

# Boxing Night (Acoustic)

## Frightened Rabbit

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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