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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