

## Shoe Box

## Barenaked Ladies

A key in the door, a step on the floor,  
A note on the table, and a meal in the micro  
Note says "I'm in bed, please make sure that you're fed  
If you're taking a shower, you can borrow my bathrobe  
When I'm asleep I dream you move in next week"  
I crumple the note and save it to put inside

My shoe box  
Shoe box of lies  
Shoe box  
Shoe box of lies

it's under my bed, it's never been read  
it's in with my school stuff and my mom never cleans there  
From my first little fib, when I still wore a bib  
To my latest attempt at pretending I'm someone  
Who's not seventeen, doesn't know what you mean  
When talk turns to single malts, or stilton, or

My shoe box  
Shoe box of lies  
Shoe box  
Shoe box of lies

Did 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?

My shoe box  
Shoe box of lies  
Shoe box  
Shoe box of lies

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 good-bye,  
I can tell you I'm sorry, But I can't tell you the truth, dear  
And what if I could - would it do any good?  
You'll still never get to see the contents of

My shoe box  
Shoe box of lies  
Shoe box  
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