

## Soundarcade

### "Hands All Over"

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Words by chris cornell

Music by kim thayil

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 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

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