

For Now

Sick of It All

For now we'll try to keep, keep our P.M.A.
For now we'll try to keep living our own way
The man can't tell us how, tell us how to live
It's not his place and we're not his fucking slaves

Treat me badly, treat me wrong
Test me for the millionth time
I won't change my attitude
I'll improve by not being like you

Treat me kindly, treat me well
Lift me briefly from the hell
Just remind me why there's hope
For any of us at all

Nothing's easy from where we stand
It's a long hard road to the promised land
And there's no reason to think
That we'll ever get there

Is it hope or a lack of sense
It's the fighting spirit of the human race
That keeps us trying in spite of ourselves

We think that we look above
For salvation on this earth
But we look to books of man
Created by no others hand

Why would this give us the right
To be so sure we've seen the light
Let's be modest, let's be true
We're the only hope we've got

Nothing's easy from where we stand
It's a long hard road to the promised land
And there's no reason to think
That we'll ever get there

Is it hope or a lack of sense
It's the fighting spirit of the human race
That keeps us trying in spite of ourselves

For now we'll try to keep, keep our P.M.A.
For now we'll try to keep living our own way
The man can't tell us how, tell us how to live
It's not his place and we're not his fucking slaves