Black Tin Box

Miike Snow

I bought you a black tin box
Something to put your jewelry in
But it struck me as the property of the childless
It was cold out and roman
The edges were sharp
The edges were sharp
Take me down the hillside
Show me where they used to play
Take me down the hillside
Show me where they used to play
Black sheep, black sheep, leave the aftershocks
Thought he could survive in the black tin box
Black sheep, black sheep, leave the aftershocks
Thought he could survive in the black tin box
I mailed you a dutch postcard

Where I try to be comforting
There were kids, my neighbours on the sidewalk
Playing Superman
The edges were sharp
The edges were sharp
Take me down the hillside
Show me where they used to play
Take me down the hillside
Show me where they used to play
You sisters and you
Running through the orange light
Of the after-day
Black sheep, black sheep, leave the aftershocks
Thought he could survive in the black tin box
Black sheep, black sheep, leave the aftershocks
Thought he could survive in the black tin box

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