

Straightaway

"Sick Of This World"

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So sick of this word where value's defined by the
balance of your bank account
Your purchasing power what you possess and what you
can afford

Is it all our reason to live our reason to be?
The powers that be everything in which we believe
Welcome to this goldrush of modern times
A quest to money that they think in the end will make
them feel so happy

So sick of this world where existence doesn't make
much sense
Even with goodwill and strength
And there's no choice but to be left ignored
When you're not in the run for gain

Is it all our reason to live our reason to be?
The powers that be everything in which we believe
Welcome to this goldrush of modern times
A quest to money that they think in the end will make
them feel so happy

The system's changed and so have the principle and
means
But the scheme remains all the same

Is it all our reason to live?
Is it all our reason to be?
The powers that be everything in which we believe
Welcome to this goldrush of modern times
A quest to money that they think in the end will make
them feel so happy

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