

In Her Music Box

Atmosphere

She had a bad dream in the back seat
The same one as yesterday, the same one as last week
Surrounded by her favorite favorites
Elmo, Barbie, her purple baby blanket And that little Matchbox, looks just like Dad's car
Its fast on the leather, pretends its nascar
It jumps over Elmo cause it can fly that far
With Daddy in the front seat talking like a rap star And girl, oh girl, Daddy's the greatest
He knows the words to everything on the radio play list
He fakes the accent, even makes all the faces
And when he raises his voice it makes her feel like he's famous Yeah Papa got his lean on
Weavin down Lake Street tryin to get his scene on
Stoppin the whip to say something out the window
Bobbin his head to the beat on the radio
Good Daddy wont smoke no weed
Until the bass cradles her back to sleep
But he can steak his mack while she takes a nap
To the sweet pretty sounds of the gangsta rap The high hats are angles' voices
They keep her distracted from the strangers' voices
Escape is a paradox
Because the childhood is locked in that music box Daddys drive around, Mommys work night
shift
Sweet dreams, sleep little precious
Lay down in that music box
Escape in the sound of Daddys drive around, Mommys work night shift
Sweet dreams, sleep little precious
Lay down in that music box
Escape in the sound of that music box
Yeah, Daddy knows people, he's important
The guy with the suit and tie they see at the court
And it seems like he ain't tryin to talk to police
But at the car wash they treat him like the star that she sees They like Poppa's big wheels
And the lollipop she gets makes her feel like a big deal
Not allowed to have it yet, gotta sit still
Like the toy that she knows is gonna come with the kids meal She loves drive-thru food
Health conscious Dad, he buys her the juice
A little sip of soda builds the pride
Go ahead baby-girl don't spill those fries Nu-uh, Papa cant roll a messy office
Compulsive in the way she lay them napkins all across the seat
Never puts her feet up on the upholstery
Just kicks em side to side to the beat on the radio She sings along like Dad does
She knows all the words but she leaves out the bad ones
Except "bitch" she always sings the word "bitch"

Cause it makes her daddy laugh, its her magic trick
And when Daddy picks Mommy up they
fight
They fight about money, they fight about life
So she concentrates oh so hard on the music
And loses herself inside of the bass and the movement
Daddys drive around, Mommys work
night shift
Sweet dreams, sleep little precious
Lay down in that music box
Escape in the sound of
Daddys drive around, Mommys work night shift
Sweet dreams, sleep little precious
Lay down in that music box
Escape in the sound of that music box
Turn that Buick off

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>