Naked Lunch

Hugoboy

I want to throw up, but for now I hold back
I cant express just how Im feeling, it's true
You want to grow up, but theres a problem with that
Theres no where to go for someone whos as stunted as youIt's true that Im disgusted with myself as well
My tongue cannot be tamed, its on a fire straight from hell
I eat the dirt you kick up, and flaw the chord that resonates
A gentle word I cannot find a way to enunciateYou make me, you make me, oh, so sick
Oh, so sick
You make me, yeah, you know you make me
Sick, sick, sick, I get sicker every dayStill your voice, pump your stomach, set the garbage free
Oh, I know you dont get drunk, you just drink socially
Your reasons are all invalids, they cant stand up
And when you talk I hear the brain cells die
So keep your mouth shutI didnt wake up to find myself as a bug
Ive been one for much longer than I care to recall
Im not a junkie lost in inter zone or under a rug
I just eat the bug powder then I climb up the wallYou make me, you make me, oh, so sick
Oh, so sick
You make me, yeah, you know you make me
Sick, sick, sick, I get sicker every dayYou make me, you make me, oh, so sick
Oh, so sick
You make me, yeah, you know you make me
Sick, sick, sick, sick, sick, sick, sick, sickYou make me, you make me, oh, so sick
Oh, so sick
You make me, yeah, you know you make me
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