

Sick & Tired

The Rabble

I'm sick and fuckin' tired

There's guns going off in the East
Murder "for the sake of peace"
So sign right here on the dotted line
Get your legs blown off by a hidden mine
All for the sake of money

SICK SICK SICK
And fuckin' tired
I'm fuckin' tired
I said I'm sick
Sick sick sick sick sick of political wars

Bombs falling down like acid rain
And you can taste the smell from the sewer drain
Torture - blood and death on your television screen
It's enough to make you scream

[Chorus]

We march off to war but nobody knows
What we're fighting and dying for
We march off to war but nobody knows
What the fuck we're fighting for

LEFT RIGHT - LEFT RIGHT
We march off to war
What are we fighting for
We march off to war

War!