**The Box**

**Clark Snyder**

At my door sits a box

Brought by the big brown truck

I think I’ll wait to open it up

It came from you, came from you

The box can sit right there, I’m not ready

Sit right there uh uh,

The box can sit right there, right there

I’m not ready to be through

I can guess what’s inside

Pictures of better times

My winter coat that I left behind

It’ll smell like you, smell like you

Thanks for packing things up

Thanks for paying the freight

You can move on now with a clean slate

All that we were in cardboard and tape

Our dreams stay undelivered

Are your tears with my stuff

Have you another love

I always thought that sure enough

I’d be back with you, back with you

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