

Sick Of It All, Paper Tiger (Fakin' The Punk)

Once there was a purpose, once there was a voice
Its gotten so deluded, robbed of its 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 soul
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, its 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