

# Puke

## Heart Attack Man

You make me sick  
You make me nauseous  
Filed down and exhausted  
You make my stomach churn  
You make me cringe  
Ugly on the outside and in  
It's coming up again  
The feeling in my gut  
Dry heaves of memories  
Traumatic, pure disgust  
You're like the smell of sulfur  
I still feel you like an ulcer  
Painful to the touch

You make me wanna fucking puke  
You make me wanna fucking puke  
I'm sick, sick, sick to my stomach  
At the thought of you  
You make me wanna fucking puke

I don't give a fuck  
About your excuses  
Your weak apologies  
Completely useless  
Crossed the line  
No coming back from this  
Fucking disgusting  
Conniving human garbage

You make me wanna fucking puke  
You make me wanna fucking puke  
I'm sick, sick, sick to my stomach  
At the thought of you  
You make me wanna fucking puke

I feel you like the aftertaste  
Hands clasp my neck and masturbate  
Sensation save me from going under again

Alright, one more time...

You make me wanna fucking puke  
You make me wanna fucking puke  
I'm sick, sick, sick to my stomach  
At the thought of you  
You make me wanna fucking puke

You make me wanna fucking... puke...