

# Shoe Box

Kate Miller-Heidke

A key in the door  
A step on the floor  
A note on the table  
And a meal in the microwave  
Note says, 'I'm in bed  
Please make sure that you're fed  
If you're taking a shower  
You can borrow my bathrobe  
When I'm asleep  
I dream, you move in next week'  
I crumple the note  
And save it to put inside  
My shoe box  
(Shoe box)  
Shoe box of lies  
It's under my bed  
It's never been read  
It's in with my school stuff  
And my mom never cleans there  
From my first little fib  
When I still wore a bib  
To my latest attempt  
At pretending I'm someone  
Who's not seventeen  
And doesn't know what you mean  
When talk turns to  
Single malts or Stilton or  
My shoe box  
(Shoe box)  
My shoe box of lies  
Shoe box  
(Shoe box)  
Shoe box of lies  
Did somebody tell you  
This is how it's supposed to be  
Or did you just find it  
And you don't want any more from me?  
Was it something I said  
Or was it something you read  
That's making me think  
That I should never have come here?  
I can offer you lies  
I can tell you goodbye  
I can tell you I'm sorry  
But I can't tell the truth, dear  
And what if I could  
Would it do any good?  
You'll still never get  
To see the contents of  
My shoe box  
(Shoe box)  
My shoe box of lies  
Shoe box

(Shoe box)

My shoe box of lies You're so nineteen ninety

And it's nineteen ninety four

Leave this world behind me

'Cause you don't want me anymore Lie, lie, lie, lie

Lie, lie, lie

Lie, lie, lie, lie

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