

Sick & Tired

The Cardigans

Sick, tired and homeless
With no one here to sing for
Tired of being weightless
For all these looking good boys

You can always say my attic has its charm
You can always say you did no major harm
You can always say that summer had its charm
And that you did no major harm
Oh, spare me if you please

Sick, tired and sleepless
With no one else to shine for
Sick of all my distress
But I won't show I'm still poor

Symptoms are so deep
Something here's so wrong
Nothing is complete
Nowhere to belong
Symptoms are so deep
I think I'd better stay
Here on my own
So spare me if you please

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