

Harry Connick, Jr. "Parade Of The Wooden Soldiers"

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The toy shop door is locked up tight
And everything is quiet for the night
When suddenly
The clock strikes twelve
The fun's begun

The dolls are in their best arrayed
There's going to be a wonderful parade
Hark to the drum
Oh, here they come
Cries everyone

Hear them all cheering
Now they are nearing

There's the captain stiff as starch
Bayonet's flashing
Music is crashing
As the wooden soldiers march
Sabers a-clinking
Soldiers a-winking
At each little pretty maid

Here they come, here they come
Here they come, here they come
Wooden soldiers on parade

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