

The Spinto Band, Brown Boxes

I've got this notion
that moving out is better
Than this commotion
If she complains I won't let her

Tell me what to do
And when she wants to argue
I'll remind her that we're through

A late reminder
In post-it notes and marker
Were I not kinder
Her black eye would be darker

And all these brown boxes
Haven't helped me move one bit
In half-empty rooms they sit

Stay, that's where they will stay
I could never say
"I would never say
This is over"

I've got this cupid hummel from Wool 'n Sackett
It's pretty stupid, but none-the-less I'll pack it
And this boxcutter's too dull
Other wise I'd end it all
There's still boxes in the hall

And stay, that's where they will stay
I could never place any other blame
And how could you even go
On living if it's so unintentional
I Lied to you