

Jerry Cantrell

"Give It A Name"

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Give it a name, get it out of your home
Out in your backwoods, a doghouse you own
Give it a name like a howling blue hound
Chasing your fears, man he's hunting you down

Give it a name, get it out of your eye
Come from the dockland, got your low hanging high
Give it a name, though you call yourself saved
She's deep on your bone and it won't go away

Slowly all the roles we act out become our identity
And in the end we are what we pretend to be

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And in the end we are what we pretend to be
Separating self from dream, harsh reality
And though it hurts, embrace the truth and from fear
be set free

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