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 tailSweep 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 allYay 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 hadIf 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
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