

# Sick Love

Redd Kross

Build me up, tear me down, be your clown  
Be a prophet for six months now they kicked me out  
You used to pick on me now I'm on the cover of your magazine  
Without a reason what has changed

Don't make me laugh  
I won't kiss your ass  
I will not do it  
(I will not)  
I wouldn't know how to do it  
(I will not)

I figured from the start  
(I figured from the start)  
I'd give you half my heart  
(I'd give you half my heart)  
But that amounts to twice as much as you

Kiss the boot, made of suede, kiss the mirror  
Before the image starts to fade then it's gone  
I've known all along that what you did was wrong  
You are so evil and ugly too

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(I will not)  
I wouldn't know how to do it  
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American scene shaker  
You are England's newest hit makers  
(Newest hit makers)

But I won't do it,  
I said, you can't make me do it  
'Cause I won't kiss it and I won't do it  
Well, maybe I'll do it you can kiss my face

It's a sick, sick love  
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It's a sick, sick love