

# Nausea

Jeff Rosenstock

Held in a bong hit, sitting in a  
Hot tub in south Wisconsin. I feel  
amazing when I'm all alone  
switching between porn and Robocop Turned off my cellphone, drank a bottle  
of wine and read a Cometbus and  
Passed out naked, shriveling, stumbled  
To bed in a fucked up sleepwalk I got so tired of discussing my future  
I've started avoiding the people I love  
Evenings of silence and mornings of nausea. I read the worst thing ever in a bathrobe of off-white terricloth,  
Translated by technology from your voice extremely inaccurately.  
I got so tired of discussing my future  
I've started avoiding the people I love  
Evenings of silence and mornings of nausea  
Shake and sweat and I can't throw up.  
I got so tired of discussing my future  
That I walk through my life like I'm the only one  
With evenings of silence and mornings of nausea  
Shake and sweat and I can't throw up. Cleaned up the empty bottles.  
Let the smoke out through chilly windows.  
I used the stationary bike  
I watched the end of The Price Is Right  
Ordered an egg-white sandwich and I  
Drove south through mid-day traffic and I  
Called up some folks I truly love and  
Hung up after they said hello.  
I got so tired of discussing my future  
I've started avoiding the people I love  
Evenings of silence and mornings of nausea  
Shake and sweat and I can't throw up.  
I got so tired of discussing my future  
That I walk through my life like I'm the only one  
With evenings of silence and mornings of nausea.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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