The Spinto Band, Brown Boxes

I've got this notion that moving out is better Than this commotion If she complains I wont 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