

soldier on

by kris orlowski

almost rushed he's racing on that Sunday afternoon
swollen lines, she's pacing, eyeing that empty living room.
this life for you it holds a cost, were living while they're brave.
the wire found her later, a soldier gone.

"I'm sorry love, he held the line, he served us fine, as you know. I'm sorry love, this hurts me too. Save my name, call anytime, anytime that you're low. I'm sorry love, this hurts me too"

brothers grew, then one day parted, the draft and post high school
one brother left to mend his scars and dream of different news
this life, or truth, we feel the loss living in the wake.

this fight won't make it better,
we'll soldier on

"I'm sorry bud, he held the line, he served us fine, as you know. I'm sorry bud, this hurts me too. Save my name, call anytime, anytime that you're low. I'm sorry love, this hurts me too"

lives, oh lives, soon we'll dream again
lies, oh lies, to ruin our dreams again
lives, oh lives, soon will dream again