

Sick of Me

Virgin Millionaires

You're probably sippin' lemonade and reading Hemingway
Underneath that tree out back in that same house
Where all that love was made
I'm sinkin' down on some corduroy couch
Empty bottles all around, quarter after two
And I'm still tryin' to start my day Maybe I should call you up right out of the blue
Maybe you'll pick up and maybe I'll get through this time
'Cause all I wanna tell you is you were right
And I miss you and I'm sick of me too My wandering eye, my little white lies
All the hell I've raised
All the times I made you cry like rain
Tired of lookin' at myself, wishin' I was someone else
Tired of nothin' to lose, tired of nothin' left
I've been thinkin' lately, maybe it's time to change Maybe I should call you up right out of the blue
Maybe you'll pick up and maybe I'll get through this time
'Cause all I wanna tell you is you were right
I miss you and I'm sick of me too I wanna be your everything, not just a bad memory
I'd rather be your sweet dream come true
I'm sick of me too Maybe I should call you up right out of the blue
Maybe you'll pick up and maybe I'll get through this time
'Cause all I wanna tell you is you were right Maybe I should call you up right out of the blue
Maybe you'll pick up and maybe I'll get through this time
'Cause all I wanna tell you is you were right
And I miss you and I'm sick of me too I'm sick of me too
Yeah I'm sick of me
And I'm sick of me too

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>