Wooden Soldiers

Yeah I dunno, but it seems to me That always, in time There's been a will and there's been a way No change, no sign

Where do you go when you run away With no chance to hide? And I dunno what it represents But our hands are tied

When wooden soldiers catch their breath Then everyone can rest When wooden soliders catch their breath When wooden soliders catch their breath Then everyone can rest When wooden soliders catch their breath Oh...

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