

Tin Soldiers

Stiff Little Fingers

He joined up to get a job and show he wasn't scared
Swapped boy scout hat for army cap
He thought he'd be prepared
At the age of seventeen, he was forced to choose
At the age of twenty-one, he's in Catch-22, all right! He joined up for just three years, it seemed a small amount
But they didn't tell him that
The first two didn't count
At the age of seventeen how was he to know
That at the age of twenty-one he'd still have one to go? Tin soldier
He signed away his name
Tin soldier
No chance for cash or fame
Tin soldier
Now he knows the truth
Tin soldier
He signed away his youth He joined up 'cause Dad knew best to do right by his son
And now he hates and counts the dates
That mark time on square one
At the age of seventeen he did as he was told
Now at the age of twenty-one tin still won't turn to gold Tin soldier
He signed away his name
Tin soldier
No chance for cash or fame
Tin soldier
Now he knows the truth
Tin soldier
He signed away his youth If at the age of seventeen you fall in line too soon
Then at the age of twenty-one you'll still march to their tune
Hup, two, three, four
Hup, two, three, four
Hup, two, three, four
Hup, two, three, four Tin soldiers, you signed away your name
Tin soldiers, no chance for cash or fame
Tin soldiers, now you know the truth
Tin soldiers, you sign away your youth
Tin soldiers, you go and join the queue
Tin soldiers, do what they want you to
Tin soldiers, they take away your name
Tin soldiers, they treat you all the same Sign away your life

Sign away your life

Songwriters

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