

# Gimp, One Tin Soldier

Listen, children, to a story  
That was written long ago,  
About a kingdom on a mountain  
And the valley-folk below.

On the mountain was a treasure  
Buried deep beneath the stone,  
And the valley-people swore  
They'd have it for their very own.

Go ahead and hate your neighbour,  
Go ahead and cheat a friend.  
Do it in the name of Heaven,  
You can justify it in the end.  
There won't be any trumpets blowing  
Come the judgement day,  
On the bloody morning after  
One tin soldier rides away.

So the people of the valley  
Sent a message up the hill,  
Asking for the buried treasure,  
Tons of gold for which they'd kill.

Came an answer from the kingdom,  
With our brothers we will share  
All the secrets of our mountain,  
All the riches buried there.

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So the people cried with anger,  
Mount your horses! Draw your swords!  
And they killed the mountain-people,  
So they won their just reward.

Now they stood beside the treasure,  
On the mountain, dark and red.  
Turned the stone and looked beneath it  
Peace on Earth was all it said.

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