

P J Loughran**"Shoebox"**

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Theres a beige colored spot
in the corner by the sill
Where Id focus my attention
with time to kill

Id take trips over cream coated mountains
and pink topped hills
To decipher my fierce fascination
with "Jens" and "Jills"

Hey, maybe you should delve
Back to when you were 11 or 13 or 12
And wander through the shoebox where your love
letters lie
And you try and you try...
Its the child or the atrophy

She had long brown hair
and a different face each time
She looked me in the eye,
and took me by the hand
And she told me everything was gonna be fine

The air became thin
and my head became light
Every single moment
Yes, every single moment
Yes, every single moment, every moment I delight her

Hey, maybe you should delve
Back to when you were 11 or 13 or 12
And wander through the shoebox where your love
letters lie
And you try and you try...
Its the child or the atrophy

So I see her again
So I see her again
So I see her again through the tangerine wine

Yes I see her again

And shes standing across from me
And oh, This is exactly the way it was supposed to be

Hey, maybe you should delve
Back to when you were 11 or 13 or 12
And wander through the shoebox where your love
letters lie
And you try and you try...

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