

# Katie Melua, Market Day In Guernica

My children played a skipping game  
On market day in Guernica  
On market day before they came  
Before they came to Guernica.

I search my soul but cannot start  
To find forgiveness in my heart.  
My little ones no longer play  
In Guernica on market day.

My father wore his linen suit  
On market day in Guernica  
He always sold the finest fruit  
Before they came to Guernica

Now there's no way to let him know  
How much I loved and miss him so  
I watched as he was blown away  
In Guernica on market day.

Away, Away  
All blown away

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On market day.