

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

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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

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