

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

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