Sick Sick of the night Sick of the day Sick of the sun that burns you White Knuckling it Wasting away Color yourself back in again You're as sick as your secrets You're as sick as your secrets You're as sick as your secrets Slip Into the bath Into the grey Hating yourself so much it hurts Wake Up from a nap Wish you were brave But you're not that kind of person You're as sick as your secrets You're sick of it You're as sick as your secrets You're sick of it You're as sick as your secrets You're sick of it all I'll take you back I'll take you on I want you to crack I want you to crawl I'll take your mistakes I want you to break I'll bring you home Scared Scared of yourself And what you might say So you just let the phone ring Неу You could come back Back to L.A.

You used to like the summer