The Yardbirds, Little Soldier Boy

(Keith Relf / Jim McCarty / Jimmy Page)
Little wooden soldier boy,
How he's bored to be a toy.
Sitting on the mantelpiece,
Was not his idea of peace.
So one night at half past one,
He ordered all the toys to come.
He told them all a good game to play,
Next day.

The teddy bears and wind-up toys,
Together made a lot of noise.
The other side formed into ranks,
Proud 'cause they had plastic tanks.
High up on the shelf to see,
The soldier had to jump with glee.
At last before his eyes he saw,
A real war.

With a battle raging on the floor,
The soldier boy was urging more.
Soon the floor was strewn with bits,
Fur and stuff and building kits.
The soldier boy was feeling high,
As smoke clouds rolled across the sky.
He gave a last triumphant cry,
And fell into the fire.