

## **Don Dixon**

# **"Heart In A Box"**

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You take me for granted, you make me look bad  
Come home drunk and tell me about men you've had  
You tell me you hate me, than beg for my touch  
You never forget me, I promise that much  
I've been keeping a diary, every time that you walked  
out on me  
Every time you left me sat alone, every time that I  
waited patiently  
I steal the hunts-mans knife, caress it through my chest  
I give you all my live when I give you my heart in a box,  
when I give you my heart in a box (You'll be sorry baby)

The postman comes knocking, you answer the door  
A scene from a novel, about to Crimean war  
You translate my letter with trembling eyes  
You open the casket and moan at the sight  
I've been keeping a diary, every time that you walked  
out on me  
Every time that you left me sat alone, every time that I  
waited patiently  
I steal the hunts-mans knife, caress it through my chest  
I give you all my live when I give you my heart in a box,  
when I give you my heart in a box  
You'll be sorry when you get my heart in a box, box  
You'll be sorry when I give you my heart in a box, box,  
box, my heart in a box

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