

Boy in the Backseat

We Were Promised Jetpacks

I buried my head in the sun
There's use in us making plans
if there's breath in my lungs I'm keeping myself to myself
Still gathering dust on that shelf
It was breath my lungs
And ..And .
as long as I know I'll still breath
if there's breath in my lungs
Then there's wars to be won I'm buried my neck in the sand
There's no use in us making plans
if there's breath in my lungs Keeping myself to myself
still gathering dust on that shelf
because I'll still be that boy
the boy in the backseat. And .
as long as I know I'll still breath
if there's breath in my lungs Now you're out there
are you .
. all I control

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