

Person L, Wooden Soldiers

Yeah I dunno, but it seems to me
That always, in time
There's been a will and there's been a way
No change, no sign

Where do you go when you run away
With no chance to hide?
And I dunno what it represents
But our hands are tied

When wooden soldiers catch their breath
Then everyone can rest
When wooden soldiers catch their breath
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Then everyone can rest
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Oh...

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