

Sick of Me

Tim McGraw

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You're probably sippin' lemonade and reading Hemingway
Wnderneath that tree out back of that same house
Where all that love was made
I'm sinkin' down on some corduroy couch
Empty bottles all around, quarter after two
And I'm still tryin to start my day

Maybe I should call you up right out of the blue
Maybe you'll pick up and maybe I'll get through this time
Cause all I want to tell you is you were right
And I miss you and I'm sick of me too

My wandering eye, my little white lies
All the hell I've raised
All the times I made you cry like rain

Tired of lookin' at myself, wishin' I was someone else
Tired of nothin' to lose, tired of nothin' left
I've been thinkin' lately maybe it's time to change

Maybe I should call you up right out of the blue
Maybe you'll pick up and maybe I'll get through this time
Cause all I want to tell you is you were right
I miss you and I'm sick of me too

I want to be your everything, not just a bad memory
I'd rather be your sweet dream come true
I'm sick of me too

Maybe I should call you up right out of the blue
Maybe you'll pick up and maybe I'll get through this time
Cause all I want to tell you is you were right

Maybe I should call you up right out of the blue
Maybe you'll pick up and maybe I'll get through this time
Cause all I want to tell you is you were right
And I miss you and I'm sick of me too

I'm sick of me too
Yeah I'm sick of me
I'm sick of me too