

Paper Tiger (Fakin' the Punk)

Sick of It All

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 soulo
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 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

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