

# Tindersticks, City Sickness

I'm crawling, don't know where to or from  
The centre of things from where everything stems  
Is not where I belong  
And the city sickness, growing inside me  
So this is where I ran for freedom  
Where I may not be free

Chorus:

I have these hands beating with love for you  
And you're not here to touch  
Sent you away, what else can I do  
When I need something that much?  
I'm hurting babe, in the city there's no place for love  
It's just used to make people feel better  
It's not like us  
I got this sickness as I got off the train  
Now it chafes away at my heart  
Until nothing remains

(Chorus)

I'm okay afterwards  
Afterwards lasts for minutes only  
I'm okay during  
You kind of fill up my mind  
It's just that before, may last forever  
It's just that before, may just fuck my mind  
(Chorus)