Sick On You

You wanna know what it's like Condemned to live with you It's some kind of suicide Some phase that I'm through

I ain't sadistic, masochistic You and me are through I`m sick to death of everything you do And if I'm gonna have a puke you bet yer life I'll puke on you

I'm gonna be, gonna be sick on you I'm gonna be, gonna be sick on you I'm gonna be, gonna be sick on you All down your face, your dress, your legs and your shoes... Sick on you

Give it to me babe Give it to me babe Give it to me babe

It's been six weeks and that`s six weeks too long You thought we were Romeo and Juliet You couldn't have been more wrong So pack your rags in to your bags Get back where you belong I`m sure they miss you, it`s really quite a shame I hear Skid Row's just never been the same