

## **In A Box**

### **"WHEN I'M OLD"**

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When I am old and grey and full of sleep  
And nodding by the fire, takin' down this book  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
My eyes had once, and of their shadows deep

You're isolated  
You're overrated  
You're caught in a box  
That is closed

How many loved my moments of glad grace  
And loved my eyes with love false or true  
But one girl loved my soul and it was you  
That loved the sorrows of my changing face

You're isolated  
You're overrated  
You're caught in a box  
That is closed

And bending down beside the glowing bars  
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead  
But still my face amid a crowd of stars

You're isolated  
You're overrated  
You're caught in a box  
That is closed  
You're caught in a box  
That is closed

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