

# Hanson, Soldier

Can I hear the story about the one legged soldier please  
And can you tell me the story of the soldier please  
One more time or I'll knock your nose off

Not so long ago in a toy room not so far away  
Lived a boy who had so many toys  
And he didn't know what to do with them all  
With them all, with them all  
Well his favorite of all the toys were the tin soldiers, the tin soldiers  
And the one that he loved the most was the one with the missing leg  
At night the toys would come alive or that's how the story is told  
And there they met the soldier with the missing leg  
And the ballerina with the heart of gold  
At night they would share each others dreams  
Under the stars shining bright  
But they were too shy to speak of love, to speak of love

One day the boy sat them on the windowsill  
To watch for the enemy coming over the hill  
But when the wind blew it knocked him into the street  
And the boys from the town they said

Won't you look at the one legged soldier  
Let's stick him in a boat and send him far away  
'Cause I can't find a use for a soldier with a missing leg

And he was lonely, so lonely for a friend  
And he was lonely, so lonely for a friend

As he floated past a river rat  
On his homemade boat  
Well the boat began to sink  
And he sank to the bottom of the river  
He got swallowed by a fish  
Caught by a fisherman  
Sold to the family of the boy who had the toys

And the cook said look at the one legged soldier  
It looks just like the one we lost the other day  
Could this be the boy's tin soldier with the missing leg

And he was lonely, so lonely for a friend  
And he was lonely, so lonely for a friend

As he sat on the mantle piece to dry from the river  
The ballerina who held his heart sat at his side  
And when they got up to dance with each other  
They fell by the fire blazing bright  
When he jumped to save her from the flames  
Their bases began to melt into one in the same  
And now they share each others destiny  
Together forever they will be

And they are no longer lonely for a friend  
And they are no longer lonely for a friend

Not so long ago in a toy room not so far away  
Lived a boy who had so many toys  
And he played with them all  
With them all, with them all  
Well he had a ballerina and a one legged soldier, stuck together at the base  
And they share each others destiny as they sit on top of the mantel place  
It's the story of the one legged soldier  
The story of the one legged soldier

The story of the tin soldier with the missing leg