

Reach Down

Temple of the Dog

I had a dream the other night
You were in a bar in the corner on a chair
Wearin' 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 Reach down and pick the crowd up
Carry back in my hand
To the promised land

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