

# Sick Of It All, For Now

For now we'll try to keep, keep our P.M.A.  
For now we'll try to keep living our own way  
The man can't tell us how, tell us how to live  
It's not his place and we're not his fucking slaves

Treat me badly, treat me wrong  
Test me for the millionth time  
I won't change my attitude  
I'll improve by not being like you

Treat me kindly, treat me well  
Lift me briefly from the hell  
Just remind me why there's hope  
For any of us at all

Nothing's easy from where we stand  
It's a long hard road to the promised land  
And there's no reason to think  
That we'll ever get there

Is it hope or a lack of sense  
It's the fighting spirit of the human race  
That keeps us trying in spite of ourselves

We think that we look above  
For salvation on this earth  
But we look to books of man  
Created by no others hand

Why would this give us the right  
To be so sure we've seen the light  
Let's be modest, let's be true  
We're the only hope we've got

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