

Barenaked Ladies

"Shoebox"

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Words by Steven Page & Ed Robertson

Music by Steven Page

A key in the door, a step on the floor
A note on the table, and a meal in the micro
Note says "I'm in bed, please make sure that you're fed
if you're taking a shower, you can borrow my bathrobe
When I'm asleep I dream you move in next week"
I crumple the note and save it to put inside

Chorus:

My shoe box
Shoe box of lies
Shoe box
Shoe box of lies

it's under my bed, it's never been read
it's in with my school stuff and my mom never cleans
there
From my first little fib, when I still wore a bib
To my latest attempt at pretending I'm someone
Who's not seventeen, doesn't know what you mean
When talk turns to single malts, or stilton, or

Chorus

Did somebody tell you
This is how it's supposed to be?
Or did you just find it
And you don't want any more from me?

Chorus

Was it something I said, or was it something you read
That's making me think that I should never have come
here
I can offer you lies, I can tell you good-bye.
I can tell you I'm sorry, But I can't tell you the truth,
dear
And what if I could -- would it do any good?
You'll still never get to see the contents of

Chorus

You're so nineteen-ninety
And it's nineteen-ninety-four
Leave this world behind me
'Cause you don't want me anymore.

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