Wooden horse (Odysseus' song)

(So what's the story?) In Spar-ta they fight har-der than the ave-rage an-cient Greek.

The world is at their feet, they're the mil-i-tary e-lite. The Tro-jans have no no-tion of the an-cient art of war, They can't stand too much gore,

a fun-da-men-tal flaw. The Greeks are so much smar-ter than the ave-rage man of war. We know what we're fight-ing for,

that's why, there has to be some strat-e-gy be-yond the force of arms.

The e-ne-my is charmed. He's
to-tal-ly dis-armed. When I look in the mir-ror I'm the
cool-est guy I see. There's no-body like me.
I'm the key to vic-to-ry. The Greeks are so much
smar-ter than the ave-rage man of war. We don't care what peo-ple say,
that is why we lead the way when we're fight-ing cheek to cheek, ba-ba-da-dap.
be-ba-da-dap-ba-doe. We fight them on the beach-es and we fight them in the street.
We can't ac-cept de-feat,
not a-bout re-treat. The time has come to climb u-pon.

the

trust-y woo-den horse is a tac-ti-cal re-source. The Greeks are so much

smar-ter than the ave-rage man of war.

be the mas-ters of dis-guise... when you’re fight-ing

cheek to cheek.