

## Empty Boxes

The Everly Brothers

A beggarly, account of empty boxes  
That is all I own in this world  
Oh Diana, sweet Diana

To flirt and fling a young girl dressed in ribbons  
Taking fancies to those like you  
Oh Diana, sweet Diana

Yet you wait with morning in your hair  
And now I need good reason,  
But I've none to spare

You are just a leaf that I have turned  
And I am like a match that slowly burns

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