

Sick Of It All, Butting Heads

Here in this tribe that we live in
Misunderstanding is just a part of life
So quick to blame those around us
For all our problems and things that hold us back

Nothing's black and white
There's never one way to do it right
There's no simple answers
Nothing's absolute, there's never one truth
There's just the threat of butting heads

If our pride could be different
We could be strong and agree to disagree
It's not a stretch, not at all
To take a walk, a walk in your shoes
To understand the other man at all
Is the only chance we've got