Backpack

Alex Lahey

You think you're gonna die at the age of 33
And you say you always end things before you're in
You make double vision bad decisions, but that's okay with me
You text me at the wheel, which you really shouldn't do
And you know I'll tell you off, even though I do it too
Your disorganised perfection is amiss, okay with me

I know life's too short to settle down
And you move faster than the world spins 'round
It's hard for me to put my arms around you
When your backpack's on

I know that I'm not perfect and you need time alone
But let's put that aside, 'cause I wanna take you home
You have a flight tomorrow and of course that's okay with me

I know life's too short to settle down
And you move faster than the world spins 'round
It's hard for me to put my arms around you
When your backpack's on

You're running out of time to do the things you want
Leave your bags at the door and stay however long
Your accidental existentialism is catching up with me

I know life's too short to settle down
And you move faster than the world spins 'round
It's hard for me to put my arms around you
When your backpack's on

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