

## **Boss Hog "Sick"**

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I got up and I felt I'll  
Wish I had an uncle Bill  
Check my head make me better  
Feed me soup and I'll feel fitter  
I could sit and wish all day  
Sick things won't go away  
Sick of boxes in my house  
Sick of quiet like that mouse

I can't think, no I can't stay  
Not cooking the usual way  
Shake my stick, shake loose a change  
Could it be I am deranged  
Migraines, sweats, I got the chills  
Being sick it ain't no thrill

Sick of old school, sick of new  
Sick of things I used to do

Stomach sour, knees gone weak  
Did I mention that I leak  
Sick of everything I see  
Milk boy don't tell one me

I'm not well  
I got sick  
I'm not well  
I got sick  
Sick  
Sick  
Sick  
Sick

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