

## 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  
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(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)