

# The Box (Takeaway Show)

## Johnny Flynn

Living in a box by the rails  
Only thing you use, you don't fail  
When you live in a box by the rails  
Don't comb your hair, don't comb your tail Sweep my mess away  
Leave my body, leave my bones  
Leave me holding, leave my soul  
Leave me nothing I don't need at all  
Nothing I don't need at all Yay from the bins, in the parks  
Made off with the raps after dark  
Never left a trail, never made his mark  
When he gave me the raps after dark  
Calling all his friends, never made him sad  
With all the things he never had  
It only made them feel so bad  
For having the things he never had If you stay in that box overnight  
Don't get out till it gets light  
There's not much lost of the secret life  
It's never gone wrong and it's never gone right  
Now some more flowers grow  
The palm gets eaten by a few more throws  
An old man's box is full of bones  
See his footprints see his stones

Songwriters

FLYNN, JOHN PATRICK VIVIAN Published by

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U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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