

# The Box

Lyrics by Sherrilynn Taylor

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There's a suspicious subject  
Lurking outside my box  
When he rang the doorbell  
I cowered behind the lock  
Couldn't see his face too clearly  
All blurs, very smeary  
I just couldn't place  
That expression on his face

All lathered up  
In my addiction to sunblock  
Rocks in my pockets  
And locks on my sockets  
White knuckle death grip  
Superglued lips  
Handcuffed to my bed in  
Boots made of lead

That man's still a knockin'  
And my box still a rockin'  
Uncertainty lowering  
While interest growing  
Is it my chance to change fate?  
Or is it already too late?  
Unable to communicate,  
He retreats to the gate

Maybe next time  
When my feet aren't asleep  
I only open up the door  
For trick or treat  
Spend the years guarded in silence,  
It all depends...  
Left wondering only  
If he'll ever come again

Come back to me...