

# Sick, Sick, Sick

## Bayside

I curse to hell the magistrate who granted this unholy fate  
But I know, I know I asked for this myself; I'm bound by law to hell  
And it's sick, sick, sick  
Humans have their needs, living in a fairytale that's tearing at the seams  
A dank reject, the devil in a dress--exactly what you seem

Sick, Sick, Sick  
It's sick, sick, sick

You made a mess of things  
My what a mess you've made  
I hate the way you make me feel  
I hate the way you make me  
In your world it's cold outside  
So button up and open wide  
I hate the way you make me feel sick, sick, sick

If memory serves me correct, I gave you all and you gave me less  
Your sexcapades deliver checks but can't afford you self-respect  
And it's sick, sick, sick  
Humans on their knees, living in a fairytale that's tearing at the seams  
A dank reject, the devil in a dress--exactly what you seem

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Maybe love is looking for someone to fill up holes  
We grow up building lives with holes in all our walls  
The walls can fall but here you were with spare bricks to save the day  
And we pray it's not too late  
Spare bricks can be dead weight

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