

Owen

"A Fever"

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You fucked a fever in me
I'm burning up
a hundred and two, a hundred and three
Cold sweats, I'm in need of new sheets
You fucked this flu in me
I'm throwing up
Dinner for two
Mixed drinks
On my knees as it passes through me
I've been sick before
Nothing like this I swore
The room started spinning
I leave
You fucked this sickness in me
I'm building white blood cells, immunity
So if by chance it happens again it won't be bad again
I've been sick before
Nothing like this I swore
The room started spinning
I make my way back to the beginning

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