

Clark Kent Phone Booth "Little Soldiers"

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Lonely boy joined the army back in '65
Only wanted to take with him his childhood skies
Lonely boy stole the moonlight from his baby's eyes
Lonely boy held a picture of his old hometown
He's crying on and on and on and on his
baby's name
From Saigon swamps to Washington
Wind could hear him say
A
The guns are speaking A A A A their killing language
These words can't clean A A A A my blood-stained
bandage
My little Harry A A please, A A hear your daddy
Throw your tin soldiers A A A there ain't no war
games
A
Lonely boy in 1971 came back home
Voices said "enrollment number 31"
His hair's gone grey with surrendered bodies
lying dead
His eyes were red for all the blood they saw in Vietnam
He's calling on and on and on his baby's name
The guns are speaking A A A A their killing language
These words can't clean A A A A my blood-stained
bandage
My little Harry A A please, A A hear your daddy
Throw your tin soldiers A A A there ain't no war
games
A
Red tinted postcards A A A from hell around us
He said "rather lose than let those victims mourn at
my feet"
There ain't no winners A A A there ain't no
medals
He killed a man, then Mr., what's the gain?
A
The guns are speaking A A A A their killing language
These words can't clean A A A A my blood-stained
bandage
My little Harry A A please, A A hear your daddy
Throw your tin soldiers A A A there ain't no war

games

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Lonely boy tucked the baby up at night in bed

Whispering "Sleep, little Harry,

Your tin soldiers aren't dead"

They aren't dead

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