

Korbowo?d, 69

God I'm sick of this
My stomach's in a knot
My fingers are entwined
I'm running out of time

It's been in all the key scenes
Given all it has
It says I'm just wrong for
The part in which I'm cast

It said they'd give me time
To gather all my stuff
Put me in a brown box
And shove me through the hole

See, I'm not me
I'm not fitting in
I think I'm heading for the sea

It's an old scenario
I'm sick and tired, are you?
I've been and asked Jesus
"What do you want me to do?"

It makes me kind of nervous
When I'm not getting what I want
So you think I'm pretty sick
I'm just desperate for control

I'm not here
My mind's not mine
I'm sick all the time
You know I've slipped down

My season's my sign
I'll cut off my hands
Don't worry about me
My six is your nine

Always when I'm slipping
Down I feel so bad
Can't remember what I wanted
It punches me in the head

Someone's gotta save me
I can't do this any more
You gotta give you something
I can't do this any more

I can't do this any more

I can't do this any more

I'm not here
My mind's not mine
I'm sick all the time
You know I've slipped down

My season's my sign
I'll cut off my hands
I don't worry now
My six is your nine