

Phil Spector "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
Bayonets flashing, music is crashing
As the wooden soldiers march

Sabers a-clinking, soldiers a-winking at each pretty
little maid
Here they come, here they come
Here they come, here they come
Wooden soldiers on parade

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