

Boy In The Backseat

We Were Promised Jetpacks

I buried my head in the sand
There's no 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 there's war to be won

Are you back at my home?

And this doesn't matter to me
As long as I know I'll still breathe
If there's breath in my lungs
Then there's wars to be won

I've buried my neck in the sand
There's no use in us making plans
If there's breath in my lungs

Been keeping myself to myself
Still gathering dust on that shelf
Because I'll still be that boy
The boy in the backseat

Are you back at my house?

And this doesn't matter to me
As long as I know I'll still breathe
If there's breath in my lungs

Are you happy?
Are you back in your home?
A shower and a shave
That's about all I control