

# One Tin Soldier

Joan Baez

Listen, children, to a story  
That was written long ago  
About a Kingdom on a mountain  
And a valley folk down below  
On the mountain was a treasure  
Buried deep beneath a stone  
And the valley people swore  
They'd have it for their very own  
Go 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  
But there won't be any trumpets blowing  
Come the judgment day  
On the bloody morning after  
One tin soldier rides away  
So the people of the valley  
Sent a message up the hill  
Asking for the buried treasure  
Tons of gold for which they'd kill  
Came an answer from the Kingdom  
With our brothers, we will share  
All the riches of our mountain  
All the secrets buried there  
Now the valley swore with anger  
Mount your horses, draw your swords  
And they killed the mountain people  
So they won their just rewards  
Now they stood beside the treasure  
On the mountain dark and red  
Turned the stone and looked beneath it  
Peace on Earth, was all it said  
Go 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  
Go ahead and hate your neighbor  
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One tin soldier rides away

Songwriters

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