Sicker

The Coathangers

Green with envy she cries herself to sleep
She's paid the price for living cheap
The more you try to get out of this hole
The more you seem to bury yourself in coal
I get sicker I get sicker sicker I get sicker
The alternation in my brain it don't work right
I seem to listen to the voice that doesn't tell me fight
I kneel down by my bed I call to jah-ov-yah
Son of man he says shine bright you star
I get sicker I get sicker sicker I get sicker
An if I should start falling
Its you that I'll be calling
Sicker I get sicker sicker I get sicker

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