

Frightened Rabbit "Boxing Night"

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It's Boxing Night

I celebrate in style

Boxer shorts and spirits floor littered with ghosts of
bottles past

There's a naked hush

Hold only a breath and a pulse

Of a heart that was kicking as though it is desperate to
be born

And I'm hosted blind

Deaf to the din outside

Good Glasgow could burn to its bones tonight and
I'd barely blink an eye

Well the clock just stopped

Put back my fucking headstone

Won't something move so I stop staring a hole into
the phone?

You can get me at home

I'll be drinking to death

Just me and these walls

And a beaten up chair

On Boxing Day

This is Boxing Night

And someone lost an eye

Well I swear I've lost the last drop of whatever kept
me awake alive

And we fell in the Forth from a heavy right hook

To a blush and swollen face

And in a single blow its murdered and now it takes
years to waste away

Well I can't call you online anymore

Oh I can't call you fullstop

Oh you know you can call me up

Any time call me up

For whatever the fuck you want

You can get me at home
Iâ€™ll be drinking to death
Just me and these walls
And a beaten up chair
You can get me at home
Iâ€™ll be drinking to death
Just me and these walls
And my beaten up chair
On Boxing Day

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