

I'm Sick

The Vindictives

I sat down in the waiting room, gagging thick with cheap perfume
And all of the sudden I lost my point of view.
I felt like standing up and screaming above the roar of voices
Speaking about their daily nonsensical senseless la-dee-da's.
I think I must be the only one, who is so disgusted and miserable,
I'm sick of being a human being.
I wanna crawl on the ground like I'm a worm, or be an infectious germ,
I'm sick of being a human being.
Turn me into something new and let me live inside the zoo.
Feed me balanced meals by the clock, tick tock tick tock.
I'll fling my shit at freckled faces and screech and bounce around
In spaces specifically designed to imitate my natural habitat