

City Sickness

Tindersticks

I'm crawling, I don't know where to or from
The center of things from where everything stems, is not where
I belong
I have the city sickness growing inside me
So this is where I ran for freedom where I may not be free

I have these hands beating with love for you
You're not here to touch
Sent you away, what else can I do
When I need something that much?

I'm hurting, babe, in the city there's no place for love
It's just used to make people feel better, it's not like us
I got this sickness as I got off the train
Now it chafes away at my heart, until nothing remains

I have these hands beating with love for you
And you're not here to touch
Sent you away, what else can I do
When I need something that much? That much

I'm okay afterwards, afterwards lasts for minutes only
I'm okay during, you kind of fill up my mind
It's just that, before may last forever
It's just that, before may just fuck my mind

I have these hands beating with love for you
And you're not here to touch
Sent you away, what else can I do
When I need something that much? That much