

The Big Wu, Boxing Day

packing up the boxes for it's boxing day
dear i hate to see you go again
oh so far away, far away
the city's in the rain, through these headlights again
i kissed you twice for old time's sake and then i
kissed your hand
for it's boxing day again my dear
time to pack it up
i cannot fear
i hope this speech i serve don't make you swerve
your sweater's in the hall
your flowers on the wall
i tell you you're the sweetest thing when the weeds
grow clean and tall

you don't seem to mind
that you left your man behind
all i'm doing is trying to pick you up
and be kind
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for it's boxing day again my dear
time to pack it up
i cannot fear
i hope this speech i serve won't make you swerve
all the children know
that it's boxing day
and they'll run the parade for old
cacious clay

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