Pack Up

Eliza Doolittle

I get tired and upset
And I'm trying to care a little less
When I Google, I only get depressed
I was taught to dodge those issues, I was told
Don't worry, there's no doubt
There's always something to cry about
When you're stuck in an angry crowd
They don't think what they say before they open their mouth
You gotta pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And bury them beneath the sea
I don't care what the people may say
What the people may say about me
Pack up your troubles, get your old kit bag
Don't worry about the cavalries
I don't care what the whisperers say
'Cause they whisper too loud for me
Hot topic, maybe I should drop it
It's a touchy subject
And I like to tiptoe 'round
The ship going down
We got no penny, no pound
So if your business is running out
It's not my business to talk about
They don't think what to say before they open their mouth
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