

# Beck, Soldier Jane

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