

## In Her Music Box

## Atmosphere

She had a bad dream in the back seat  
Same one as yesterday  
Same one as last week  
Surrounded by her favorite favorites  
Elmo, Barbie, her purple baby blanket  
And that little Matchbox it looks just like Dad's car  
It's fast on the leather, pretends its NASCAR  
It jumps over Elmo 'cause it can fly that far  
With Daddy in the front seat frontin' like a Rap star  
And Girl oh Girl, Daddys the greatest  
He knows the words  
To everything on the radio play list  
He fakes the accents, even makes all the faces  
And when he raises his voice  
It makes her feel like he's famous  
Yeah Poppa got his lean on, a mean one  
Weavin' down the Lake Street tryin' to get his seen on  
Stoppin' the whip to say somethin' out the window  
Bobbin' his head to the beat on the radio  
Good Daddy won't smoke no weed  
Until the bass cradles her back to sleep  
Then he can stake his mack while she takes a nap  
To the sweet pretty sound of the gangster rap  
Shhh, the high hats are angel's voices  
They keep her distracted  
From the stranger's voices  
Escape is a paradox  
Because her childhood is locked in that music box

Daddies drive around, Mommies work nightshift  
Sweet dreams, sweet 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 Kid's Meal  
She loves drive thru food  
Health conscious Dad, he buys her the juice  
A little sip a soda builds the pride  
Go ahead Baby Girl don't spill those fries  
Nuh-Uh Poppa can't roll a messy office  
Compulsive in the way  
She lay them napkins all across the seat  
Never puts her feet 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 leaves out the bad ones  
Except bitch, she always says the word bitch

Because it makes her Daddy laugh, it's her magic trick  
And when Daddy picks Mommy up they fight  
They fight about money, they fight about life  
So she concentrates so so hard on the music  
And loses herself inside of the bass and the movement

Daddies drive around, Mommies work nightshift  
Sweet dreams, sweet little precious  
Lay down in that music box  
Escape in the sound of that music box  
Turn that Buick off