I'm Sick (Of This American Life)

[They Might Be Giants](...)

Screw kid, I got nothin' to say
Quit buggin' me, go away
High time you realize
I didn't come here to socializeI'm sick, sick of this American life
And I've learned the value of human sacrificeI like staring at two glass eyes
Keep 'em stuffed museum-style
Got alarms set all around
In case they move aroundI'm sick, sick of this American life
And I've learned the value of human sacrifice