

Bargain Basement Howard Hughes

Jerry Cantrell

Don't deny I did you cold
I broke your trust and lied
Controlling, selfish, gossip abound
Cocaine mouth over mind

And I say...
I wash my hands, pull the slivers
No master plan, I deliver

Enigma wrapped in riddle
Your life I belittle
Dignity I'd steal
Now I know how it feels

Stubborn bastard, hard head knocking
We had our good years too
Though apart, you're still in my heart
I'd give anything for you

And I say...
I wash my hands, pull the splinters
No master plan, I deliver

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Often heard, seldom seen
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Hermit phase, a woodshed rage
These days headlines are few

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