

This Box Is Empty

Kevin Devine

She's crossing out the details
And dusting off the picture frames
It's Saturday
She's been waiting for the phone to ring
She'll be waiting all night
And it doesn't matter who's on the line
So long as the voice works
But you're too scared of what you might say
So you fake it out on paper
Hypothetical and safer
While she's thumbing through her catalogues
Picking birthday cards and fingerscars
I guess she's lonelier than you

And if this box is empty
Go out and find another one
With a prettier design
And greater depth inside
And a lid to keep it from all spilling out
And you could fill it up with letters
From back when things were better
And both of you had blinders on
Read storybooks together
And you pretended away all the bad things
Now she disconnects the phone after the 2nd ring
And all the drama you could swallow could never check your ego
I guess no one's lonelier than you