

Sick in the Head

The Lumineers

People say I'm no good
Write me off, oh yes they should
Fuck 'em they're just sick in the head
They're writing my history
Think somebody should've asked me
Everyone was safe in their beds
Their beds
And I said I won't live, won't live like them
Everyone, they're all seeing red
I don't know
If it's alright with you, but I'll be gone
A ghost will be here in my stead, my stead
And I said I can't live life underneath it all
Everyone is older now and gone
I will not be here forever dear
So let's just make this count a lot in here

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