

Sick On You

Boys

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