

## Paper Tiger (Fakin' the Punk)

Sick of It All

Once there was a purpose, once there was a voice  
Its gotten so deluded, robbed of its claws  
Picked, stripped, bones clean  
Left the heart, took what you need  
Waterd down, now it's just a parody

Once there was a reason, once there was a soulo  
Now just a paper tiger, roaring at the mall  
Picked, stripped, bones clean  
You've got the look, you've got the style  
Left the substance, in a year where will you be

Somebody's fakin' it  
Somebody's fakin' it  
Somebody's fakin' it  
Somebody's fake

Call you out, its not a comodity  
Call you out, without integrity  
Call you out, or an ego driven game  
Call you out, let you in with open arms and open mind  
You had a taste  
You turn around, spit it out  
And slap it right in the face

Somebody's fakin' it  
Look at them they're fakin' it  
Fakin' the punk