

Chris T-T

"A Box To Hide In"

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I forgot to tell you
I have smart new shoes on
Bought with the money they gave me
After the London bombs
And I forgot to tell you
I've pulled myself together
Gave next door the TV
Stopped trying to belong

And I forgot to tell you
I have your thick wollen socks on
So it feels like your feet are still touching my feet
Though you're gone
Though you're gone

I forgot to tell you
A girl at the office lost her husband
You met him at the barbeque
I've chipped in for flowers
And the waiting,
The waiting really hurt her
They put it on the news
But they didn't phone her for 11 hours

And I realise she was looking to me
For some kind of solidarity
I can read her thoughts
A widow and a widower
But I have nothing
No, I have nothing to offer

Today, today we stop standing around
Today we're not standing our ground
Find ourselves a box to hide in
For the rest of our lives
Today, today we start running away
And we'll always be running away
Or the box might aswell be a grave

I forgot to tell you
The whole estate is talking
The police came down last night

And took some boys away
Nobody rushed to judgement
In the face of their machine guns
We know our history better than the liars on TV
But we don't know what to say

We just hold on to our anger
Though we won't let it evaporate
Gotta hold on, we won't let anger fade

Today, today we stop standing around
Today we're not standing our ground
Find ourselves a box to hide in
For the rest of our lives
Today, today we start running away
And we'll always be running away
Or the box might aswell be a grave
(X3)

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