Ida Jenshus ''Marie''

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Marie had a young heart A heart full of love songs The dreams of a child She never wrote for anyone else For anyone else

Marie had a purpose
Selling the truth
Did she work so hard,
Just to let it all go
And figure the easy easiest way
Was to get her face on a TV-show?

What happened to the music?
What happened to the soul?
What happened to the listener
Who expected more?
What happened to the music?
To the voice inside of you?
What happens when we no longer strive
For something true?

Now the rules are too simple Everything goes In this competition It's all about the score Nothing's private anymore

All we never hear are Marie's own songs
The reason she is playing
Seems to be long gone
If we don't support her
Would that set her free
We're still voting
For this stuff on TV

What happened to the music? What happened to the soul? What happened to the listener Who expected more? What happened to the music? To the voice inside of you? What happens when we No longer strive for something true?

What happened to those who
Used to buy records
Or those who seem to sell themselves for free?

How do you feel When the lights are all out And the smiles slip away On all your new friends Important new friends

Wouldn't you rather sit at home
And play your little song?
Do it for yourself
And the ones you love
Oh, where did they go
The dreams of a child
The ones you lost with the call of the wild

What happened to the music?
What happened to the soul?
What happened to the listener
Who expected more?
What happened to the music
In the heart inside of you?
What happens when we
No longer strive for something true?

What happened to those Who used to buy records Or those who seem to sell themselves for free?

Now we only seem to sell ourselves for free

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