

Soundgarden, Hands All Over

Hands all over the Eastern border
You know what? I think we're falling
From composure
Hands all over Western culture
Ruffling feathers and turning eagles into vultures

Got my arms around my baby brother
Put your hands away
Your gonna kill your mother, kill your mother
And I love her

Hands all over the coastal waters
The crew men thank her
Then lay down their oily blanket
Hands all over the inland forest
In a striking motion trees fall down
Like dying soldiers

Hands all over the peasants daughter
She's our bride
She'll never make it out alive
Hands all over words I utter
Change them into what you want to
Like balls of clay
Put your hands away
Your gonna kill your mother
And I love her