

# All, Box

I live in a box. I live on a one way street, but I don't mind.  
'Cause I live alone. Nobody has to share my home.  
And if I could choose I might pick a bigger box  
But that's all I'd change, until I get a credit card  
My home on the range is underneath my black hat  
Until I wake up  
I will not be watching you so you should not be watching me  
I've got what I need. I've got a car that doesn't work.  
I've got blood to bleed. I've got a bar of soap. I've got shampoo too  
So I look like me but I smell like you.  
I won the Nobel Prize. I made a thinner dime.  
You know I'll get my act together when I find the time  
But right now I think that living is a place to lie down.  
You see I rule the dirt, so I'm the king of this town.  
I live in the dark. I live in the silence, and I can say  
That I see and hear how much more than the average bear  
And if I could choose I might pick a darker void  
But that's all I'd change, until I get a bigger club  
My home on the range is somewhere in the closet,  
Until I wake up.  
I will not be watching you so you should not be watching me  
So here's what we've got. You tell me what I am.  
I'll tell you what I am not. You tell me what I'm not.  
I'll tell you what I am. We'll both scratch our heads  
Like we give a damn. Please tell me who comes out ahead  
Was it me or you? Was it me or you? (probably you)  
I live in my skull. I'm under my eyelids. You can't touch me.  
'Cause I'm fast asleep. You wouldn't like the friends I keep.  
And I could choose I might pick a larger head  
But that's all I'd change, until I get a safe way out.  
My home on the range is right behind my eyeballs.  
And don't you dare wake me up.