

# Chris Cornell, Your Soul Today

Sleeping on the road that takes you home  
Howling at the moon at midnight  
I want the wrong that sets you right  
I'll be praying at your bedside  
How long i've been a soul in the gutter  
I don't have a home or a mother or anywhere to lay my head down

Can I visit your arms?  
Can i visit your legs?  
I won't need your insults or praise  
Won't burn in your heart  
Don't worry your head  
Yeah if you don't want a soul mate  
I'm your soul today

Hanging on a rope from a burning tree  
Singing on a broken headstone  
Bleeding from an old wound  
Swimming in the fever  
Waiting for a ressurection  
I know it's a miracle I've lived this long  
I don't want to give the wrong impression  
But I've come so far

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Can I visit your legs?  
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Your soul today