

Blues Traveler

"Sick of It All"

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Music: simon & garfunkel lyrics: john popper

Well, my eyes are tired and my knees are weak
And so's my soul, it's been one hell of a week
Not much else could go wrong
But damn, this could make a great song

Well, she looks into my eyes and sees only a friend
And I'm looking back seeing my world at an end
Cause I'm sure that by now she must know
You know, this ain't s bad as songs go

Well I try not to smile, and I try not to stare
And I try not to meet her eyes cause I know nothing's
there
It's getting harder every day
But upon reflection, this song is okay

You see when I'm down with the blues
I try to put it to some good use
And if I could make something to play
Well, then something's come of it anyway
So at least my songs are all right
At least at the end of the tunnel there's some kind of
light
And if all they do is give me something to write
As far as I'm concerned, my songs are all right
At least my songs are okay
At least they help make the pain the pain go away
And although I know I'll cry myself to sleep tonight
As far as I'm concerned, my songs are all right
My songs are all right

Well, I've got to realize that love isn't real
And all that stays with you is the pain that you feel
I don't see where I could be wrong
So I might as well finish up this song

Oh, love unrequited, so what else is new
I'm one of the many, not one of the lucky few
I've got lots of lonely friends
I bet they wish that this song would end

You see when I'm down with the blues
I try to put it to some good use
And if I can make something to play
Well something's come of it anyway
So at least my songs are all right
At least at the end of the tunnel there's some kind of
light
And if all they do is give me something to write
Well, as far as I'm concerned, my songs are all right
At least my songs are okay
At least they help make the pain go away
And even though I'll cry myself to sleep tonight
Well, rest assured, my songs are all right
My songs are all right

Oh, love unrequited, so what else is new
I'm one of many, not one of the lucky few
I said I'm sick of loving her and I'm sick of telling you
I'm sick of being in pain, and I know what to do
She says we're good friends, but she's no friend of
mine
I'm sick of being patient, and I'm sick of being kind
I'd love her in a big way but I know she don't care
And I'm sick of finding out that life just ain't that fair
I'm sick of being patient, and I'm sick of being kind
And I'm sick of these new thing that I'm trying to find
I'm sick of he loves her and I'm sick of she loves him
I'm sick of broken hearts and cold hearted whim
The list of what I'm sick of is so long
And finally
I'm getting sick of this song

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