

Spinto Band, The "Brown Boxes"

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I've got this notion,
that moving out is better,
Than this commotion,
if she complains I won't let her,

Tell me what to do
and when she wants to argue
I'll remind her that we're through

A late reminder,
and post-it notes and markers,
were it not kinder her black eye would be darker,

And all these brown boxes haven't helped me move
one bit
in half-empty rooms they sit,

Stay that's where they will stay
I could never say,
I would never say,
"This is over"

I've got this cupid
hummel from Wool 'n Sackett
Its pretty stupid, but none-the-less I'll pack it
and this boxcutters too dull,
other wise I'd end it all,
theres still boxes in the hall,

And stay, that's where they will stay,
I could never place any other blame,
And how could you even go,
on moving if its so, unintentional,
I'd like to know

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