## Natalie Jane, Sick To My Stomach

Someone invent me a medicine Somebody get me a pill My heart is over the speed limit 110 at the wheel

I'm so obsessed Can't leave your bed again

I do not get like this usually Butterflies under my boots Swear it's just something you do to me Frozen forget how to move

I can't believe You're making me

Sick sick sick sick sick to my stomach Sick sick sick sick sick I kinda love it Sick sick sick sick I kinda love him I kinda love him Now I'm

Sick sick sick sick sick to my stomach Sick sick sick sick sick I kinda love it Sick sick sick sick I kinda love him I kinda love him Sick to my

I got a tall kind of weakness 6 foot 4 on the weekend Why am I catching feelings Can't keep calm and I can't keep a secret no

The way we breath Its making me

Sick sick sick sick sick to my stomach Sick sick sick sick i kinda love it Sick sick sick sick I kinda love him I kinda love him now I'm

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