bandages in the air

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