

Sick, Sick, Sick

Bayside

I curse to hell the magistrate who granted this unholy fate
But I know, I know I asked for this myself I'm bound by law to hell
And its Sick! Sick! Sick!
Humans have their needs, living in a fairy tale is tearing at the seem
Yeah, it's anchorage, no its the devil in a dress, is exactly what you see Sick! Sick! Sick!
It's Sick! Sick! Sick! You made a mess of things
My what a mess you've made
I hate the way you make me feel
I hate the way you make me
And your world is cold outside
So button up and open wide
I hate the way you make me feel
Sick! Sick! Sick! If memory serves me correct I gave you all, you gave me less
You're sex capades deliver checks, but cant afford you self respect
And it's Sick! Sick! Sick!
Humans on their knees, living in a fairy tale is tearing at the seems
Yeah, its anchorage, no its the devil in a dress, exactly what you see
Sick! Sick! Sick! You made a mess of things
My what a mess you've made
I hate the way you me feel
I hate the way you make me
Your world is cold outside
So button up and open wide
I hate the way you make me feel
Sick! Sick! Sick! Maybe love is looking for someone to fill the holes
We grow up building lives with holes in all our walls
The walls could fall but here you were with spare bricks to save the day
And we pray its not to late spare bricks could be dead weight Sick! Sick! Sick!
It's Sick! Sick! Sick!
Sick! Sick! Sick!
You're Sick! Sick! Sick! You made a mess of things
My what a mess you've made
I hate the way you make me feel
I hate the way you make me
And you're world is cold outside
So button up and open wide
I hate the way you make me feel
Sick! Sick! Sick!

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>