

Sick Of Myself

Matthew Sweet

You don't know how you move me
deconstruct me and consume me.
I'm all used up, I'm out of luck I am star struck
By something in your eyes
that is keeping my hope alive.

But I'm sick of myself when I look at you
something is beautiful and true.
World that's ugly and a lie
it's hard to even want to try.
I'm beginning to think
maybe you don't know.

I'll take a leave, the room to breathe
The choice to leave it
I'll throw away a chance at greatness just to make this
dream come into play
I don't know if I'll find a way

'Cause I'm sick of myself when I look at you
something is beautiful and true.
World that's ugly and a lie
it's hard to even want to try.
I'm beginning to think
maybe you don't know.

I'm beginning to think
maybe you don't know.

Something in your eyes
that is keeping my hope alive.

But I'm sick of myself when I look at you
something is beautiful and true.
World that's ugly and a lie
it's hard to even want to try.
I'm beginning to think
maybe you don't know.

I'm beginning to think
maybe you don't know.