

## Jetty Rae

### "Sick"

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There is a wrong and there is a right  
Well if you think you wronged me  
Then you'd be right

Back when music meant saying something worth being  
said  
Not money in your pocket but a soul to be fed  
With the music of the streets  
Not the chic beats of the elite  
Or the wannabe street  
With the same old sheets of recycled notes  
Everything except for hope floats  
I've always believed that something worth saying has  
got to be said  
Can no longer insult your heart, by ignoring your head

So lay in your coffin like it's your bed  
Can't rest in this present life, your life to be led  
So plant those seeds that are in your hand  
Let them scatter and blow like grains of sand  
And let them march together like a marching band  
Only room for one conductor in this dry and homely  
band  
United we stand, and hail high the unheard cries  
That are held in our unfurled hands  
Oh all our mighty plans to plant and grow  
Invest and show, show me the money, it makes me sick

It makes me sick, sick, sick

I refuse to be the hands on a clock that tick  
Or part of a faulty foundation laid with my own bricks  
My selfish tricks, my rhythmic licks, my ungodly kicks  
Oh it makes me sick  
Talk about distraction like it's a normal human reaction  
To walk through life numb, here we come, and I'm  
done

My brother once said I'd rather be alive than dead  
To the truth that is redder than red  
It's redder than red, red, red, red

I know what I'm trying to say, even as I awoke today  
with a cloud over my heart and in my head  
Something worth saying is worth being said  
It's not about inventing your own rules,  
rolling with your own crews, protesting gas, or dissing  
the news

When the only thing that rolls is a royce  
And the people rejoice, and I cry because I don't have a  
choice  
Of the moldy bread that I'm being fed  
Of people saying things not worth being said  
Let alone put to a note, everything except for hope  
floats  
And I don't care if you're not there 'cause  
the songs that you are singing are just air  
There just air, air, air

I told the devil there was no smoking in this place  
Then the devil, he blew smoke in my face  
I told the devil there was no feeling in my heart  
Then the devil he threw a fiery dart  
Now try to tell me that the devil ain't smart

That he ain't smart, smart, smart

So plant the seeds that are in your hand

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