

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)