

Sick, Sick, Sick

Bayside

I curse to hell the magistrate who granted this unholy fate
But I know, I know I asked for this myself; I'm bound by law to hell
And it's sick, sick, sick
Humans have their needs, living in a fairytale that's tearing at the seams
A dank reject, the devil in a dress--exactly what you seem

Sick, Sick, Sick
It's sick, sick, sick

You made a mess of things
My what a mess you've made
I hate the way you make me feel
I hate the way you make me
In your world it's cold outside
So button up and open wide
I hate the way you make me feel sick, sick, sick

If memory serves me correct, I gave you all and you gave me less
Your sexcapades deliver checks but can't afford you self-respect
And it's sick, sick, sick
Humans on their knees, living in a fairytale that's tearing at the seams
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Maybe love is looking for someone to fill up holes
We grow up building lives with holes in all our walls
The walls can fall but here you were with spare bricks to save the day
And we pray it's not too late
Spare bricks can be dead weight

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