

Mad Marge And The Stonecutters, Sickness

Sickness

Yeah, it's burning in my teeth
and i can't get a reprieve from you
Forgive me for all these crazy things i do
But my heart is turning blue

and you're gone all alone
and left out on your own

These childish words how the hell can they hurt
When everything you say is just a lie
And your masochism sets me off like a cataclysm
Gotta get it gotta get.

Sickness

Yeah, it's burning in my teeth
and i can't get a reprieve from you
Forgive me for all these crazy things i do
But my heart is turning blue

and hold on all along
until you get to where you're goin'.

These foolish words how on earth can they hurt
When every time you pray it's just a line
And our childish wisdom sets me off like a cataclysm
Gotta get it. Gotta get.

Sickness

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