

# The Music Box

Ed Harcourt

The music box  
Is all that's left in the empty house  
Must've left it when they moved out  
In a hurry to flee the town  
Armoured tanks  
Broke through all of the soldier's ranks  
You can be sure they weren't shooting blanks  
From bodies laid out on the ground There's a song your father had sung  
When you were just knee high  
Now a soldier plays the same tune  
From the toy you left behind Something to remind you  
Something to remind you Burnt to black  
There's a face you don't recognise  
Just a doll with hollow eyes  
And a feeling you can't describe  
In factories  
Toys are made by the companies  
Who create our killing machines  
So the planet can rest at ease There's a story you had to hear  
When you couldn't sleep at all  
Now the pages are burning in some  
Sad unholy war Something to remind you  
Something to remind you  
Something to remind you  
The ones you left behind you Something to remind you  
Something to remind you  
Something to remind you  
The ones you left behind you The music box  
Plays a song that I used to love  
But now I can't remember what it was  
For my memory has faded

Songwriters

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