

Show Me How To Live

Audioslave

And with the early dawn
Moving right along
I couldn't buy an eyeful of sleep
And in the aching night under satellites
I was not received
Built with stolen parts
A telephone in my heart
Someone get me a priest
To put my mind to bed
This ringing in my head
Is this a cure or is this a disease Nail in my hand
From my creator
You gave me life
Now show me how to live Nail in my hand
From my creator
You gave me life
Now show me how to live And in the after birth
On the quiet earth
Let the stains remind you
You thought you made a man
You better think again
Before my role defines you Nail in my hand
From my creator
You gave me life
Now show me how to live Nail in my hand
From my creator
You gave me life
Now show me how to live And in your waiting hands
I will land
And roll out of my skin
And in your final hours I will stand
Ready to begin Nail in my hand
From my creator
You gave me life
Now show me how to live Nail in my hand
From my creator
You gave me life
Now show me how to live Show me how to live

Songwriters

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