The Musical Box

Steve Hackett

Play me Old King Cole
That I may join with you,
All your hearts now seem so far from me
It hardly seems to matter nowAnd the nurse will tell you lies
Of a kingdom beyond the skies.
But I am lost within this half-world,
It hardly seems to matter nowPlay me my song.
Here it comes again.
Play me my song.
Here it comes againJust a little bit,
Just a little bit more time,
Time left to live out my life
Play me my song.
Here it comes again
Play me my song.
Here it comes againOld King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he
So he called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers threeBut the clock, tick-tock,
On the mantle piece -
And I want, and I feel, and I know, and I touch,
Her warmth...She's a lady, she's got time,
Brush back your hair, and let me get to know your face
She's a lady, she is mine.
Brush back your hair, and let me get to know your flesh
I've been waiting here for so long
And all this time has passed me by
It doesn't seem to matter now
You stand there with your fixed expression
Casting doubt on all I have to say.
Why don't you touch me, touch me,
Why don't you touch me, touch me,
Touch me now, now, now, now, now...
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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