

Boxing Night

Frightened Rabbit

It's Boxing Night
I celebrate in style
Boxer shorts and spirits floor littered with ghosts of bottles past
There's a naked hush
Hold only a breath and a pulse
Of a heart that was kicking as though it is desperate to be born
And I'm hosted blind
Deaf to the din outside
Good Glasgow could burn to its bones tonight and I'd barely blink an eye
Well the clock just stopped
Put back my fucking headstone
Won't something move so I stop staring a hole into the phone?
You can get me at home
I'll be drinking to death
Just me and these walls
And a beaten up chair
On Boxing Day

This is Boxing Night
And someone lost an eye
Well I swear I've lost the last drop of whatever kept me awake alive
And we fell in the Forth from a heavy right hook
To a blush and swollen face
And in a single blow its murdered and now it takes years to waste away
Well I can't call you online anymore
Oh I can't call you fullstop
Oh you know you can call me up
Any time call me up
For whatever the fuck you want
You can get me at home
I'll be drinking to death
Just me and these walls
And a beaten up chair
You can get me at home
I'll be drinking to death
Just me and these walls
And my beaten up chair
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