

Sick Love

Redd Kross

Build me up, tear me down, be your clown
Be a prophet for six months now they kicked me out
You used to pick on me now I'm on the cover of your magazine
Without a reason what has changed

Don't make me laugh
I won't kiss your ass
I will not do it
(I will not)
I wouldn't know how to do it
(I will not)

I figured from the start
(I figured from the start)
I'd give you half my heart
(I'd give you half my heart)
But that amounts to twice as much as you

Kiss the boot, made of suede, kiss the mirror
Before the image starts to fade then it's gone
I've known all along that what you did was wrong
You are so evil and ugly too

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American scene shaker
You are England's newest hit makers
(Newest hit makers)

But I won't do it,
I said, you can't make me do it
'Cause I won't kiss it and I won't do it
Well, maybe I'll do it you can kiss my face

It's a sick, sick love
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