

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.