

Chris Cornell "Reach Down"

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Well I had a dream the other night,
You were in a bar in the corner on a chair.
Wearin' a long white leather coat,
Purple glasses and glitter in your hair.
And you said, "Hey this is where I wanna sit and buy
you a drink someday."
Well you were goin' to the dog shows, but you kinda
lost your way.
Now you said, "I got all this room and no money to
decorate it."
So you got some local customer put you in touch with
the man upstairs.
But he said, "Little man, you got no business bein' all
frustrated."
Ooh, "You gotta rest, you gotta rest, you gotta rest..."

You gotta reach down, and pick the crowd up.
Oh, I wanna reach down, and pick the crowd up.
Carry back in my hand,
To the Promised Land,
To the Promised Land.

Ooh, I had an angel shine my wings.
She said, "Nothin' but the best for the golden boy."
She made the promise not to tell,
I had her under the spell,
Singing golden words in a broken voice.
Now I caught a blessing on the wind,
I'm feeling lighter than the breath from a dove.
I've got no hands to tie behind my back,
And I'm sparking like a heart attack.
And now I got room to spread my wings,
And my message is of love. (Yeah, yeah.)
Love was my drug, but that's not what I died of.
So don't you think of me crying louder than some
billion dollar baby.
Ooh, I wanna rest, I wanna rest, I wanna restâ€¦

I wanna reach down, and pick the crowd up.
I wanna reach down, and pick the crowd up.
Carry back in my hand,
To the Promised Land,

To the Promised Land.

To the Promised Land.

Whoa! Whew

Yeah, I wanna reach down (Oh yeah!), and pick the crowd up.

I wanna reach down, (I wanna reach down!), and pick the crowd up.

And pick the crowd up!

Carry back in my hand, (Oh yeah!)

To the Promised Land, (to the Promised Land)

To the Promised Land, (ooh yeah)

Oh!

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