

Boxing Night

Frightened Rabbit

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Its Boxing Night
I celebrate in style
Boxer shorts and spirits floor littered with ghosts of bottles past
Theres 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 Im hosted blind
Deaf to the din outside
Good Glasgow could burn to its bones tonight and Id barely blink an eye
Well the clock just stopped
Put back my fucking headstone
Wont something move so I stop staring a hole into the phone?
You can get me at home
Ill 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 Ive 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 cant call you online anymore
Oh I cant 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
Ill be drinking to death
Just me and these walls
And a beaten up chair
You can get me at home
Ill be drinking to death
Just me and these walls
And my beaten up chair
On Boxing Day

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