

# American Music Club, Sick Of Food

I'm sick of food  
So why am I so hungry  
I was sick of you  
But I don't mind seeing your little face  
I was sick of love  
So I just stopped feeling  
But I couldn't find anything  
To take its place  
What'll I do with my time?  
I'm sick of drink  
So why am I so thirsty  
I must have been born  
On the planet Mercury  
I just called to ask you  
What I said last night  
I just called to ask you  
What I did last night  
So what'll I do with my time?  
Now I wake up  
And I don't have any gravity  
Now I wake up  
Still walking in my sleep  
Now I wake up  
Feel the world drawing away from me  
And now I wake up  
Still walking in my sleep  
I'm sick of food  
So why am I so hungry  
I'm sick of feeling  
The world draw away from me  
And now I wake up, yeah, I remember  
Feel the whole world draw away from me  
Now I wake up what good is it  
Another bright nothing, another day