

Bowling For Soup, Sick Of Myslef

You don't know how you move me
Deconstruct me
And consume me
I'm all used up
I'm out of luck
I am starstruck
By something in your eyes that is keeping my hope alive

But I'm sick of myself when I look at you
Something is beautiful and true
In a world that's ugly and a lie
It's hard to even want to try
And I'm beginning to think baby you don't know

I'll take or leave
The room to breathe
The choice to leave you
I'll throw away
A chance at greatness

Just to make this
Dream come into play, I don't know if I'll find a way

'cause I'm sick of myself when I look at you
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