

Sick Of It All, Quiet Man

He stares back, he glares back at the eye of the vicious storm
he's holding on defiantly 'cause he won't give up his decency
not sucked in by evil nonsense
not weighted by a guilty conscience
The quiet man leads a quiet life hoping for the day he sees the light
his reticence was heaven sent and everywhere he turned
he saw the ways of the world and they were hell bent
he kept his virtue to himself
peace of mind is a fleeting thing
and he's not sure when he comes across it
peace of mind is a fleeting thing
at least sometimes he can enjoy it, that's more than they can say
'cause they don't change their evil ways more than they can say
'cause they're trapped in the storm they created
the quiet man could say he's seen so many lives decay
but he chose to never spread his word
so when he's gone his virtue fades away