

## Boxing Night

Frightened Rabbit

It's Boxing Night  
I celebrate in style  
Boxer shorts and spirits floor littered with ghosts of bottles past

There's 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 I'm hosted blind  
Deaf to the din outside  
Good Glasgow could burn to it's bones tonight and I'd barely blink an  
eye

Well the clock just stopped  
Put back my fucking headstone  
Won't something move so I stop staring a hole into the phone?

You can get me at home  
I'll 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 I've 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 it's murdered and now it takes years to waste away

Well I can't call you online anymore  
Oh I can't call you fullstop  
Oh you know you can call me up  
Any time call me up  
For whatever the fuck you want

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