

Toy Soldiers And Hand Grenades

Downtown Singapore

The children couldn't help the gifts we gave them
Wrapped up in grief and warfare
They took from them what was gold and pure
and stripped their souls clean and bare

Can
You
Feel
The heart beat inside
Beating hard

They're calling out for redemption
For themselves
Smoke fills the air tonight
And faces glow from the cannon light

The children couldn't help the gifts we gave them
Wrapped up in grief and warfare
They took from them what was gold and pure
and stripped their souls clean and bare

They need more
They need more
They need more
They need more
They need more
They need more
They need more

Smoke fills
The air tonight
And faces
Glow from the cannon light
They paid their respects
By taking their way of life
And replacing it for what they say is right

The children couldn't help the gifts we gave them
Wrapped up in grief and warfare
They took from them what was gold and pure
and stripped their souls clean and bare

(The children couldn't help the gifts we gave them
Wrapped up in grief and warfare
They took from them what was gold and pure
and stripped their souls clean and bare)