

# Baggage

L7

Im lookin old today  
In a very sort of jaded way  
Very cynical and hard  
Weeds all over my yardI cant remember the summer  
Its all a blur, yeah, its been pilin high  
Its been pilin up so goddamn highNow Ive got baggageIm probably tagged for life  
My self-righteous eyes  
Wanna close the book  
Its got nothing to do with the looksCant keep it together, losing my grip  
Yeah, Ive been sinking down  
Time to abandon shipIts hard to swim with baggageMy friends are all strangers  
They stopped calling weeks ago  
But guilts a heavy load  
Its a very, very heavy loadPacked in my baggage

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