

Clarks, The

"The Box"

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In a box, by the door
I keep a letter you sent before
It says keep, your head up high
I'll think about you while you drive
And when you get up on that stage you will arrive

A collect phone call, the lobby's bare
It's a call to know I care
It's a postcard in the mail
To let you know I haven't failed
And if I miss one day it's been a long, long trail

Welcome to my world
I'm coming home.
And in this hotel lobby
You leave me alone

Will you be there when I return
It's been a question of some concern
And who's to say, what's less or more
Oh, I'll be waiting at your door
And when I see you, I'll know what I've waited for

It's the way we see the world
There's other ways we can't afford
From town to town, we're sometimes late
You hurry up and then you wait
And when it rains you just can't stand out at the gate

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