

Sick Things

The Meteors

I'd like to thought of a woman now all dressed in black
Now she's laying there with a knife in her back,
We were lovers once before death took it whole
I need to love her again before she gets too cold,

Sick things,
Yeah sick things,
I like sick things,
Baby baby, give me sick things.

I'd like to get all the people who call themself friends
And nail them all together with their hads in to end
They think they're so clever
But they got no guns,
I put them all in a blender
Send them off with a bang

Sick things
Yeah sick things
Give me sick things
Darling I need sick things.

Sick sick things that's all that I like
I dream them in the morning and in bed late at night
You think you're so good 'cause you dont do it,
But this sick sick things well they all for you.

Sick things,
I love sick things
You give me sick things
I need a sick things

I'd like to cut off your head and eat out the brains
To make it all happend
Again and again
You said it no good if you make it too quick
I dont give it all since long as it's sick.

Sick things
Give me sick things
Oooh sick things
Baby baby sick things.