

The Box

Damien Rice

Don't give me something to hold in my hand
Something else to believe in
Cause I'm over it
And your reasons for wanting to stay
Your reasons for wanting to change
My reasons for everything are dull to you?

I have tried but I don't fit
Into this box I'm living with
Well, I could go wild
But you might lock me up?

And I have tried but I don't fit
Into this box you call a gift
When I could be wild and free
But god forbid then you might envy me?

So don't give me love with an old book of rules
That kind of love's just for fools
And I'm over it
And my reasons for walking away
My reasons for wanting to change
My reasons for everything are lost with you?

I have tried but I don't fit
Into this box I'm living with
Well I could go wild
But you might lock me up?

I have tried but I don't fit
Into this box you call a gift
When I could be wild and free
But god forbid, then you might envy me?

I have tried?
Into this box?
Well I could go wild?
But you might lock me up?

I have tried but I don't fit

Into this box you call a gift
When I could be wild and free
But god forbid, then you might envy me?

I could be wild and free
But god forbid, then you might?

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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