

View from the Surface

Sick of It All

Floating, but gasping for a breath
Paying through the nose for every bit of air
Strapped and bleak
Where's the feast in feast or famine Strapped and bleak
Who stole the peak
From the valley When's it coming next
When's the next respite
The next deep breath Strapped and bleak
Where's the feast in feast or famine
Where'd it go There's not a lot to go around
There's just the hope for next time
Yeah right So here's the ration, make it last
Don't be surprised if it disappears fast
Too fast It's the view from the surface
Not above and not below It's great not to worry
It's great to fake it for another day
It's great not to worry
But that would mean breathing
Easy once again, again Don't count on it again
Or on anything Strapped and bleak
Where's the feast in feast or famine Strapped and bleak
Who stole the peak
Where'd it go

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