

# Sick Of It All, Quiet Man

He stares back, he glares back at the eye of the vicious storm  
he's holding on defiantly 'cause he won't give up his decency  
not sucked in by evil nonsense  
not weighted by a guilty conscience  
The quiet man leads a quiet life hoping for the day he sees the light  
his reticence was heaven sent and everywhere he turned  
he saw the ways of the world and they were hell bent  
he kept his virtue to himself  
peace of mind is a fleeting thing  
and he's not sure when he comes across it  
peace of mind is a fleeting thing  
at least sometimes he can enjoy it, that's more than they can say  
'cause they don't change their evil ways more than they can say  
'cause they're trapped in the storm they created  
the quiet man could say he's seen so many lives decay  
but he chose to never spread his word  
so when he's gone his virtue fades away