

# Knapsack, True to Form

Slow dance with losing at the end  
While third rate lovers hone their skills  
Just stuck to the breaks that never bend  
Smoking sections still waiting for their bill

(Chorus)  
More than ever  
Seems like nevers what you get  
Sleeping through this  
Seems like the only thing that firs

Bright eyes and butterflies relax  
It hits you harder than the room  
Half-mast but faster with your facts  
You never thought it'd end this soon

(Chorus)  
More than ever  
Seems like nevers what you get  
Sleeping through this  
Seems like the only thing that firs

(repeat chorus )