

Chris Cornell, Your Soul Today

Sleeping on the road that takes you home
Howling at the moon at midnight
I want the wrong that sets you right
I'll be praying at your bedside
How long i've been a soul in the gutter
I don't have a home or a mother or anywhere to lay my head down

Can I visit your arms?
Can i visit your legs?
I won't need your insults or praise
Won't burn in your heart
Don't worry your head
Yeah if you don't want a soul mate
I'm your soul today

Hanging on a rope from a burning tree
Singing on a broken headstone
Bleeding from an old wound
Swimming in the fever
Waiting for a ressurection
I know it's a miracle I've lived this long
I don't want to give the wrong impression
But I've come so far

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Can I visit your legs?
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