

Damned, Sick Of This And That

I say you're messing me around
You say I'm getting out of hand

I'm sick of the coutry
Sick of the town
Sick of the future
It's getting me down

I say the future's going to last
You say there's nothing in the past

I'm sick of the government
Sick of the Police
Sick of the boredom
I want release

I can recall a strange event
I gave you nothing with my complements
A discontent that efferents
An entpyness or nothingness that's heaven sent

I'm sick of the coutry
Sick of the town
Sick of the future
It's getting me down

I say, and you say
I say, and you say
I say it's getting me down