

# 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 enptyness 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