

## **The Heart Attacks "City Sickness"**

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All on top of the world, while you sit and dream  
You won't find a cure, for what you received  
It's such a game, so many ways to lose  
You hold a piece, but you don't aim to please  
C'mon dealer, and push it to me

No beach in reach out here,  
No resort to ski out here,  
The sand is all paved,  
The hills are all leveled  
Free base the city smog for kicks  
And it makes you sick, yeah sick of it

Another day tomorrow, maybe  
City livin' they call it crazy  
Well, I'll stick with my gang and hold on to my gun  
In hopes of some violent fun  
And you're getting sick,  
Well, I'm loving it

He's on top of the world and yeah,  
You want it to be you  
Yeah, I know  
All on top of the world and yeah,  
Yeah, You want it to be you  
Yeah, I know

In the city  
You can try but the rain don't stop for you  
Such a disease out here  
So little to believe out here  
No rules, they're what you make them  
Protect yourself in favor the thrill of another night  
Getting sick, sick of it

Another day tomorrow, maybe  
City livin' we all go crazy  
I'll stay alive,  
I don't know if it's true,  
When you play you sometimes lose  
And you're getting sick,  
I'm loving it

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