

Reach Down

[Chris Cornell](#)

I had a dream the other night
You were in a bar in the corner on a chair
Wearing a long white leather coat
Purple glasses and glitter in your hair
And you said hey this is where I'm gonna sit
And buy you a drink someday
You were going to the dog shows
But you kinda lost your way
You say now I got all this room And no money to decorate it, so some
Local customer put me in touch with the man
Upstairs, he said little man
You got no business gettin' frustrated, you gotta rest
You gotta rest you gotta reach down And pick the crowd up
Carry back in your hands
To the promised land Now I had some angel shine my wings, she said
Nothin' but the best for the golden boy
She made me promise not to tell I had her under
A spell singing golden words in a broken voice
And I caught some blessing on the wind
I'm feeling lighter than a whisper from a dove
I've got no hands to tie behind my back
And I'm sparking like a heart attack,
Now I've got room to spread my wings
And my messages of love, yes love was my drug,
But that's not what I died of,
So don't think of me crying louder
Than some billion dollar baby cause I gotta rest I gotta rest I gotta

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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