

Dr. Frank "The Boyfriend Box"

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How many times can you read that letter, and what do
you need it for?
Can't you see that the salutation has no meaning
anymore?
And you can't resurrect the body and the closing's out
of date
And if you stumble upon an answer it will always be too
late--
You better take that letter, put it in the boyfriend box

Are you still staring at that picture of someone who
doesn't care,
Just like you're looking through a window at a world that
isn't there?
If you're trying to reconstruct it, it will only fall apart
'Cause there's really nothing in it but your late, great
heart--

You better take that picture, put it in the boyfriend box

Ooh, la, la. ooh, la, la. ooh, la, la.

There's something dark and dead
Buried in your head and underneath your bed

You're still tempted to believe the world is true
You even almost do

Your little world is a little empty, but the memories
never stop
Organizing themselves in layers, the most recent at the
top.
If you need to go any deeper, you can dig them out
again,
Just in case you need to be reminded of what a fool
you've been--

You better take those memories put them in the
boyfriend box

Ooh, la, la: take those letters, put them in the boyfriend
box.

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