

Ferry Corsten

"Sick"

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I'm sick of everything I hear
Everybody sacrificing their lives for a glass of beer
I won't stand for all of that
Because I don't need poisons to make me feel better

I will take the straight edge
To my fucking grave
Stay true to myself
Keep poisons out
Because I don't need that shit to make me happy

Still sick over the little things
Sick because the sorrow I feel
Think of how many deaths could have been saved
If there were no cigarettes or beer

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