

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