

Joe Purdy, Wood Box

Elizabeth,
She'd shoot the junk.
She aint around no more.
She missed the show.
Face down on the floor.
And a hell of a way to go.
Well she aint around no more.

Well your daddy was nice,
To you most of the time.
Except for the days with a cane.
And there was so much dust,
That his heart did bust.
What a hell of a price to pay.
And he ain't here today.

Dont go down.
Dont go blue.
Dont go down, blue.
Cause that wood box,
It weren't made for you.
Well that wood box,
It weren't made for you.

Well your got your thrills.
And you got your pills.
And you cut your hands with a blade.
Yeah but what would you do,
If that sun shone through?
Would you cower and run away?
And oh how you loved it,
When it rained all day.

Dont go down.
Dont go blue.
Dont go down, blue.
Cause that wood box,
It weren't made for you.
Well that wood box,
It weren't made for you.

Cause that wood box,
It weren't made for you.
Cause that wood box,
It weren't made for you.
For you.