

# Addressee

## Knapsack

Well fold this up  
There's a message somewhere  
And I don't know what it is  
And I don't know that I careAnd I pace myself  
'cause' there's no traffic lights  
To tell me when to stop  
To make sure I do things rightA page of noise  
To spell this out  
To remind me what to do  
Who says I ever knew?And I grind my gears  
To get out of here  
This mess demands my best  
And I haven't seen my best for years(Chorus)  
And I hope everyone won't see  
Because this all depends on me  
The current addressee's not there  
Well this mess follows me everywhereWell those this up  
This message somewhere  
And I don't know what it is  
And I don't know that I careAnd I pace myself  
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To tell me when to stop  
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