Pack Up

Eliza Doolittle

I get tired and upset
And I'm trying to care a little less
When I google I only get depressed
I was taught to dodge those issues
I was told

Don't worry, there's no doubt
There's always something to cry about
When you're stuck in an angry crowd
They don't think what they say
Before they open their mouth

You gotta
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And bury them beneath the sea
I don't care what the people may say
What the people may say about me

Pack up your troubles, get your old kit bag
Don't worry about the cavalries
I don't care what the whisperers say
'Cause they whisper too loud for me

Hot topic
Maybe I should drop it
It's a touchy subject
And I like to tiptoe 'round
The ship going down

We got no penny, no pound
So if your business is running out
It's not my business to talk about
They don't think what to say
Before they open their mouth

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'Cause they whisper too loud for me

It's just to test your ability
Let's count from one to infinity
Don't rock the boat, gotta let it be
Gotta let it go, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Tweet, tweet
Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet
Tweet, tweet, tweet
Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet

Tweet, tweet, tweet

Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet
Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And bury them beneath the sea
I don't care what the people may say
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Pack up your troubles, get your old kit bag
Don't worry about the cavalries
I don't care what the whisperers say
'Cause they whisper too loud for me

Yeah, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh, eh
Yeah, eh, eh, eh
Yeah, eh, eh, eh

Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet
Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag
And bury them beneath the sea
I don't care what the people may say