

They Might Be Giants, I'm Sick (Of This American

Screw kid I got nothing to say
Quit bugging me, go away
High time you realized
I didn't come here to socialize

I'm sick, sick of this american life
And I've learned the value of human sacrifice

I like staring at two glass eyes
Keep them stuffed, museum style
Got alarms set all around
In case they move around

I'm sick, sick of this american life
And I've learned the value of human sacrifice