

Sick But Not In The Good Way

Horse Head

There's little hope for me
Standing here, pretending to be happy
As the very thought of living
Sends me deeper into atrophy
I'm sick of wasting time
I think I might be sick, but not in the good way

I'm driving with my eyes closed, would you take the wheel?
Or would you let me die slow, to show me how it feels?
It would be so real, yeah, but that was just a dream
Then I'd catch you by the heels, but it's never what it seems
Tell me where were you when I was sleeping in the car?
Came a long way but yet I'm still so far
And I was reaching for you like you were still there
I remember leaving but I can't remember where

I'm sick of walking
My legs are growing tired
I'm sick of talking
'Cause you talk just like a liar, and...

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