

## **Row Skid**

### **"MEDICINE JAR"**

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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?

Chorus

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?

Chorus

Make it go away, make it go a--way

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

Chorus 2x

One step from bein' free, what did you think

You'd see at the bottom of the medicine jar

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