

Eliza Doolittle

"Pack Up"

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I get tired, and upset
And I'm trying to care a little less
And I... I only get depressed
I was taught to touch 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 mouths

Pack up your troubles and 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 and your old kit bag
Don't worry about the calvery
I don't care what the whipseres say
Cause they whisper too loud for me

Hot topic, maybe I should drop it,
It's a touch in subject,
And I like to tiptoe round the ship gone down,
Got penny, no pound
So if your business is running out
It's not my buisness to talk about
They don't think what to say
Before they open their mouths

Pack up your troubles and 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 and your old kit bag
Don't worry about the calvery
I don't care what the whipseres say
Cause they whisper too loud for me

Tweet, tweet, tweet, tweet...

Pack up your troubles and 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 and your old kit bag
Don't worry about the calvery
I don't care what the whipseres say
Cause they whisper too loud for me

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