

America

Sick of It All

Loyalty, I gave my loyalty
I gave my heart and my soul.
My heart and soul and all I could give
For a reason to live.

Fidelity, always fidelity
Putting everything I was aside
And I tried to be the best in their eyes.

How could they do this
How could they do this
How could they do this to me?

Suffering, the pain and suffering.
Being separate again, separate again
From what I hold dear.
And the shame of the tears

Disappeared, the honors disappeared.
With the betrayal of trust my body and being.
They washed their hands of me
Once and for all.

How could they do this
How could they do this
How could they do this to me?

This statistic wont lay down
Take a number or stand in line
This statistic wants to hear
That they're guilty about their crimes.
This statistic wont lay down
Take a number or stand in line
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America!