

# Cover Up

## Sicko

If I blow my head off talking to you  
I know a tape recorder's got nothing to do  
with a lack of interest in living life  
when a hundred pound depression straps down tight  
does anybody hear me  
is anybody listening  
is anybody up there  
covered my eyes up Sunday morning  
from the momentary lack of stable ground  
looked for you and the room was spinning  
you left me hanging with nothing but me around  
If I pull my heart out thinking of you  
and then the holes in the skin come bleeding through  
what's the point in keeping on  
when a whole and a half of the half's gone

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