

The Corrs

"Ok"

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i am not ok
with this tv in my face
and liar after liar
with nothin' bout nothin' higher

i am on the outside
peerin' in to your world
and all the boys and girls are singin'
save me, save me from the one who only rapes me

take away my tv
don't want your fuckin' recipe
it's all decay decay decaynot today today today
take away my tv
don't want your fuckin' therapy
it's all decay decay decay
not today, not today

it's our world and i'm on fire
with anger and desire
not the kind that they feed to me
with their emptiness and greed greed greed

i don't give a fuck what you say about me
everything you are is just a tool to me
so just set up the mic and let me do my thing
in the consciousness of each and every sentient being
rainin' down like a thunderstorm into your mind
maybe not the first, the second, or even the third time
but eventually, you won't be able to put me down
you'll be havin' me with breakfast in your coffee
grounds

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