

## Calvin Crabtree "Shoebox Memories"

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Tracks still coming, Tears still running.  
Still wondering remising, pull my shoebox out from  
under the bed.  
Letters I've read before, Just keep them threw out the  
years.  
The emotion running threw me as I reed once again.  
NOTHING!  
Seems that's all that's left, with everyone come stress,  
joy,  
Felling's I cant explain.  
Out of all these ex-dames none still around.  
Makes me not want love,  
Butt still I search and always end up heart.  
In the heat of the passion and good times is what i  
remember.  
Seems they cant let go its holding me back  
From how they only talk and bring up the bad parts of  
the past .  
Its trash in the form of talk lady's nee to throw it out.  
What big Calvin's bout?  
Love loyalty honesty, Looking at what's wrote and how  
it turned out I cant believe.  
Now I find it hard to trust.  
Was in the land of the lost just got lust.  
What the fuck?

Chorus x2

Shoebox so full  
My hearts empty  
Body full of stress  
But what's next

Shoebox so full  
My hears empty  
Body full of stress

The letters,... Why I still keep them?  
Maybe to find out there pattern, I did figure it out!  
They don't want love just a man with more clout,  
and a team of shit talkers convincing them I aint no  
good.

Just a normal man aint representing no hood.  
Not a robber just an author  
Speaking poetry to the sound of music.  
Letters so confusing,...  
Am I even a memory to them?  
Not even still a friend.  
Loss of contact all tho its to late to keep in touch,  
Got so many letters it could keep me busy for months.  
All the stunts and antic you figure I wouldn't fall for  
these tricks.  
I'm soft in heart strong in mind,  
So deceiving hart telling what when on when I was  
sleeping in my own bed.  
It stained my feelings and the way I approach women.  
I'm still living to them I must bee dead.  
Probably had a fake funeral just to not show up.  
I'm on the edge!

Chorus x4

Shoebox so full  
My hearts empty  
Body full of stress  
But whats next

Shoebox so full  
My hears empty  
Body full of stress

I wonder sometimes how they could let it all go.  
Letters seem so happy.  
What exactly was on there mind?  
I cant tell.  
Never will able.  
Lyrics running like water,  
But they gone with the wind,  
Stuck in sin.  
Wishing a real woman would step up and throw them  
away.  
Bring them better days.  
I'm only 19 just don't want to get to where its to late.  
Treat women like I'm casanova you just a pretender in  
vain.  
Girls went from loving and innocent to insane.  
For a few I acted the same way only during the break  
up.  
In my mind I know most where sent only to make an  
illusion that I'm evil.  
Not a show no encore.  
They either get with the next man,  
or go play someone else when there friend are wanting

more.

What a sick thing to watch!

Some girls even made me lose my closest boys.

A game so funny they happy in misery I'm happy with  
nothing.

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