

Jerry Cantrell, Dickeye

Once round outside and check the door
Only thing he came here lookin' for
One man wasting another man
One hand washes the other hand
Born traitor, soul fader
Stoplight flashes in the street
Injected concrete hide bloody feet
Armed and shining in his hands
Cold metallic green, he don't give a damn
Born traitor, soul fader
Down come the hammer, fall my god, you say
Once again the big dog has his day
One man wasting another man
One hand washes the other hand
Born traitor, soul fader
One man wasting another man
Born traitor
One hand washes the other hand
Born traitor
One man wasting another man
Born traitor
One hand washes the other hand
Soul fader