

Box, The

"War Going On"

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There's a place in Hamburg, near the pier,
where people walk along.
No one seems to worry now
Still just a few years back...
There was a war going on.

And there's a man who stands alone all day,
and plays the violin.
Wearing a hat and long coat,
a man without a name...
There's been a war going on.

Feeding the strings with memories,
telling things that words can't say...
Feeding the strings with melodies,
telling things that words can't say.

The story ends one day,
and the music plays no more.
On the empty sidewalk stays the soul
of a man who used to tell...
There was a war going on...

Feeding the strings with memories,
telling things that words can't say...
Feeding the strings with melodies,
telling things that words can't say.

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