

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
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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

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