

# City Sickness

## Tindersticks

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm crawling, I don't know where to or from  
The center of things from where everything stems, is not where I belong  
I have the city sickness growing inside me  
So this is where I ran for freedom where I may not be free I have these hands beating with love for you  
You're not here to touch  
Sent you away, what else can I do  
When I need something that much? I'm hurting, babe, in the city there's no place for love  
It's just used to make people feel better, it's not like us  
I got this sickness as I got off the train  
Now it chafes away at my heart, until nothing remains I have these hands beating with love for you  
And you're not here to touch  
Sent you away, what else can I do  
When I need something that much? That much I'm okay afterwards, afterwards lasts for minutes only  
I'm okay during, you kind of fill up my mind  
It's just that, before may last forever  
It's just that, before may just fuck my mind I have these hands beating with love for you  
And you're not here to touch  
Sent you away, what else can I do  
When I need something that much? That much

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