

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 a face 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 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