Kevin Devine, This Box Is Empty

she's crossing out the details.
and dusting off the picture frames, it's saturday.
she's been waiting for the phone to ring.
she's been waiting all night.
but it doesn't matter who's on the line.
as long as the voice works.
but you're too scared of what you might say.
so you think it out on paper, like ...??? and safer.
while she's thumbing through her catalogues,
picking birthday cards, her favourite stars.
i guess she's lonelier than you.
and if this box is empty.
we'll have to find another one.
with a prettier design.
a greater depth inside.
and a lid to keep it all from spilling out.
and you can fill it up with letters.
back when things were better.
and both of you had blinders on.(?)
and story books together.
and you pretend it outweighs the bad things.
and now she disconnects her phone, after the second ring.
and all the trauma you can swallow.
never check your ego.
i guess no one's lonelier than you.
and if this box is empty.
and if this box is empty.
and if this box is empty.
and if this box is empty.