

# 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

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Maybe you'll pick up and maybe I'll get through this time  
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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