

Medicine Jar

Skid Row

Caught the mother jack knifin'
A little bit low lifin'
Goin' twenty paces with the medicine man
Runnin' from the girl in pigskin
A little gun shy but shootin'
Hidin' in the kitchen with his head in his hand

Bleed, me--why can't you say what you mean?

How far has it gone, it didn't take you long
To put your hand in the medicine jar
In your private hell, now you've found yourself
In the hands of the medicine jar

Sittin' here with all your bitchin'
Cookin' up a new addiction
Prayin' that the light of day ain't wakin' the dead
Droppin' like a bomb on Hiro
Shakin' like San Francisco
Only to be diggin' out to do it again

Bleed, me--why can't you say what you mean?

Make it go away, make it go a--way

Caught the mother jack knifin'
A little bit of low lifin'
Goin' twenty paces with the medicine man
Droppin' like the bomb on Hiro
Shakin' like San Francisco
Hidin' in the jungle with your head in the sand

One step from bein' free, what did you think
You'd see at the bottom of the medicine jar