

Chris Cornell, Seasons

Summer nights and long warm days
Are stolen as the old moon falls
And the mirror shows another face
Another place to hide it all
Another place to hide it all
And I'm lost behind
The words I'll never find
And I'm left behind
As the seasons roll on by
Sleeping with a full moon blanket
Sand and feathers for my head
Dreams have never been the answer
And dreams have never made my bed
And I'm lost behind
The words I'll never find
And I'm left behind
As the seasons roll on by
If I should be short on words
And long on things to say
Could you crawl into my world
And take me woes away
Should I be beside myself
Never leave no stay
And I'm lost behind
Words I'll never find
And I'm left behind
As the seasons roll on by