

# The Box

John Denver

Once upon a time in the land of Hushabye  
Around about the wondrous days of yore  
I came across a sort of box  
Bound up with chains and locked with locks  
And labeled kindly do not touch; it's war  
Decree was issued 'round about  
All with a flourish and a shout  
And a gaily colored mascot tripping lightly on before  
Don't fiddle with this deadly box, or break the chains, or pick the locks  
And please, don't ever play about with war  
Well, the children understood  
Children happen to be good  
They were just as good around the time of yore  
They didn't try to pick the locks, or break into that deadly box  
They never tried to play about with war  
Mummies didn't either  
Sisters, aunts, grannies neither  
Cause they were quiet, and sweet, and pretty in those wondrous days of yore  
Well, very much the same as now, not the ones to blame somehow  
For opening up that deadly box of war  
But someone did  
Someone battered in the lid  
And spilled the insides out across the floor  
A sort of bouncy, bumpy ball made up of guns and flags  
And all the tears, and horror, and the death that goes with war  
It bounced right out  
And went bashing all about  
And bumping into everything and stored  
And what was sad and most unfair is that it didn't seem to care who much it bumped  
Or why, or what, or for  
It bumped the children mainly  
And I'll tell you this quite plainly  
It bumps them every day, and more and more, and leaves them dead and burned and dying  
Thousands of them sick and crying  
Cause when it bumps, it's really very sore  
Now, there's a way to stop the ball  
It isn't difficult at all  
All it takes is wisdom; I'm absolutely sure that we could get it back into the box  
And bind the chains and lock the locks  
No one seems to want to save the children any more  
Well, that's the way it all appears  
Cause it's been bouncing 'round for years and years  
In spite of all the wisdom since those wondrous days of yore  
And the time they came across the box  
Bound up with chains and locked with locks  
And labeled "kindly do not touch, it's war"

Songwriters  
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