Mr. T Experience, The Boyfriend Box

How many times can you read that letter,
and what do you need it for?
Can't you see that the salutation
has no meaning anymore?
And you can't resurrect the body,
and the closing's out of date
and if you stumble upon an answer
it will always be too late--
you better take that letter, put it in the boyfriend box.

Are you still staring at that picture
of someone who doesn't care?
just like you're looking through a window
at a world that isn't there?
If you're trying to reconstruct it,
it will only fall apart
'cause there's really nothing in it
but your late, great, heart--
you better take that picture, put it in the boyfriend box.
ooh la la, ooh la la, ooh la la

There's something dark and dead buried in your head,
and underneath your bed.
You're still tempted to believe the world is true.
You even almost do.

Your little world is a little empty,
but the memories never stop
organizing themselves in layers,
the most recent at the top.
If you need to go any deeper
you can dig them out again,
just in case you need to be reminded
of what a fool you've been--
you're gonna take those memories, put them in the boyfriend box,
ooh la la, ooh la la, ooh la la

Take those letters, put them in the boyfriend box
the boyfriend box, the boyfriend box