

# 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 recognize  
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