

## Adjusted

### "Swing Box"

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There's a box under his bed  
That he never opens up  
But tonight he pulls it out  
Cause he's come to look for  
Evidence of what he fears:  
Senseless tears  
Wasted years

He pulls some relics out  
Studies each and every one  
He reads between the lines  
One more time before he  
Breaks the spell that held him down  
Those sentences that  
Sentenced him

Does nothing last?  
The setting sun becomes a sinking ship;  
Chained to the helm-looks like he's going down...

A love like that  
Never should have come  
Never should have gone

As he feeds them to the fire  
One  
By  
One  
He's dimly aware  
He may have learned a thing or two  
But tuition wasn't cheap  
And he's only got these  
Foggy notions of what he paid  
As he's burning records of a  
Debt of love

Now he knows sometimes even love is not enough  
A road that forks  
Can cleave just like a surgeon's scalpel  
And he finds sometimes he can't even see her face  
It's been so long

Memories fade like old newspaper  
And he fears he'll never find a love like that again  
God only knows  
There must be something better

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