

# Your Soul Today

[Chris Cornell](#)

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 burden 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 resurrection 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 Can I visit your arms, can I visit your legs?  
I won't need your insults or praise  
Won't burden your heart, don't worry your head  
Yeah, if you don't want a soul mate, I'm your soul today Sleeping on the road that takes you home  
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Your soul today

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