

Bruce Springsteen, War Nurse

She was just another war nurse
She could strike a noble pose
Caring for our young boys when a bullet laid them low
She would hover over them and cry
And pull the cover over them when they'd die
She was just another lonesome lady, lover, sister of the gun
And though France would call her darling,
She was a nurse 'neath the rising sun
She knew no hells or heavens, or harbors or havens
She was every mother, sister, wife and lover
Whose love a soldier boy was savin'
She believed in the birth of the broad sword
She was not a shielded one
Though France would call her darlin'
She was nurse 'neath the rising sun
She was a soldier's shrapnel sweetheart, direct from the combat zone
She was a reincarnation o fthe Virgin MAry
She was the hooker down in San Antone
And though her heart was somewhere in Iceland
Commanding the dawn patrol
Blessed in this blood and stitched into these bones
the war nurse left her soul
Blessed in this blood and stitched into these bones
the war nurse left her soul