

# 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