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