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 tightdoes anybody hear me
does anybody care
is anybody listening
is anybody up therecovered 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 aroundIf 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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