

Joan Baez, One Tin Soldier

Listen, children, to a story
That was written long ago
About a Kingdom on a mountain
And a valley folk down below.

On the mountain was a treasure
Buried deep beneath a 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.
But 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 riches of our mountain
All the secrets buried there."

Now the valley swore with anger
"Mount your horses, draw your swords!"
And they killed the mountain people
So they won their just rewards.

Now 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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