

## **Big Wu, The**

### **"Boxing Day"**

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packing up the boxes for it's boxing day  
dear i hate to see you go again  
oh so far away, far away  
the city's in the rain, through these headlights again  
i kissed you twice for old time's sake and then i  
kissed your hand  
for it's boxing day again my dear  
time to pack it up  
i cannot fear  
i hope this speech i serve don't make you swerve  
your sweater's in the hall  
your flowers on the wall  
i tell you you're the sweetest thing when the weeds  
grow clean and tall

you don't seem to mind  
that you left your man behind  
all i'm doing is trying to pick you up  
and be kind  
you don't seem to mind  
that you left your man behind  
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and be kind

for it's boxing day again my dear

time to pack it up  
i cannot fear  
i hope this speech i serve won't make you swerve  
all the children know  
that it's boxing day  
and they'll run the parade for old  
cacious clay

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all i'm doing is trying to pick you up  
and be kind

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