

# Skindred, Sicker

Green with envy she cries herself to sleep  
She's paid the price for living cheap  
The more you try to get out of this hole  
The more you seem to bury yourself in coal  
I get sicker I get sicker sicker I get sicker  
The alternation in my brain it don't work right  
I seem to listen to the voice that doesn't tell me fight  
I kneel down by my bed I call to jah-ov-yah  
Son of man he says shine bright you star  
I get sicker I get sicker sicker I get sicker  
An if I should start falling  
Its you that I'll be calling  
Sicker I get sicker sicker I get sicker