

## Sick

**Bif Naked**

Face down, I woke up on the floor, again.  
Spit it out-- the words I'll never say again.  
How can one create the mess I'm in?  
Easy. Happily invite it in.

I feel the sky is closing in.  
My chest-- it hurts. I can not breathe.  
It's blinding me. I can not see.

You make me... You make me sick.  
You make me... You make me sick.  
(I think I'm getting better)

Explode! Hand grenade without a pin.  
Broken, you're better than you've ever been.  
Just think: I'm nothing, and I never win,  
because you're part of me, my only friend.

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You make me...You make me... You make me sick.

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