

Jerry Cantrell, Siddhartha

Rolling over keys that dig my side
Try to get my ass out of bed and drive, and drive
Feel I'm slipping day by day
Past the time I was on my way
Happiness and black both known, 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
Sentenced 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
Happiness and black both known, 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
Sentenced served, you're free to be
Siddhartha, like him he lived both sides
Another day, I'm looking for a change to come around
Siddhartha on my mind
Beggar pick up your crown