

# 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

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

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