

Toy Box

Soundgarden

Eyes to sun, she lays in peace
Eyes bear complacence
Brown, the meadow grows tall to the sun
Seasons have come, they have gone

Buried in dirt, her torso lays
One limb dangles
Brown, the meadow grows tall to the sun
Seasons have come, they have gone

Please take me back to my healing home
Please take me back to my toy box
Ours not for their own

Please take me back to my healing home
Please take me back to my toy box
Please take me back to my little girl's hand
Please take me back to my toy box