

Sebadoh

"Healthy Sick"

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No one can stop it all,
from crashing down to shit.
Push and feel something,
more than just the sound of it.
Time, Time,
is the magic truth of story.
Sometimes magic is so,
Very, very, boring.

It's a healthy kind of sick.
A slow sort of quick.
A very sad, I don't feel bad at all.
It's a different sort of same.
A crazy kind of sane.
A feeling without a name, that they call love...

Because I have my doubts,
I know it must be true.
I watch the dream die everyday,
I don't know what to do.
I know its only fear that makes me wonder.
But I wonder why I am so afraid. (x2)

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