

Sick of This And That

The Damned

I say, "You're messing me around"
You say, I'm getting out of hand I'm sick of the country
Sick of the town
Sick of the future
It's getting me down I say, "The future's going to last"
You say, "There's nothing in the past" I'm sick of the government
Sick of the police
Sick of the boredom
I want release I can recall a strange event
I gave you nothing with my complements
A discontent that effereents
An emptiness or nothingness that's heaven sent I'm sick of the country
Sick of the town
Sick of the future
It's getting me down I say and you say
I say and you say
I say, "It's getting me down"

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