

# The Dead South, Tiny Wooden Box

HuhhhhhhhhhHuuuhhhhhhhhh

Got a call today, to see if I want to pay  
To bring my body home, if things ever did go wrong  
Wouldn't mind to pay, to bring my body to lay  
In a place I do, in a place I do call home  
In a tiny wooden box  
Yeah  
In a tiny wooden box

I was going around those days  
Thinking everything was so damn good  
So why'd it go away  
For all the ones who are gone  
We've been missing you  
These feelings are  
So damn strong  
I was going around those days  
Thinking everything  
Thinking everything  
Would be ok

HuhhhhhhhhhHuuuuuuuuuh

What a time of year  
It's very pleasant here  
All the names I know  
How the faces do grow old

All the hurting here  
Each and every year  
How we want it to we want it to we want it to be gone  
So I'll write another song  
Yeah I'll write another song

I was going around those days  
Thinking everything was so damn good  
So why'd it go away  
For all the ones who are gone  
We've been missing you  
These feelings are  
So damn strong  
I was going around those days  
Thinking everything  
Thinking everything  
Would be ok

If time heals everything  
If time heals everything  
If time heals everything  
Then why do I

If time heals everything  
If times heals everythingIf time heals everything  
Then why do I  
Still feel this painOh  
Still feel this pain

I was going around those days  
Thinking everything was so damn good  
So why'd it go away  
For all the ones who are gone  
We've been missing you  
These memories are Holding on

I was going around those days  
I was going around those days  
I was going around those days  
Thinking everything  
Thinking everything  
Would be ok