## Christopher Cornell ''Missing''

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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

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