

# The Tiger Lillies, Sick

You know I love you oh my darling you know I love to tell you it  
You know I'd die for you my sweetheart I hesitate to stir the shit  
I know you're kind I know you're generous and on you're shoulder there's no chip  
Its just a small thing oh my darling your very presence makes me sick  
Your compassion is unequalled I'm worthy not your boots to lick  
You are an angel pure and simple for you're presence I'm not fit  
You really do deserve a husband who's young and kind and rich  
You're so witty and so charming you put to shame those country hicks  
It's just a small thing oh my darling you're very presence makes me sick