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
'cause' there's no traffic lights
To tell me when to stop
To make sure I do things rightA page of noise
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