

# Ick

## Murder by Death

This morning stumbled out of bed worse than when I got in  
Hands were shaking, eyes were shot, world starting to spin  
I know I'm not easy, I just can't behave  
But I'm lonely as a politician's grave, ooh

What I'm tryna say is that I've got to go away  
'Cause I don't want this ick to stick to you

Just staring at this burnout sun, waiting for the day  
Is like looking down a rifle barrel pointed in your face  
Let hope be my cloak that yokes me home  
Until then, I'll try to find my way, ooh

What I'm tryna say is that I've got to go away  
'Cause I don't want this ick to stick to you

I don't want this to stick to you  
It'd make me sick to see it through  
'Cause I don't want this premonition coming true  
Yeah, I don't want this ick to stick to you  
I don't want this to stick to you