

Hanson, Soldier

Can I hear the story about the one legged soldier please
And can you tell me the story of the soldier please
One more time or I'll knock your nose off

Not so long ago in a toy room not so far away
Lived a boy who had so many toys
And he didn't know what to do with them all
With them all, with them all
Well his favorite of all the toys were the tin soldiers, the tin soldiers
And the one that he loved the most was the one with the missing leg
At night the toys would come alive or that's how the story is told
And there they met the soldier with the missing leg
And the ballerina with the heart of gold
At night they would share each others dreams
Under the stars shining bright
But they were too shy to speak of love, to speak of love

One day the boy sat them on the windowsill
To watch for the enemy coming over the hill
But when the wind blew it knocked him into the street
And the boys from the town they said

Won't you look at the one legged soldier
Let's stick him in a boat and send him far away
'Cause I can't find a use for a soldier with a missing leg

And he was lonely, so lonely for a friend
And he was lonely, so lonely for a friend

As he floated past a river rat
On his homemade boat
Well the boat began to sink
And he sank to the bottom of the river
He got swallowed by a fish
Caught by a fisherman
Sold to the family of the boy who had the toys

And the cook said look at the one legged soldier
It looks just like the one we lost the other day
Could this be the boy's tin soldier with the missing leg

And he was lonely, so lonely for a friend
And he was lonely, so lonely for a friend

As he sat on the mantle piece to dry from the river
The ballerina who held his heart sat at his side
And when they got up to dance with each other
They fell by the fire blazing bright
When he jumped to save her from the flames
Their bases began to melt into one in the same
And now they share each others destiny
Together forever they will be

And they are no longer lonely for a friend
And they are no longer lonely for a friend

Not so long ago in a toy room not so far away
Lived a boy who had so many toys
And he played with them all
With them all, with them all
Well he had a ballerina and a one legged soldier, stuck together at the base
And they share each others destiny as they sit on top of the mantel place
It's the story of the one legged soldier
The story of the one legged soldier

The story of the tin soldier with the missing leg