

# Sick To My Stomach

Natalie Jane

Someone invent me a medicine  
Somebody get me a pill  
My heart is over the speed limit  
110 at the wheel

I'm so obsessed  
Can't leave your bed again

I do not get like this usually  
Butterflies under my boots  
Swear it's just something you do to me  
Frozen forget how to move

I can't believe  
You're making me

Sick sick sick sick sick sick to my stomach  
Sick sick sick sick sick I kinda love it  
Sick sick sick sick sick I kinda love him  
I kinda love him  
Now I'm

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Sick sick sick sick sick I kinda love him  
I kinda love him  
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I got a tall kind of weakness  
6 foot 4 on the weekend  
Why am I catching feelings  
Can't keep calm and I can't keep a secret no

The way we breath  
Its making me

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