

Sick of it All

Tom Mody

Losing my head.
Losing my mind.
Trapped in this bed.
Losing all time.
Night time has come.
Night time did go.
Days turn to weeks.
I'm sick of it all.

[chorus]
That's Right. Sick of it all.
That's Right.
This don't feel real.
And I'm sick of it all.

Maybe my love.
Maybe my hate.
All since you're gone.
When my heart did abdicate.
What if I wait?
What if I hope?
Swallow it all.
On the lies that make us choke.

[chorus]
Sick of it all. That's Right.
Sick of it all. That's Right.
Sick of it all. That's Right.

Can you believe in emotions you can not see.
Can you trust in a mind so feeble yet free.

Thinking out loud.
Thinking I'll pray.
Always in doubt.
But thinking I'll stay.
Choices repay.
Choices redeem.
Hear me now.
I'm choosing to scream.

[chorus]
That's Right. I was sick of it all.
That's Right. I was sick of it all.
That's Right. I was sick of it all
Hope remains even when I'm sick of it all.