

Jerry Cantrell **"Siddhartha"**

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Rolling over keys that dig in my side
Try to get my ass out of bed and drive
Feel I'm slipping day by day
Past the time I was on my way

Happiness and black both know, much learned
Long and hard the way a path of twisted turns
Disciple sift through lies, few grains of truth behold
Explorer specter rise, the dream that brought you low

Sentence served, you're free to be
Siddhartha, like him he lived both sides
A brand new day
I'm looking for a change to come around
Siddhartha on my mind

Beggar pick up your crown

Seeking all the things untried
Disarray, this thing called life

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