

Kevin Coyne

"This Box Is Empty"

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She's crossing out the details
And dusting off the picture frames, it's saturday
She's been waiting for the phone to ring
She's been waiting all night
But it doesn't matter who's on the line
As long as the voice works
But you're too scared of what you might say
So you think it out on paper, hypothetical and safer
While she's thumbing through her catalogues,
Picking birthday cards, her favourite stars
I guess she's lonelier than you
And if this box is empty
We'll have to find another one
With a prettier design
A greater depth inside
And a lid to keep it all from spilling out
And you can fill it up with letters
Back when things were better
And both of you had blinders on
With story books together
And you pretend it outweighs the bad things.
And now she disconnects her phone, after the second
ring
And all the trauma you can swallow
Never check your ego
I guess no one's lonelier than you
And if this box is empty
And if this box is empty
And if this box is empty
And if this box is empty

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