

# I Am the Highway

Chris Cornell

Pearls and swine bereft of me.  
Long and weary my road has been.  
I was lost in the cities, alone in the hills.  
No sorrow or pity for leaving, I feel.

I am not your rolling wheels, I am the highway.  
I am not your carpet ride, I am the sky.

Friends and liars don't wait for me,  
'Cause I'll get on all by myself.  
I put millions of miles under my heels;  
And still too close to you I feel.

I am not your rolling wheels, I am the highway.  
I am not your carpet ride, I am the sky.  
I am not your blowing wind, I am the lightning.  
I am not your autumn moon, I am the night... night.

I am not your rolling wheels, I am the highway.  
I am not your carpet ride, I am the sky.  
I am not your blowing wind, I am the lightning.  
I am not your autumn moon, I am night... night... night.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.