

# Korbowo?d, 69

God I'm sick of this  
My stomach's in a knot  
My fingers are entwined  
I'm running out of time

It's been in all the key scenes  
Given all it has  
It says I'm just wrong for  
The part in which I'm cast

It said they'd give me time  
To gather all my stuff  
Put me in a brown box  
And shove me through the hole

See, I'm not me  
I'm not fitting in  
I think I'm heading for the sea

It's an old scenario  
I'm sick and tired, are you?  
I've been and asked Jesus  
"What do you want me to do?"

It makes me kind of nervous  
When I'm not getting what I want  
So you think I'm pretty sick  
I'm just desperate for control

I'm not here  
My mind's not mine  
I'm sick all the time  
You know I've slipped down

My season's my sign  
I'll cut off my hands  
Don't worry about me  
My six is your nine

Always when I'm slipping  
Down I feel so bad  
Can't remember what I wanted  
It punches me in the head

Someone's gotta save me  
I can't do this any more  
You gotta give you something  
I can't do this any more

I can't do this any more

I can't do this any more

I'm not here  
My mind's not mine  
I'm sick all the time  
You know I've slipped down

My season's my sign  
I'll cut off my hands  
I don't worry now  
My six is your nine