

Wonder Years, The "Everything I Own Fits In This Backpack"

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I woke up today
And put all my shit in boxes.
It's 8:00 AM, so I'm glad I wasn't out late.
And I woke up today.
Guess it's good, I hadn't finished.
I'm packing all of this in the first place.

Suburbs have abandoned me.
I've had the same best friend since '93.
I call, he's not answering.
No.
I can't get comfortable on my own street.

I'm not fond of south Philly
Or how my neighbors love ICP.
I guess it's better than Bancroft street.
At least the fridge here works and the walls don't leak,
at least.

I'm starting to see what's left for me.
I'm starting to.

We've moved on again so I packed my shit and left
home.
It's alright to think I still belong to something.
I don't.
Guess I can see why you'd think so.

Nothing made me feel further away
Than "Left and Leaving" through a blown car stereo.
Nothing made me feel closer to home

So we reached the coast, but where do we sleep
tonight?
Damned if I know.
We'll try to stay at the airport.
They can't send us home and we've got no place to go.

We've moved on again so I packed my shit and left
home.
It's alright to think I still belong to something.

I don't.
Guess I can see why you'd think so.

Don't say it's up to me.

For some reason, the floor boards are calling out to
me.
I'm laying here again with my head on my backpack,
wrapped in my hoodie.

I know how this must look from the outside
It took almost 13 months
For me to be where I feel fine
I'm not as sad as I'll let myself believe sometimes

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