One Tin Soldier

Me First and the Gimme Gimmes

Listen, children, to a story

That was written long ago

'Bout a kingdom on a mountain

And the valley-folk belowOn the mountain was a treasure

Buried deep beneath the stone

And the valley-people swore

They'd have it for their very ownGo ahead and hate your neighbor

Go ahead and cheat a friend

Do it in the name of heaven

You can justify it in the end

There won't be any trumpets blowing

Come the judgment day

On the bloody morning after

One tin soldier rides awaySo the people of the valley

Sent a message up the hill

Asking for the buried treasure

Tons of gold for which they'd killIt came an answer from the mountain

With our brothers we will share

All the secrets of our mountain

All the riches buried thereGo ahead and hate your neighbor

Go ahead and cheat a friend

Do it in the name of heaven

You can justify it in the end

There won't be any trumpets blowing

Come the judgment day

On the bloody morning after

One tin soldier rides awayNow the valley cried with anger

"Mount your horses! Draw your sword!"

And they killed the mountain-people

So they won their just rewardNow they stood beside the treasure

On the mountain, dark and red

Turned the stone and looked beneath it

"Peace on Earth" was all it saidGo ahead and hate your neighbor

Go ahead and cheat a friend

Do it in the name of heaven

You can justify it in the end

There won't be any trumpets blowing

Come the judgment day

On the bloody morning after

One tin soldier rides awayGo ahead and hate your neighbor
Go ahead and cheat a friend
Do it in the name of heaven
You can justify it in the end
There won't be any trumpets blowing
Come the judgment day
On the bloody morning after
One tin soldier rides away

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