

Knapsack, Skip the Details

You're blowing your chance
You're slow at the start
Show your hand, you're falling apart
And this argument is getting confused

We'll call in the guards
Call them quick
You never work, phoning in sick
You're blaming me but you never prove

And we're rational but you'd never know
Circumstance beyond control

This conversation is ending starting right now
The version of truth that you're sending
Will not be allowed

I'm coughing this copy
I'm talking TV
You're better up writing it out
Than talking to me

Empty bottles on both ends
I'm going to bed
Describing your weekend in detail
Is hurting my head

And we're rational but you'd never know
In this circumstance beyond control

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