

# Bob Marley & The Wailers, No Sympathy

I can't find no love  
No sympathy  
What kind of love  
They've got for me  
I'm on my way  
To happiness  
Where I can find  
Some peace and rest

When I'm in my trouble here  
Only me feels the pain  
Not one good word of advice  
From any of my so called friends

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Might as well, might as well  
I get out, I get out of hell  
Hell would never be made for me  
So I'm gonna search, search 'till I'm free

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