

Dirotta Su Cuba

"Wooden Gun"

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A toy is only a play thing to be broken and thrown away
But even a kiddies toy may bring a tear or sigh some
day.

They gave him a gun to play with when he was a little
boy.

They gave him a gun to play with it was his favourite
toy.

They bought some brave tin soldiers and he thought it
all such fun.

To shoot those brave tin soldiers with his little wooden
gun.

'When I grow up' he told them 'I'll go and fight the foe'
Till one day he carried a real gun and now he sleeps
where the poppies grow.

A token he left behind him a memory of days of joy

The gun he used to play with when he was a little boy.

They bought some brave tin soldiers and he thought it
all such fun

To shoot those brave tin soldiers with his little wooden
gun.

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