

# Temple Of The Dog, Reach Down

I had a dream the other night  
You were in a bar in the corner on a chair  
Wearing a long white leather coat  
Purple glasses and glitter in your hair  
And you said hey this is where I'm gonna sit  
And buy you a drink someday  
You were going to the dog shows  
But you kinda lost your way  
You say now I got all this room  
And no money to decorate it, so some  
Local customer put me in touch with the man  
Upstairs, he said little man you got no  
Business gettin' frustrated, you gotta rest  
You gotta rest you gotta reach down  
And pick the crowd up  
Carry back in your hands  
To the promised land  
Now I had some angel shine my wings, she said  
Nothin' but the best for the golden boy  
She made me promise not to tell I had her under  
A spell singing golden words in a broken voice  
And I caught some blessing on the wind I'm  
Feeling lighter than a whisper from a dove  
I've got no hands to tie behind my back  
And I'm sparking like a heart attack, now I've got  
Room to spread my wings and my messages of  
Love, yes love was my drug, but that's not  
What I died of, so don't think of me  
Crying louder than some billion dollar baby  
Cause I gotta rest I gotta rest I gotta  
Reach down and pick the  
Crowd up, carry back in my  
Hand to the promised land