

Reach Down

Temple of the Dog

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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