

Good Soldier

Flobots

Today, You don't have to be a soldier
Don't have to be a soldier, stand down
It's okay to be as you were
Be as you were again.

Is it a scheme? Is it a Vision?
Is it a dream? Is it a nightmare?
Or is it a competition?
And if it is, what if we don't fight fair?
What's bald in the morning but in the evening has white hairs?
What's the cause of global warming and could it be these things right here?
I've got an idea that might not reach anyone for another light year
Got a hit list and a cloud of witnesses which is pricier
My tears are mightier than my fears

So mighty Earth provides me hurt that I keep buried until I convert it to writing
I was wounded
I was injured
I was made to move to Denver
I was taken through a new adventure
Paint stripped from it's first fixture
I was placed in another picture
I was rushed to a new landscape

And ripped away from family scraped into a politicians mistake
And what's left of talents in chests beneath oceans
Welled up behind eyelids has yet to be salvaged
A world of emotions
A guess that it might be okay
That it could be all right if expressed today

Am I a woman raised man-machine
Damaging everything I touch by not caring enough
Or too much
Am I far flung fantasy
Setting free enmity
And making friends from enemies
And bridges for the in-between's

For the highwayman on a low road
The tired back with a large load
The trials spanned till I found hope
And I found more
When I slo mo'ed
Enough of the back to face front
Let those in the pack of the race run
I'm needing an even pace one too hasty
Makes mistakes
Can you carry a song
As strong as your arms can bear
That you keep from harm
And it will be there
When you go wrong
Make a heart from your bond
Your treasure is right here

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