

# Cardboard Boxes

Loudon Wainwright III

I'm gonna go to the supermarket.  
I'm gonna go to the liquor store.  
I'm gonna get me some cardboard boxes.  
You know what them boxes are for.  
I'm gonna rent me a U-Haul trailer,  
Hook it on the back of my old car,  
Call up some of my stronger buddies.  
That's what your strong buddies are for.

CHO: We're gonna move.  
We're gonna move, yeah, move.

Give it to the Salvation Army or the Goodwill.  
We've got so much junk it's a joke.  
Wrap a knickknack in some old newspaper.  
I know it was a present, but the damn thing broke.  
Your old shoes and my old T-shirts,  
My strong buddies crave ice cold beers.  
Don't throw that away; it's a family heirloom.  
I've had that ashtray for 15 years. CHORUS

BRIDGE 1: We're gonna empty out our old place,  
Move into a brand new better space; move.

We got the books and the records and the tapes and the pictures,  
And the pots and the pans and all the breakable glass,  
The living room couch and the dining room table,  
The washer and the dryer; what a pain in the ass.  
We've got the TV and the home entertainment center,  
The box spring and the queen-size bed.  
We got the Christmas decorations and the bureau and the playpen.  
If we had a piano, I think I'd drop dead. CHORUS

At the end day, the old place is empty,  
And the new place houses all of our stuff.  
Unpack all the crap in the cardboard boxes.  
It wasn't that bad; no, it wasn't so rough.  
My strong buddies look a little bit grumpy.  
I don't why I broke my butt.  
Tomorrow we'll call up the telephone company,  
And get another set of house keys cut. CHORUS

BRIDGE 2: I can tell by the look on your face,  
You just love our brand new better space, baby. Move.

We're gonna move, we're gonna move,  
We're gonna move, we're gonna move,  
Yeah, move.