

Cindy Alexander, In My Box

Do you wanna see inside?...

It's not lacquer or gold
but it shines anyway
It's nothing you can hold
No one can steal it away
It's invisible
to everyone but me
But if you're for real
Well, maybe I'll let you see
inside of me
and if you're true
I just might save a place for you

In my box
is the last ray of the sun
In my box
are the songs I left undone
In my box
is the smile off your face
You've got such a pretty face...

It's not paper mache
and it's not made of glass
There's no lock or key
but it was nice of you to ask
It's invisible
to everyone but me
But if you're for real
I'll let you see
inside of me
and if you're true
I just might save a place for you

In my box
I'll let the wizard guide the way
down the river
to my little candle cave
in my box
is your favorite fantasy
So, are ya gonna tell me about it now?

It's my own work of art
It depends on my mood
Can be as hot as a kiss
or as cool as a groove
It's invisible to everyone but me
But if you're for real
Well, maybe I'll let you see

It's as free as your mind
and as real as your flesh
It's deeper than soul
It's the best of my best

In my box
is the last ray of the sun
In my box
are the songs I left undone
In my box
is everything we already know

(Repeat chorus #1)
You've got such a pretty face

ad lib. & na na's