

Beth Hart**"Sick"**

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I beg your attention
From my generation
This is all your fault
You feed me distractions

& sell misdirections
This is all your fault

The blind are trying to lead the way
It's time someone had something to say
But nothing changes we're all strangers
Faces in the crowd
If these are the choices we get from our voices
Then you can count me out

[Chorus:]

Lay me down Over the Ocean Where the good life still
exists
Lay me down Under the Covers Cause this life makes
me
Sick

We're alienated suppressed and sedated
This is all your fault
Don't want compensation from your hate corporation
This is all your fault

The lost are trying to lead the way
The cost is left for us to pay
But nothin' changes we're all strangers faces in the
crowd
If these are the choices we get from our voices then
You can count me out

[Chorus: Repeat]

I beg your attention
from my generation
This is all your fault
I am not discouraged
Or the slightest bit nervous

You've been voted out

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