

Bayside

"Sick! Sick! Sick!"

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I curse to Hell the magistrate who granted this unholy
thing

But I know, I know I asked for this myself
I'm bound by law to Hell and it's

Sick, sick, sick
Humans on their knees
Living in a fairy tale is tearing at the seams
A dank reject, devil in a dress
Exactly what you seem

[Sick, sick, sick] x2

You made a mess of things
My, what a mess you've made
I hate the way you make me feel
I hate the way you make me

In our world, it's cold outside
So, button up and open wide
I hate the way you make me feel
Sick, sick, sick

If memory serves me correct
I gave you all, you gave me less
Your sexcapades deliver checks
But can't afford you self-respect
And it's

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Living in a fairy tale is tearing at the seams
A dank reject, devil in a dress
Exactly what you seem

[Sick, sick, sick] x2

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Maybe love is looking for someone to fill all holes
We grow up building lies with holes in all our walls
The walls can fall, but he who? to save the day
And we pray it's not too late
Spare roots can be dead away

[Sick, sick, sick
It's sick, sick, sick] x2

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