

## Pro False Idol

Jerry Cantrell

Gave it all away, blood or song  
And there's nothing left, used to be someone  
Never really die, live in magazines and on the radio  
Has been demi-god

Pro false idol  
Pro false idol  
Pro false idol come pray

Burned a ton of dough, no self-pride  
Used to run now crawl, half-tweaked and fried  
And you're not the same, like rusted chrome, relive glory days  
Ignore your empty life

Pro false idol  
Pro false idol  
Pro false idol come pray

Big tipper let the meter run  
Yellow taxi try to beat the sun  
New York City see the worshippers  
Hotel autograph solicitors

Infrequent sex, lie down with whores  
Sleep the day away, freak boy roll on

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