

# Chris Cornell, Missing

Here come the signs  
Of early-warning misery  
Here come the sounds  
It looks like a river up to here  
Underneath my head  
Here comes the sight  
I might just lose it ?  
Here comes the part  
Where you ask me for my sympathy  
I just might lose my head

Have you seen me  
Can you hear me  
Did you think you could win me over  
I've been hard to hold

I've been hard to hold

And I'm missing

I made you get down  
I made you get down on your hands and knees  
But I made it up  
I took you away from your misery  
And you can't say it's ?

Now here comes the past  
It looks like what's in front of me  
This may be the last  
This may be the last thing you'll see of me  
And it might be your key to rest

I've been hard to hold  
And I'm missing