

## 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.