

Shoe Box

Gudda Gudda

A key in the door
A step on the floor
A note on the table
And a meal in the microNote says, 'I'm in bed
Please make sure that you're fed
If you're taking a shower
You can borrow my bathrobeWhen I'm asleep
I dream, you move in next week'
I crumple the note
And save it to put insideMy shoe box
(Shoe box)
Shoe box of liesIt's under my bed
It's never been read
It's in with my school stuff
And my mom never cleans thereFrom my first little fib
When I still wore a bib
To my latest attempt
At pretending I'm someoneWho's not seventeen
And doesn't know what you mean
When talk turns to
Single malts or Stilton orMy shoe box
(Shoe box)
My shoe box of liesShoe box
(Shoe box)
Shoe box of liesDid somebody tell you
This is how it's supposed to be
Or did you just find it
And you don't want any more from me?Was it something I said
Or was it something you read
That's making me think
That I should never have come here?I can offer you lies
I can tell you goodbye
I can tell you I'm sorry
But I can't tell the truth, dearAnd what if I could
Would it do any good?
You'll still never get
To see the contents ofMy shoe box
(Shoe box)
My shoe box of liesShoe box

(Shoe box)

My shoe box of lies You're so nineteen ninety

And it's nineteen ninety four

Leave this world behind me

'Cause you don't want me anymore Lie, lie, lie, lie

Lie, lie, lie

Lie, lie, lie, lie

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