

Miike Snow

"Black Tin Box"

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I bought you a black tin box
Something to put your jewelry in
But it struck me as the property of the childless
It was cold out and warm in

The edges were sharp
The edges were sharp
Take me down the hillside
Show me where they used to play
Take me down the hillside
Show me where they used to play

Black sheep, black sheep, in the aftershocks
Thought he could survive in the black tin box
Black sheep, black sheep, in the aftershocks
Thought you could survive in the black tin box

I mailed you a Dutch postcard
Where I tried to be comforting
There were kids, my neighbors, on the sidewalk
Playing superman

But the edges were sharp
The edges were sharp
Take me down the hillside
Show me where they used to play
Take me down the hillside
Show me where they used to play

Your sisters and you
Running through the orange light of the after-day

Black sheep, black sheep, in the aftershocks
Thought he could survive in the black tin box
Black sheep, black sheep, in the aftershocks
Thought you could survive in the black tin box

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