

Black Tin Box

Miike Snow

I bought you a black tin box,
Something to put your jewelry in.
But it struck me as the property of the childless.
It was cold out and warm in. The edges were sharp.
The edges were sharp.
Take me down the hillside.
Show me where they used to play.
Take me down the hillside.
Show me where they used to play. Black sheep, black sheep, in the aftershocks
Thought he could survive in the black tin box.
Black sheep, black sheep, in the aftershocks
Thought you could survive in the black tin box. I mailed you a Dutch postcard
Where I tried to be comforting.
There were kids, my neighbors, on the sidewalk
Playing superman. But the edges were sharp.
The edges were sharp.
Take me down the hillside.
Show me where they used to play.
Take me down the hillside.
Show me where they used to play. Your sisters and you,
Running through the orange light of the after-day. Black sheep, black sheep, in the aftershocks
Thought he could survive in the black tin box.
Black sheep, black sheep, in the aftershocks
Thought you could survive in the black tin box.

Songwriters

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