

# Box

## Smoke Room

There's a good chance we won't make it to the big dance  
They all owe us ticket's for two  
So if I may, I will take the first steps  
And say I feel like drowning at the end of the month  
And the world is warm, so it blows out  
And the box is wet, so it falls out  
And the ice is cold but it won't melt  
'Cause I am a fake who sticks to his guns  
It's what I know, son  
And it comes easy to a liar like me  
Oh hey, and it comes easy  
Colors are bleeding into gray  
And though you're feeling down  
Baby, I want to get down with you  
Now if I can say you would look fine  
In a frame on my bedroom wall  
'Cause I am a fake who sticks to his guns  
And lets the bitches run  
And it comes easy to a scumbag like me

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