

Iggy Pop "Sickness"

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Hey little girl, you're black and blue
Hey little girl, you're six foot, two
I know a man, who loved too hard
He lost his mind, it wasn't hard

Over this sickness
Over this sickness
Over this sickness
This sickness of love

Cute little knees that you got
Out in the dark, parking lot
Cute little voice whispering
I know a man lost everything

Over this sickness
Over this sickness
Over this sickness
This sickness of love

This sickness is haunting me
Till I cannot see
This sickness is what I am
[Incomprehensible]

Hey little girl, I'm almost through
Hey little girl, I'm almost you
Hey little girl, the river runs
Hey little girl, the rising sun

Over this sickness
Over this sickness
Over this sickness
This sickness of love

Over this sickness
Over this sickness
Over this sickness

Over this sickness
Over this sickness
Over this sickness

Over this sickness
Over this sickness
Over this sickness
This sickness of love

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