

## Ed Harcourt

### "Open box"

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It's clear to us this love affair  
Has self-combusted everywhere  
And I don't feel so debonair  
My piano collects dust  
A funeral with no mourners  
I wished that I'd turned corners  
To see the signs that warn us  
But I didn't make a fuss

Well my life keeps on spinning  
Amidst this drunken procession  
I can't learn my lessons  
These plates that I'm spinning  
Soon they'll smash on the ground  
Make a loud crashing sound  
And I am still an open book  
And you can have a secret love inside, inside

As children make their way to class  
I sit and raise another glass  
'Cause you don't dwell much on the past  
When it keeps haunting you  
The marching band stomps down the block  
And make the babies' cradles rock  
And my keys they won't turn the lock  
Perhaps I don't want them to

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'Midst this drunken procession  
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