

## Pieta Brown

### "Sick City"

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I woke up in a cold sweat  
Wriggling and writhing... a man in the net  
Take the bit in the teeth... put the gun in the hand  
There ain't no judge this is no man's land

It's Sick City  
Sick City  
Sick City's got seven sins  
No place where the conscience wins

Misery may be mother  
One beggar can beg from another  
Strike with the sword  
Stricken with the scabbard  
You won't get far climbing the ladder  
Gotta take care of necessities  
Caring for people's a luxury  
Make sure you get what you need  
So you threaten with a knife to feed your greed

Sick City's got seven sins  
No place where the conscience wins  
Sick City's got a sacred secret  
Save your breath to cool your broth  
Sick city... swollen land  
Grease on the palm or a broken arm  
Sick City has a special flavour  
A brand new way to love thy neighbour  
Sick City's got a sacred secret  
Your guts get full don't drag your legs  
In Sick City you're better off dead  
Take the fat with the lean or a hole in your head

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