

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

04/05/2026

Sick Boy

Par VARIOUS ARTISTS

Album : Fuck The Commonwealth

Face down, I woke up on the floor, again.

Spit it out-- the words I'll never say again.

How can one create the mess I'm in?

Easy. Happily invite it in.

I feel the sky is closing in.

My chest-- it hurts. I can not breathe.

It's blinding me. I can not see.

You make me... You make me sick.

You make me... You make me sick.

(I think I'm getting better)

Explode! Hand grenade without a pin.

Broken, you're better than you've ever been.

Just think: I'm nothing, and I never win,

because you're part of me, my only friend.

You make me... You make me... You make me sick.

You make me... You make me... You make me sick.

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You make me... You make me sick.

You make me... You make me sick.

(I think I'm getting better)

*Por Naya Fideles