

Sick of It All

Just Friends

I will shut the door and I'll sit there and mourn for the person that I used to be
Well I was first on roll call, but now I'm sick of it all
I'm just sick, sick, sick of it all
Well It doesn't seem right, to keep it bottled up on the inside
Well if you wanna cry, I let you down and I cried on the inside
Well it's not what it seems when this whole world is so damn mean to me
The angels in my dreams, they ran away and they turned against me
Where did I go?
Where did I go?
Where did I, where did I, go?
I will shut the door, and I'll there and mourn for the person that I used to be
Well I was first out the door, but now I'm sick of it all
I'm just sick, sick, sick of it all
I'm just sick, sick, sick of it all
I'm just sick, sick, sick of it all
Sick, sick, sick of it all
I'm just sick sick sick of it all
Ooh
Well I was on roll call and now I'm sick of it all
I'm just sick, sick, sick, of it all
Sick, sick, sick, of it all
I'm just sick, sick, sick, of it all
Sick, sick, sick, of it all!