

# Olivia Lufkin, Purple Box

I trap myself into a tiny purple box  
I stick a straw through a hole  
So i can breathe  
I got no other place to go  
I got no other place to go  
This is what i learned to do  
This is my,  
This is my home to me  
I decide to cut a bigger hole with a fork  
So i can get a view of what's going on  
I put my ear up against the box  
And wait till it's silent  
Then carefully push the hole out  
And set foot on the ground.....  
But then all these ants start to crawl up my legs  
I roll into a hole  
Where 18 red eyed rabbits with hatchets  
Take me prison and force feed me carrots  
Throw me out into a river  
I got no other place to go  
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This is what i learned to do  
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