Brown Boxes

The Spinto Band

I've got this notion
That moving out is better
Than this commotion
If she complains I won't let herTell me what to do
And if she wants to argue
I'll remind her that were throughA late reminder
And Post-it notes and marker
Were it not kinder
Her black eye would be darkerAnd all these brown boxes
Haven't helped me move one bit
In half empty rooms they sitStay that's where they will stay
I could never say
I would never say, "This is over"I've got this cupid
Humble from woolen sacket
It's pretty stupid but nonetheless I'll pack itAnd this box cutters too dull
Other wise I'd end it all
There's still boxes in the hallAnd stay, that's where they will stay
I could never place any other blame
And how could you even go
On living if it's so unintentional? I'd like to know

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