

God Smack

Alice in Chains

Care not for the men who wonder
Straw that broke your back, you're under
Cast all them aside who care
Empty eyes and dead end stare Don't you know that none are blind?
To the lie, and you think I don't find what you hide What in God's name have you done?
Stick your arm for some real fun For the horse you've grown much fonder
Than for me, that I don't ponder
As the hair of one who bit you
Smiling bite your own self, too And I think that you're not blind
To the ones you left behind, I'll be here What in God's name have you done?
Stick your arm for some real fun So be yearning all your life
Twisting, turning like a knife Now you know the reasons why
Can't get high, or you will die or you'll die What in God's name have you done?
Stick your arm for some real fun
So your sickness weighs a ton
And God's name is smack for some

Songwriters

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