

Charlie Winston, Boxes

As a child with ocean eyes I smiled
At a world existing just for me ;
Without boxes, borders or boundaries
I built dreams ;
But like plastic building blocks
They were knocked down the ground
I grew up
To a world of compromise
Analising what it means to dream
I don't really wanna understand
Everything in my world
It spoils the fun for me
Come on darling you can take my hand
Blowing kisses in the wind
We'll fly away in our dreams
From the boxes they'll put us in
Who shall we propose to be ?
Who am I supposed to be ?
With these empty building blocks
I could make a thousand me's
I don't really wanna understand
Everything in my world
It spoils the fun for me
Come on darling you can take my hand
Blowing kisses in the wind
We'll fly away in our dreams
From the boxes they'll put us in
And I'm told we all fit in
But why should I belong to one thing ?
Who shall we propose to be ?
Who I am supposed to be ?
With these plastic building blocks
I could make a thousand me's
I don't really wanna understand
Everything in my world
It spoils the fun for me
Come on darling you can take my hand
Blowing kisses in the wind
We'll fly away in our dreams
From the boxes they'll put us in