

Nausea

X

today you're gonna be sick so sick
you'll prop your forehead on the sink
say oh christ oh jesus christ
my head's gonna crack like a banktonight you'll fall asleep in clothes-
so late like a candy bar wrapped up for lunch
that's all you get to taste
poverty and spit
poverty and spitnausea
bloody red eyes go to
nausea
bloody red eyes go to
nausea
bloody red eyes go to
nausea
bloody red eyes go to
sleep!

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sleep!

you're talking out of harmony
you can't remember what you said
cut it out you feel retarded
take the scissors saw the headyou're talking out of harmony
you can't remember what you said
cut it out you feel retarded
take the scissors saw the headnausea
bloody red eyes go to
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