## 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