

# Sick

Beth Hart

Lay me down under the covers  
'Cause this life makes me sick

I beg your attention from my generation  
This is all your fault  
You feed me distractions and sell misdirections  
This is all your fault

The blind are trying to lead the way  
It's time someone had something to say  
But nothing changes we're all strangers  
Faces in the crowd  
If these are the choices we get from our voices  
Then you can count me out

Lay me down over the ocean  
Where the good life still exits  
Lay me down under the covers  
'Cause this life makes me sick

We're alienated suppressed and sedated  
This is all your fault  
Don't want compensation from your hate corporation  
This is all your fault

The lost are trying to lead the way  
The cost is left for us to pay  
But nothing changes we're all strangers  
Faces in the crowd  
If these are the choices we get from our voices  
Then you can count me out

Lay me down over the ocean  
Where the good life still exits  
Lay me down under the covers  
'Cause this life makes me sick  
It makes me  
It makes me  
It makes me  
Sick

I beg your attention from my generation  
This is all your fault  
I am not discouraged or the slightest bit nervous  
You've been voted out

You're going down motherfucker

Lay me down over the ocean  
Where the good life still exits  
Lay me down under the covers  
'Cause this life makes me  
Lay me down over the ocean  
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Lay me down under the covers  
'Cause this life makes me sick  
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Sick