

Jerry Cantrell, Pro False Idol

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
Hasbeen 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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