

Boxes

David Crosby

This time, I got nothing to say about it
I'm about as still as water could be
I won't fuck with anyone's arrangement
Let's open up these boxes and see

Last time, the kettle was boiling over
We made a mess of it
I made a mess
Sometimes, it's cloudy, and you drive yourself away
And away is always something less

All I'm saying
Nothing less than trying will do
All I know
Is that time will tell, time's a box
Time might show that there's love in these boxes

I tried so often to summon my
But they're over the horizon once again
I already tried to lock them all away
Up high where the blood runs thin

I stepped across the dreaded green light
And the self-inflicted wounds are slow to heal
I couldn't climb the forest, couldn't see the tree
I had to find my way by touch-and-feel

All I'm saying
Nothing less than trying will do
All I know
Is that time will tell, time's a box
Time might show that there's love
All I'm saying
Nothing less than trying will do
All I know
Is that time's a bitch, time's a box
Time might show that there's love in these boxes

Love in these boxes
Love in these boxes