

# Sick and Tired

## The Cardigans

sick tired and homeless  
With no one here to sing for  
Tired of being weightless  
For all these looking boys

You can always say my attic has its charm  
You can always say you did no major harm  
You can always say that summer had its charm  
And that you did no major harm  
Oh spare me if you please

Sick tired and sleepless  
With no one else to shine for  
Sick of all my distress  
But I won't show I'm still poor

Symptoms are so deep  
Something here's so wrong  
Nothing is complete  
Nowhere to belong  
Symptoms are so deep  
I think I'd better stay here on my own  
So spare me if you please

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