

Sick Of It

Evans Blue

I ran away from you, I took everything
Facing the day I turn my back just the way you showed me
I'd say I've changed for your right and you stay the same
I stepped away from you, I won't be coming back I thought I told you, I don't need the headache
Why you're so pathetic? Try and you just might get it
It's come to this end and now I'm sick of it I can't stand the habit, I 'cause you just can't have it
Lie, maybe you'll find it's come to its end
And now I'm sick of it You're getting sick of this life facing the truth
Chasing the lies you live by won't be something new to you
I haven't spoke of bad times, I have no use
Erase the memories, it's something I must do I thought I told you, I don't need the headache
Why you're so pathetic? Try and you just might get it
It's come to this end and now I'm sick of it I can't stand the habit, I 'cause you just can't have it
Lie, maybe you'll find it's come to its end
And now I'm sick of it Nothing around you, nothing to say
Nothing involving you concerns me today
Maybe you'll find out, maybe you'll break
Maybe you'll end up just the way you are today I thought I told you, I don't need the headache
Why are you so pathetic? Try and you just might get it
It's come to this end and now I'm sick of it I can't stand the habit, I 'cause you just can't have it
Lie, maybe you'll find it's come to its end
And now I'm sick of it

Songwriters

Daniel Chandler; Joseph Daniel Lauzon; Joseph Pitter Published by

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