

# Love Sick

## Loveable Rogues

I'm love sick and I'm sick of this love game,  
And I'm tired of hearing,  
I'm the one to blame  
Woah-oooh-oooh-oooh yeah  
I'm lovesick and I'm sick of this love game  
And I'm tired of hearing I'm the one to blame  
and I'm sick of you telling me to go and get dressed  
as if I'm the mane you're hear to impress

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I was crumbled like apple pie,  
when you left my flat  
only wearing a goodbye  
In your bag were my Ralph Lauren tops,  
On your feet were my  
brand new workout Reeboks,  
You turn a smile  
with those come to bed eyes,  
But all I could think of were all them pork pies  
You kept on telling me night after night,  
Then drop just your knickers after every fight  
Can we go on with this,  
This is something to teach,  
That the little kids  
Who I'm trying to reach,  
Whoever said romance is dead  
Was born to preach,  
Because my grandparents  
Used to ballroom dance on Brighton beach,  
All you know is  
The migraine skank and,

All you do is give me  
A migraine you skank,  
I'm sure I'd be  
Happy with a Tommy Tank  
At least I'd have more  
Money in the bank  
I'm

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Now I ain't saying that the sex  
Weren't great,  
I'm just saying you're beginning to grate  
On my mind and I can't keep  
Living this lie,  
Sometimes I fell like I don't even try,  
Not that you're even noticing me,  
Creaming on any possibility,  
Screaming like from Hercules times,  
When you look up  
I'm still in my Calvin Kleins,  
So lets just let bygones be bygones,  
And I'll just let my songs be my songs  
Go down to the pub and watch the  
Football I've missed  
Can we please just end this  
With a Hershey's Kiss

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Love game  
and I'm tired of hearing I'm the  
one to blame and I'm  
Sick of you telling me to go and get dressed  
As if I'm the man  
As if I'm the man  
As if I'm the man  
You're here to impress.

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