

## Eastern Conference Champions "The Box"

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Take me home  
I've had enough  
And I'm done

All the alcohol  
Is not setting well at all

The drugs wore off  
All the pills have stopped  
And these are the tiny hands  
That rip us a part

And I've got one foot in the gate of hell  
And you've got two hands hailing taxis down  
And he got three years just for givin' up  
And I've got nothing to complain about

I got one foot in the gate of hell  
You got two hands hailing taxis down  
He got three years just for givin' up  
And I've got nothing to complain about

Don't give up  
Even though I'll give up  
Cuz this is a front  
You want me now  
Cuz I will be here all night  
It seems if only an empty drink  
Cuz this is a front  
You want me now  
Cuz I am lost without you

One foot in the gate of hell  
You got two hands hailing taxis down

He got three years just for givin' up  
And I've got nothing to complain about

And I've got one foot in the gate of hell  
You got two hands pulling me around  
You got three years just for givin' up  
And I've got nothing to complain about

Cuz sometimes  
Somewhere  
Somehow  
It's somewhere  
It's somehow  
Yeah...

I've got a sun burn from the gate of hell  
You got a sore throat from always screaming help  
He got three years just for givin' up  
And I thought two years would've been enough

One foot in the gate of hell  
You got two hands hailing taxis down  
We got three years just for givin' up  
Oh I've got nothing to complain about

One foot in the gate of hell  
You got two hands hailing taxis down  
He got three years just for givin' up  
Oh I've got nothing to complain about

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