

## Hanging In

### We Were Promised Jetpacks

I wish I had a secret, something I could share  
But no one knows me better than I know myself but I'm forgetful  
When it seems to suit me most, when there's something I should  
say  
This is real talk, in real time

And I'm hanging in  
To the thinnest piece of string that's ever existed  
Eh-eheh

I wish I had the bottle, when something's on my mind  
But no one knows you better than you know yourself so don't be  
nervous  
And maybe I'll admit it, I know I'm not so smart  
But no one knows me better than I know myself but I'm forgetful

And I'm hanging in  
To the thinnest piece of string that's ever existed  
I'm hanging in  
If I turn around and blink I'm sure I can miss it  
Eh-eheh

Eh-eheh  
Eh-eheh

You're walking me, talking me, pushing me under the bus  
You're walking me, talking me, pushing me under the bus  
Don't push me don't push me don't push me don't push  
Don't push me don't push me don't push me don't push

You're walking me, talking me, pushing me under the bus  
You're walking me, talking me, pushing me under the bus  
Don't rush me don't rush me don't rush me don't rush  
Don't push me don't push me don't push me don't push

You're walking me, talking me, pushing me under the bus  
Don't rush me don't rush me don't rush me don't rush