## **All Boxes**

## **The Bear Quartet**

Going home across the crisp fields For the last time chill crawls in Streets where a whole life's been

Up til now darkening No kids scream no play Some dead leaves reel around Like old troubles They sneak up from behind

You halt and you wait a while Let them pass you by

All the good things to keep Keep you here waiting All the bad scenes on repeat To keep you chased and chasing

Home is all boxes Bigger when empty But no safety surrounds you One last look around goodbye Maybe you took the best of me