

# Sick Of Sex

Robyn Ottolini

I'm contemplating why I hate it when you text  
If I wanna go out and get drinks  
He's not asking for it  
But in some weird way it sounded like that (in my brain)  
It's not his fault but again it's not mine  
I'm so self conscience that he's wasting his precious time  
As if hanging out with me strings attached  
Is like some kinda crime  
I'm sick of sex

I don't wanna let another person  
I might learn to like into my bed  
Another chore I have to check  
To lose my self respect  
Feels so damn complex  
Honestly, it just feels like currency  
To keep someone somewhat interested in me  
If I hear another you're just not doing it right  
I might not make love for the rest of my life  
I promise you're no different than the rest

And I'm sick of sex  
I'm so sick of sex

A younger version of me incoherently  
Woulda settled for what this feels like  
But when you send me I feel shitty  
I feel empty and like I'm dying inside  
He says I'm pretty and I know he means well  
But he's putting me right in my own personal hell  
He suggested getting a taxi to his home  
Somewhere deep in me knows  
I'm sick of sex

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And I'm sick of trying to find the balance between  
Hormonal balances and this ain't doing it for me  
Between I know you'll never love me and fuck it  
But my body's craving aloneness and I'm trying to love it so  
I'm sick of sex

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I might learn to like into my bed  
Another chore I have to check  
To lose my self respect  
Feels so damn complex  
Honestly, it just feels like currency

To keep someone somewhat interested in me  
If I hear another you're just not doing it right  
I might not make love for the rest of my life  
Sorry I'm no different than the rest

I'm so sick of sex  
I'm so sick of sex  
Oh oh oh oh