

## Box

Sam Brown

Sometimes she's rude, sometimes she's too crude  
Sometimes she understands, sometimes her hands are dirty  
So she stays there at home in her box  
There's a part of her that shouts  
And there's a part of her that only whispers  
There's another part that's lost in space  
There's a part that would spit if you kissed her  
So she's safer when she's hiding in her box  
Most times I have to keep her in her box  
It's not a sad thing  
She gets to exercise her wings  
It scares the shit out of me  
So many different ways to be  
So she stays there at home in her box  
Most times I have to keep her in her box  
She's safer when she's hiding in her box