

The Boxmasters

"The Work of Art"

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A heavy feeling creeps through my bones
As I get out of the car and close the door
I think back to your voice on the phone
My blood starts to cause my ears to roar

The back door screen is slightly ajar
And I walk into the kitchen for a beer
I look up in the doorway and there you are
And your face tells me there's been someone else here

The way you smell, the way you sway
The way your eyes just drift away
The way the pain strangles my heart
I have no doubt this was the work of art

How can you disrespect me so?
You barely even hide your secret sin
It seems you wouldn't want me to know
Or maybe you just think that I'm that dim

I see the pack of Lucky's he forgot
When he's around you have a different smile
You may think I'm love blind but I'm not
Don't think that I don't know my best friend's style

The way he plays, the game he plays
The way he takes your breath away
The way he painted us apart
I have no doubt this was the work of art

The way you smell, the way you sway
The way your eyes just drift away
The way the pain strangles my heart
I know that this had to be old art
You can't hide this precious work of art

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