

Sick City "Islands"

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I can feel in my bones now,
My bones now, oh god, oh, oh god, oh oh
Our city scrape breathes though weak at her knees
We are islands and these are our streets
I got my self over with this crowd
Can you feel it in your bones now, my bones now,
Oh god, oh, oh god, oh oh
Our city scrape lies on the streets where we hide
We are islands and this our life
I got myself over this with this crowd, yeah
Yeah, I got myself over with you, got myself over with...
Oh I can feel it and it's so real, oh I can feel it
We are islands, oh I can feel it and it's so real
Oh, I can feel it,
Got myself over

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