

# Barenaked Ladies, Shoebox

A key in the door, a step on the floor  
A note on the table and a meal in the micro  
Note says, 'I'm in bed, please make sure that you're fed  
If you're taking a shower, you can borrow my bathrobe'  
An' when I'm asleep, I dream you move in next week  
I crumple the note and save it to put  
Inside my shoe box, my shoe box of lies  
It's under my bed, it's never been read  
It's in with my school stuff and my mom never cleans there  
From my first little fib, when I still wore a bib  
To my latest attempt at pretending I'm someone  
Who's not seventeen and doesn't know what you mean  
When talk turns to single malts or Stilton  
Or my shoe box, my shoe box of lies  
My shoe box, my shoe box of lies  
Did somebody tell you  
This is how it's supposed to be?  
Or did you just find it  
An' you don't want any more from me?  
My shoe box, my shoe box of lies  
My shoe box, my shoe box of lies  
Was it something I said or was it something you read?  
That's making me think that I should never have come here  
I can offer you lies, I can tell you good-bye  
I can tell you I'm sorry, but I can't tell you the truth, dear  
And what if I could, would it do any good?  
You'll still never get to see the contents  
Of my shoe box, my shoe box of lies  
My shoe box, my shoe box of lies  
You're so nineteen ninety and it's nineteen ninety-four  
Leave this world behind me 'cause you don't want me anymore