

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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