

We slept in this morning and she had to get ready in a hurry  
No time for her usual attention to detail  
And she ran out the door  
Slamming it behind her  
Leaving her keys swinging and jangling  
I stayed in bed until I heard the downstairs door shut  
Then peeked through the blinds  
And as soon as she was out of sight  
I went for the keys  
She never tried to make a secret of the box or  
The fact it was locked or even where she kept it  
But as I said at the time  
"If you've nothing to hide, why hide it?"  
It's one of those wee red cashbox things  
And she keeps it in a drawer by the bed  
Under some pictures and books  
Every key she has is on the same keyring  
It took me a while to find the right one  
I don't know  
I suppose I've had my doubts for a while there's been  
Hushed phone calls virtually every night  
Her friends stop talking when I come in the room  
They look at each other, and I don't know  
It's just a feelin'  
Anyway  
I eventually found the right key and  
It fitted perfectly in  
Put the box on top of the bed and opened it up  
There were these pictures of friends and ex's  
Letters, postcards, doodles, nothing bad  
And then I found some sort of sex diary  
And I went to the latest entry  
It explicitly detailed a recent adventure up the park  
With a boy she said she had forgotten about  
And it got worse as it went on  
The dates never made sense  
There were people I had never even heard of  
Eventually I had to stop reading it  
Because I started to feel sick  
So I put everything back the way I found it  
Shut the drawer and phoned you  
See, I don't know what to do  
I keep having  
Fantasies about leaving her Dictaphone under the pillow  
Or following her when she goes to work  
I've been lying about where I'm going  
Just in case I can bump into her