

Sick of everything, used to turn me on
Wanted everything but it took too long
Couldn't see you then, after waiting all alone
Shape that I was in, had to take it on my own
You're just another friend and I don't need another friend

Will I? Well, I don't know
Will I? Well, I don't know at all

Gave it all away, when I got an idea
That's fine so I took it all away
Now I got nothing I call mine

Then you find out, that believing in fine
Doesn't make you money
Wanna do something fine, people think it's funny
Sick of everything, what you waitin' on?

Go on, go on
Will I? Well, I don't know
Well, I don't know at all