

Through the Window

Chris Cornell

The clouds that gathered turned to rain
The candles on your sill burned out
The weather on your face
Turned to match the mood outside
Reading through poems that you saved
That make the gloomy hours make sense
Or do they lose their power
With the yellowing of age
I saw you suffering
Through a foggy window in the rain
When you thought no one was watching, yeah
Going through your memories
Like so many prisons to escape
And become someone else
With another face
And another name
No more suffering
You sold the best of yourself out
On a chain of grey and white lies
One syllable at a time
You should have made them pay
A higher price
I saw you suffering
Through the cracked and dirty window pane
I was ashamed that I was watching, yeah
Going through your imagination
Looking for a life you could create
And become somebody else, yeah
With another face
With another name
No more suffering
I wish that I could find a seed
And plant a tree that grows so high
So that I could climb
And harvest the ripe stars
For you and I to drink
And spit the ashes from our mouths
And put the grey back in the clouds
And send them packing with our bags
Of old regrets and sorrows
'Cause they don't do a thing but drag us down
So far down
The past is like a braided rope
Each moment tightly coiled inside
I saw you suffering

Through the yellow window of a train
With everybody watching, yeah
Too tired for imagining
That you could ever love somebody else
From somewhere far away
From another time
And another place
With another life
And another face
And another name
And another name
No more suffering

Songwriters

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