

# Sick Of It All, Martin

Hidden like the squalor that we create  
Martin wants out of this  
but poverty keeps him in this place  
Scratching like the vermin between the walls  
Martin needs a friend but the people the he meets  
just give him shit and pretend, they're no good  
he's not blind, all he needs is a single ray of light

Life's too short but seems too long  
when loneliness becomes the norm  
life's too short but seems too long  
and it may come as no surprise  
but the loneliness in martin's eyes  
was good enough  
and life itself was long enough

Knowing full well, knowing what's going on  
knowing for far too long, jealous  
he's so jealous of all the fun  
Martin needs a friend  
but the pricks that he meets  
just give him shit and pretend  
Long enough, life itself was long enough  
had enough, he laid down when he had enough