Get Up

[Chris Cornell](...)

You got a faded sky
You got no breathing room
You got a wasted life
You got nothing to doGet up, get off the floor
I said get up do something more
You need a backbone to roll with the world
You gotta get you one to run with the bullsYou ready?
You ready?
You ready?
You ready?You got a pint of blood
You got a losing hand
You put a house of cards
On a hill of sandGet up, get off the floor
I said get up do something more
You need a backbone to roll with the world
You gotta get you one to run with the bullsYou ready?
You ready?
You ready?
You ready?
You ready?You got a fatal flaw
Skeleton made of straw
Images on the wall
Keeping you in the darkYou're in a pack of wolves
Trying to live alone
If you're gonna be a mole
Crawl back inside your holeGet up, get off the floor
I said get up do something more
You need a backbone to roll with the world
You gotta get you one to run with the bullsYou ready?
You ready?
You ready?
You ready?
You ready?When it all falls down
And the law don't count
And it don't seem fair
And the people don't care