

**Boxing Night**  
**Frightened Rabbit**

Standard Tuning, live versions currently available sound to be Capo I

Might just be my preference, but Play D as 554030, sounds better than xx0232 or 200232

**G#** 320033

**Fm** 022000

**C#** 332010

**Eb** 552030

| : **G# Fm C# Eb** : |

**G#**

It s boxing night

**Fm**

I celebrate in style

**C#**

with boxer shorts and spirits

**Eb**

floor litteed with ghosts of bottles passed

**G#**

There s a naked hush

**Fm**

clothed only with breath and a pulse

**C#**

of a heart that is kicking

**Eb**

as though it is desperate to be born

**G#**

and I m hostage blind

**Fm**

deaf to the din outside

**C#**

Good Glasgow could burn to it s bones (timber?) tonight

**Eb**

and I d barely blink an eye

**G# Fm C# Eb**

**G#**

well the clock just stopped

**Fm**

put that on my fucking headstone (you can cut that into my headstone)

**C#**

won t something move so I stop

**Eb**

staring a hole into the phone

**C#**

you can get me at home

**Eb**

I ll be drinking to death

**C#**

just me and these walls

**Eb**

and a beaten up chair

**G#**

on boxing day

**(G#)**

this is boxing night

**Fm**

and someone lost an eye

**C#**

well I swear I ve lost the last drop

**Eb**

of whatever kept me awake, alive

**G#**

we fell in the Forth from a heavy right hook

**Fm**

to a blushed and swollen face

**C#**

and in a single blow it s murdered

**Eb**

and now it takes years to waste away

**G#**

well I can t call you all night any more

**Fm**

I can t call you full stop

**C#**

though you know you can call me up any time

**Eb**

call me whatever the fuck you want

**C#**

you can get me at home

**Eb**

I ll be drinking to death

**C#**

just me and these walls

**Eb**

and a beaten up chair

**C#**

you can get me at home

**Eb**

I ll be drinking to death

**C#**

just me and these walls

**Eb**

and my beaten up chair

**G#**

on boxing day

|: (**G#**) **Fm C# Eb** :| Repeat **Bb** few times; end on **G#**