

Gypsy

"Tin Soldier"

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Young boy soldier's got everything he needs
He's got a gun on his shoulder
And a badge on his sleeve
He's got boots and grenades
And knitted mittens that his mother made him
Hey boy watcha' doin' out here?
You look a little squeemish
And you're so full of fear
You're too young to die
In a war full of questions
Whose answer is why
Tin soldier
Tin man
Enemy soldier's got everything he needs
He slips a gun on his shoulder
As he bows to his knees
He ain't afraid to die
For his government he'd give his life
Hey boy watcha' doin' out there?
You're running like a madman
With a wild-eyed stare
So you're afraid of nothin'
Well step inside these boots
And I'll show you something
You're a tin soldier
Tin man
"Attention!!!
It's off to battle for you boys
Let's show'em what we're made of!
Let's teach'em about democracy
and our way of thinking
Yep, let's kick some ass out there boys
Show them bastards what freedom's all about!"
Yep, that's America
I wanna go home
I wanna go home sweet home
Where I know who and what I'm fighting for
Where I know who's a friend
And who to avoid
Where I know what I'm doing
And why I'm doing it

So what the hell am I doing out here???

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