

# Pro False Idol

**Jerry Cantrell**

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  
Has been demi-godPro false idol  
Pro false idol  
Pro false idol come prayBurned 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 lifePro false idol  
Pro false idol  
Pro false idol come prayPro false idol  
Pro false idol  
Pro false idol come prayBig tipper let the meter run  
Yellow taxi try to beat the sun  
New York City see the worshipers  
Hotel autograph solicitorsBig tipper let the meter run  
Yellow taxi try to beat the sun  
New York City see the worshipers  
Hotel autograph solicitorsInfrequent sex, lie down with whores  
Sleep the day away, freak boy roll onPro false idol  
Pro false idol  
Pro false idol come prayPro false idol  
Pro false idol  
Pro false idol come prayBig tipper let the meter run  
Yellow taxi try to beat the sun  
New York City see the worshipers  
Hotel autograph solicitorsBig tipper let the meter run  
Yellow taxi try to beat the sun  
New York City see the worshipers  
Hotel autograph solicitors, yeah

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