

Jerry Cantrell, Give It A Name

Give it a name, get it out of your home
Out in your backwoods a doghouse you own
Give it a name like a howling blue hound
Chasing your fears man he's hunting you down
Give it a name, get it out of your eye
Come from the dockland got your low hangin' high
Give it a name, though you call yourself saved
She's deep on your bone and it won't go away
Slowly all the roles we act out become our identity
And in the end we are what we pretend to be
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Separating self from dream, harsh reality
And though it hurts, embrace the truth and from fear be set free