

## Boxcar

The Rosebuds

Oh don't speak dirty things (?)  
I know you feel like we can go inside  
We can talk in private here  
Tell me now of how they used to be  
But I'm not crazy I'm just a little boy  
And you're not crazy you're just a little girl

We can find an old boxcar  
In the woods to make our home  
We can make a broom of weeds  
And brush and sweep daddi's away

We were banned to being small  
We can find a place and raise ourselves  
You be ill with so much guilt  
But we've assume that they got better now  
But I'm not crazy I'm just a little boy  
And you're not crazy you're just a little girl

We can find an old boxcar  
In the woods to make our home  
Make a bed of maple leaves  
Sleep with doves on the door  
On the sill what we need  
Keep our milk in the stream  
We can make a broom weeds  
And brush and sweep daddi's away