

Sick Of It All "Paper Tiger"

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Once there was a purpose, once there was a voice
Its gotten so deluded, robbed of it's claws
Picked, stripped, bones clean
Left the heart, took what you need
Waterd down, now it's just a parody

Once there was a reason, once there was a soulo
Now just a paper tiger, roaring at the mall
Picked, stripped, bones clean
You've got the look, you've got the style
Left the substance, in a year where will you be

Somebody's fakin' it
Somebody's fakin' it
Somebody's fakin' it
Somebody's fake

Call you out, it's not a comodity
Call you out, without integrity
Call you out, or an ego driven game
Call you out, let you in with open arms and open mind
You had a taste
You turn around, spit it out
And slap it right in the face

Somebody's fakin' it
Look at them they're fakin' it
Fakin' the punk

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