

Box

Sam Brown

Sometimes she's rude, sometimes she's too crude
Sometimes she understands, sometimes her hands are dirty
So she stays there at home in her box
There's a part of her that shouts
And there's a part of her that only whispers
There's another part that's lost in space
There's a part that would spit if you kissed her
So she's safer when she's hiding in her box
Most times I have to keep her in her box
It's not a sad thing
She gets to exercise her wings
It scares the shit out of me
So many different ways to be
So she stays there at home in her box
Most times I have to keep her in her box
She's safer when she's hiding in her box