Bad Year

Sicko

I don't need this anymore
the curse of '94 strikes again
killing hopes and things and people
stop, stop you're killing me
and I tried so desperately to escape it
suck days ahead I think I'll stay in bed
Life's the same
I guess everything's going okay
I've got to go now
I've run out of cute things to say
I don't mean to sound so insincere
I'm having a bad yearAnd I'm glad to say goodbye
but I'll never wonder why this year happened
luck comes and goes sooner or later
wait, wait for it to stop
'cause I'm not just gonna drop out of being
for one bad year that was just leaving

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