

Phillip Long - Nobody's Happy

Tom: A

Yes, I've been walking on this fucking place
 Time enough to know that nobody's happy, these days
 But if you try to look around
 You're gonna realize that nobody seems to be down
 Well, they're faking happiness
 When you're sad you must be sick
 So they give us psycotropics
 But you don't want to swallow it, these days
 Just because you feel you should be exactly who you are

And you don't want to cross that door
 Well, they're faking happiness
 When you're sad you must be sick
 You must be sick and you know it
 You must be sick
 You must be sick
 You must be sick
 You must be sick
 You must be sick, sick, sick, sick
 You must be sick
 You must be

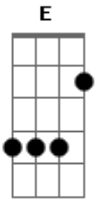
Acordes



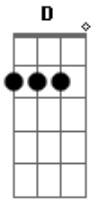
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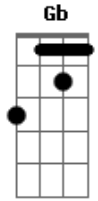
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