## Ed Harcourt, The Music Box

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 aface 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 and 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