

Martin

Sick of It All

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