

Do the Sick

Direct Hit!

Burning parts, boils too, we've got a fucking fever of a hundred-and-two

Everyone's sicker than a dog in here
No one's got the medicine to make it all clear
Stranger things have happened, but they're certainly rare
And no one's survived em anyway, so we don't fucking care
Give us a pill, pass us a drink
Our hair is fucking falling out and clogging the sinks
Water on the floor like a fucking slip and slide,
So come on everybody, let's go for a ride

And do the sick sick, throw up, roll around in the muck
Yeah it's the dance that we do to get fucked
Everyone's too gross to get unstuck,
And no we're not the kind of people with any kind of luck

Beating on each other with our fists and our wrists, just to get
t our pounding heads to stop
Lying to each other that tomorrow will be better when we know damn well we're fucked

We'll do the sick sick til we're all deep in the ground
And trash with the worms and their friends
Rolling in our graves til the fucking world ends
No one can avoid it, we're not making amends

Everyone's sicker than a dog in here
No one's got the wherewithal to make it all clear
If anybody had a clue, we'd work out a plan,
But it's easier to think of ways to laugh it off instead
Gimme a pill, pass me a drink
It's an easier solution than to actually think
Our hair is falling out and clogging the sinks
And the waste has piled up to the point where it stinks

And do the sick sick, throw up, roll around in the muck
Yeah it's the dance that we do to get fucked
Everyone's too gross to get unstuck,
And no we're not the kind of people with any kind of luck

So we're beating on each other with our fists and our feet just
to try and get a minute of sleep
When if we'd all get along, sing a couple of songs, we'd slow the
sprint toward death to a creep
Beating on each other with our fists and our wrists, just to get
t our pounding heads to stop
Lying to each other that tomorrow will be better when we know d

amn well we're fucked