Stiff Little Fingers, Tin Soldiers

He joined up to get a job And show he wasn't scared Swapped boy scout hat for army cap At the age of 17 he was forced to choose Now at the age of 21 he's in Catch 22

He joined up for just three years It seemed a small amount But they didn't tell him That the first two didn't count At the age of 17 how was he to know That at the age of 21 he'd still have one to go?

[Chorus:]
Tin soldier
He signed away his name
Tin soldier
No chance for cash or fame
Tin soldier
Now he knows the truth
Tin soldier
He signed away his youth

He joined up cos Dad knew best To do right by his son Now he hates and counts the dates That mark time on square one At the age of 17 he did as he was told Now at the age of 21 tin still won't turn to gold

[Chorus]
If at the age of 17 you fall in line too soon
At the age of 21 you'll still march to their tune

Tin soldiers
You sign away your name
No chance for cash or fame
You never see the truth
You sign away your youth
You go and join the queue
Do what they want you to
They take away your name
They treat you all the same
Sign away you life