

Sick

Banks Arcade

Why don't you say it to my face
You know I'm listening
In disbelief
I'm a mess but you're to blame
I got the best of me
The rest is history

I feel like everybody's sick of me
I just keep fucking up the script
God, I'm over this
I know that all my friends don't disagree
I see the truth behind your eyes
So tell me what you really think

Let down
You like better with my head down
My angel's taking off her halo
She said I'm better off alone

You can't look me in the eyes
You're just broken and bitter
But my God, I'm not surprised
There's no rest for the wicked
Were all fucked up 'round here
I feel like everyone's an enemy

I feel like everybody's sick of me
I just keep fucking up the script
God I'm over this
I know that all my friends don't disagree
I see the truth behind your eyes
So tell me what you really think
(Tell me what you really think)
(Tell me what you really think)

You're 'bout to break at the spine
I'm sick of wasting my time
Dealing with all of this shit
Least I know how to admit
That maybe I'm fucked in head
I could be better instead
I try to pity weak
But I hear their voices and nobody knows how to speak

Safe behind a closed door
Screaming at your phone screen
Telling all your close friends that everybody's sick of me
You know I'm listening
In disbelief

Cause I look better in the stage lights
You're standing on the outside
Wishing shit was different
We're addicted to the same high
Feel like making history
I feel like everybody disbelieves

I feel like everybody's sick of me
I just keep fucking up the script
God, I'm over this
I know that all my friends don't disagree
I see the truth behind your eyes
So tell me what you really think
Everybody's sick of me
I feel like everybody's sick of me

Why can't you say it to my face
You know I'm listening