

# BoyWithUke, Kind Of Sick Of Life

I don't wanna take out loans  
I don't wanna be at home  
I don't wanna say goodbye  
And I don't wanna be alone  
I just wanna stay inside  
I don't know how or where I'd hide  
And I don't want a suicide  
But I'm getting sick of life

I wake up every morning feeling like a sack of shit  
And it don't matter if it's pouring outside  
Cause I'm so sick of all the fallacies and galaxies  
I make with all the sticks I find  
And words that rhyme, I try to cry  
I tried to mind my pessimist  
But consciousness is closing in  
Any my resolve is wearing thin  
Impulsiveness is my illness  
And demons like to listen in  
I'm falling through the corridor  
Of all the things that I adore  
I open doors and find a corpse  
But I ignore it of course  
Yeah I ignore it of course  
Yeah I ignore it of course

I just wanna spend the night  
I just wanna stop the fighting  
I hear inside my head  
I just wanna hold you tight  
I just kinda feel uneasy  
When it approaches evening  
There's monsters in my bed  
And there's no one that can save me  
Lately, I've been feeling crazy  
Numbers in my head I'm counting student loans and babies  
Maybe I'll be looking around for daisies to put upon my coffin  
I'll be buried in shortly

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