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Audioslave "Show Me How To Live"

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And with the early dawn moving right along, I couldn't buy an eyeful of sleep.

And in the aching night under satellites, I was not received.

Built with stolen parts,
A telephone in my heart,
Someone get me a priest,
To put my mind to bed.

This ringing in my head,
Is this a cure,
Or is this a disease?

Nail in my hand,
From my creator.
You gave me life,
Now show me how to live.
Nail in my hand,
From my creator.
You gave me life,
Now show me how to live.

And in the afterbirth on the quiet earth, Let the stains remind you, You thought you made a man. You better think again, Before my role defines you.

Nail in my hand,
From my creator.
You gave me life,
Now show me how to live.
Nail in my hand,
From my creator.
You gave me life,
Now show me how to live.

And in your waiting hands I will land And roll out of my skin. And in your final hours I will stand, Ready to begin. Ready to begin. Ready to begin. Ready to begin.

Nail in my hand,
From my creator.
You gave me life,
Now show me how to live.
Nail in my hand,
From my creator.
You gave me life,
Now show me how to live.
Show me how to live....

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