

The Box

John Denver

Once upon a time in the land of Hushabye
Around about the wondrous days of yore
They 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 the fore
"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

Mommies 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 in store
And what was sad and most unfair
Is that it didn't really seem to care
Much who it bumped, or why, or what, or for

It bumped the children mainly, and I'll tell you this quite plainly
It bumps them everyday 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 anymore

Well, that's the way it all appears
'Cause it's been bouncing 'round for years and years
In spite of all the wisdom whizzed 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"