

Sick Sick

Those Poor Bastards

Sick, sick, sick, sick
Sick of waking up each day
Sick of every word you say
Sick of everything I know
Sick of praying to the Lord
Sick of getting no reward
Sick of everything I know
Sick, I'm sick, I'm sick of breathing
Sick, I'm sick, I'm sick of breathing

Sick, sick, sick, sick
Sick of worry, sick of woe
Sick of every place I go
Sick of everything I know
Sick of breaking bones in two
Sick of me and sick of you
Sick of everything I know
Sick, I'm sick, I'm sick of breathing
Sick, I'm sick, I'm sick of breathing

Sick, sick, sick, sick

Sick of losing all my bets
Sick of tears and old regrets
Sick of everything I know
Sick of being so let down
Sick of this whole rotten town
Sick of everything I know
Sick, I'm sick, I'm sick of breathing
Sick, I'm sick, I'm sick of breathing

Sick, sick, sick, sick
Sick of always feeling ill
Sick of this constant urge to kill
Sick of everything I know
Sick of waiting for a break
Sick of all the same mistakes
Sick of everything I know
Sick, I'm sick, I'm sick of breathing
Sick, I'm sick, I'm sick of breathing