

# Medicine Jar

## Skid Row

Caught the mother jack knifin'  
A little bit low lifin'  
Goin' twenty paces with the medicine man  
Runnin' from the girl in pigskin  
A little gun shy but shootin'  
Hidin' in the kitchen with his head in his hand  
Bleed, me, why can't you say what you mean? How far has it  
gone, it didn't take you long  
To put your hand in the medicine jar  
In your private hell, now you've found yourself  
In the hands of the medicine jar  
Sittin' here with all your bitchin'  
Cookin' up a new addiction  
Prayin' that the light of day ain't wakin' the dead  
Droppin' like a bomb on Hiro  
Shakin' like San Francisco  
Only to be diggin' out to do it again  
Bleed, me, why can't you say what you mean? How far has it gone, it didn't  
take you long  
To put your hand in the medicine jar  
In your private hell, now you've found yourself  
In the hands of the medicine jar  
Make it go away, make it go away  
Caught the mother jack knifin'  
A little bit of low lifin'  
Goin' twenty paces with the medicine man  
Droppin' like the bomb on Hiro  
Shakin' like San Francisco  
Hidin' in the jungle with your head in the sand  
How far has it gone, it didn't take you long  
To put your hand in the medicine jar  
In your private hell, now you've found yourself  
In the hands of the medicine jar  
How far has it gone, it didn't take you long  
To put your hand in the medicine jar  
In your private hell, now you've found yourself  
In the hands of the medicine jar  
One step from bein' free, what did you think  
You'd see at the bottom of the medicine jar

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