Sick In the Head

The Lumineers

People say I'm no good
Write me off, oh yes they should
Fuck 'em they're just sick in the headThey're writing my history
Think somebody should've asked me
Everyone was safe in their beds
Their bedsAnd I saidI won't live, won't live like them
Everyone, they're all seeing redI don't know
If it's alright with you, but I'll be gone
A ghost will be here in my stead, my steadAnd I saidI can't live life underneath it all
Everyone is older now and goneI will not be here forever dear
So let's just make this count a lot in here

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