

Barenaked Ladies, Shoe Box - (album version)

A key in the door
A step on the floor
A note on the table
And a meal in the micro
Note says, "I'm in bed
Please make sure that you're fed
If you're taking a shower
You can borrow my bathrobe"
&"And when I'm asleep
I dream you move in next week"
I crumple the note
And save it to put inside
My shoe box
Shoe box of lies
It's under my bed
It's never been read
It's in with my school stuff
And my mom never cleans there
From my first little fib
When I still wore a bib
To my latest attempt
At pretending I'm someone
Who's not seventeen
Doesn't know what you mean
When talk turns to single
Malts or Stilton, or
My shoe box
Shoe box of lies
Shoe box
Shoe box of lies
Did somebody tell you
This is how it's supposed to be?
Or did you just find it
And you don't want any more from me?
Was it something I said
Or was it something you read
That's making me think
That I should never have come here
I can offer you lies
I can tell you goodbye
I can tell you I'm sorry
But I can't tell you the truth, dear
And what if I could
Would it do any good?
You'll still never get
To see the contents of
My shoe box
Shoe box of lies
Shoe box
Shoe box of lies
You're so nineteen ninety
And it's nineteen ninety four
Leave this world behind me
'Cause you don't want me anymore
[Incomprehensible]