

## The Box

The Clarks

In a box, by the door  
I keep a letter you sent before  
It says keep, your head up high  
I'll think about you while you drive  
And when you get up on that stage you will arrive

A collect phone call, the lobby's bare  
It's a call to know I care  
It's a postcard in the mail  
To let you know I haven't failed  
And if I miss one day it's been a long, long trail

Welcome to my world  
I'm coming home.  
And in this hotel lobby  
You leave me alone

Will you be there when I return  
It's been a question of some concern  
And who's to say, what's less or more  
Oh, I'll be waiting at your door  
And when I see you, I'll know what I've waited for

It's the way we see the world  
There's other ways we can't afford  
From town to town, we're sometimes late  
You hurry up and then you wait  
And when it rains you just can't stand out at the gate