

# 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 grin back  
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 You gotta pack up your troubles in your old kit bag  
And bury them beneath the sea  
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