

Pearl Jam

"Once"

I admit it...what's to say...yeah...
I'll relive it...without pain...mmm...
Backstreet lover on the side of the road
I got a bomb in my temple that is gonna explode
I got a sixteen gauge buried under my clothes, I play...
Once upon a time I could control myself
Ooh, once upon a time I could lose myself, yeah...
Oh, try and mimic what's insane...ooh, yeah...
I am in it...where do I stand?
Oh, Indian summer and I hate the heat
I got a backstreet lover on the passenger seat
I got my hand in my pocket, so determined, discreet...I pray...
Once upon a time I could control myself
Ooh, once upon a time I could lose myself, yeah, yeah...
You think I got my eyes closed
But I'm lookin' at you the whole fuckin' time...
Ooh, once upon a time I could control myself, yeah...
Once upon a time I could lose myself, yeah, yeah, yeah...
Once, upon a time I could love myself, yeah...
Once upon a time I could love you, yeah, yeah, yeah...
Once [4x]
Yeah...once, once...yeah, yeah...
Yeah...yeah, yeah...yeah, yeah...oww...

"Porch"

What the fuck is this world
Running to?

You didn't leave a message
At least I could have
Learned your voice one last time.

Daily minefield
This could be my time
How 'bout you?
Would you hit me?
Would you hit me?

All the bills go by
And initiatives are taken up
By the middle

There ain't gonna be any middle any more

And the cross I'm bearing home
Ain't indicative of my place
Left the porch
Left the porch

Hear my name
Take a good look
This could be the day
Hold my hand
Walk beside me
I just need to say...

Hear my name
Take a good look
This could be the day
Hold my hand
Lie beside me
I just need to say
What can I take?
I just want to be
I know that i would not ever touch you
Hold you
Feel you
Ever hold
Never again

"Jeremy"

At home
Drawing pictures
Of mountain tops
With him on top
Lemon yellow sun
Arms raised in a V
Dead lay in pools of maroon below

Daddy didn't give attention
To the fact that mommy didn't care
King jeremy the wicked
Ruled his world

Jeremy spoke in class today
Jeremy spoke in class today

Clearly I remember
Pickin' on the boy
Seemed a harmless little fuck

But we unleashed a lion
Gnashed his teeth
And bit the recess lady's breast

How could I forget
He hit me with a surprise left
My jaw left hurting
Dropped wide open
Just like the day
Like the day I heard

Daddy didn't give affection
And the boy was something that mommy wouldn't wear
King Jeremy the wicked
Ruled his world

Jeremy spoke in class today
Jeremy spoke in class today
Try to forget this...
Try to erase this...
From the blackboard.

"Why Go"

she scratches a letter
into a wall made of stone
maybe someday
another child
won't feel as alone as she does

it's been two years
and counting
since they put her in this place
she's been diagnosed
by some stupid fuck
and mommy agrees
why go home?
why go home?
why go home...

she seems to be stronger
but what they want her to be is weak
she could just pretend
she could join the game
she could be another clone

why go home?

what you taught me
put me here
don't come visit
mommy dear

"World Wide Suicide"

I felt the earth on Monday. It moved beneath my feet.
In the form of a morning paper. Laid out for me to see.

Saw his face in a corner picture. I recognized the name.
Could not stop staring at the. Face I'd never see again.

It's a shame to awake in a world of pain
What does it mean when a war has taken over

It's the same everyday in a hell manmade
What can be saved, and who will be left to hold her?

The whole world...World over.
It's a worldwide suicide.

Medals on a wooden mantle. Next to a handsome face.
That the president took for granted.
Writing checks that others pay.

And in all the madness. Thought becomes numb and naive.
So much to talk about. Nothing for to say.

It's the same everyday and the wave won't break
Tell you to pray, while the devils on their shoulder

Laying claim to the take that our soldiers save
Does not equate, and the truth's already out there

The whole world,... World over.
It's a worldwide suicide.

The whole world,... World over.
It's a worldwide suicide.

Looking in the eyes of the fallen
You got to know there's another, another, another, another
Another way

It's a shame to awake in a world of pain
What does it mean when a war has taken over

It's the same everyday and the wave won't break
Tell you to pray, while the devils on their shoulder

The whole world,... World over.
It's a worldwide suicide.

The whole world,... World over.
It's a worldwide suicide.

"All Night"

Got all night
Plenty of time
Take these chains
From my eyes
So alive
Gettin 'it prime
Take 'em there
Before you die
Why be satisfied
We've got all night
Please be here
Top of the stairs
No place for
The president
Build some fears
Left outside
Fuck, be content
To just get by
Why be satisfied
We've got all night
You scream and wail
You see who cares
Scream and wail
See who cares
Life has nothin' to do with
Killin' time
So why be satisfied
We've got... all night
We've got all night
We've got all night

"Dirty Frank"

Ragh woo eats meat eats meat hahaha look out

Dirty Frank Dahmer he's a gourmet cook, yeah.
I got a recipe for anglo-saxin soup, yeah.
Wanted a pass. So she relaxed. Now the little groupie's getting chopped up in the back.
I got a cupboard full of fleshy fresh ingredients
A very careful at the same time quite expedient.
Eats meat. A release.
Bus driving's harder on your head than on your feet.

Dirty frank. A Dirty frank yeah
A Dirty frank ooh
A Dirty frank yea oh
Keeps it clean. a keeps it copaseptic
A little boys and girls their heads are all collected.
A not crazy. a per se
Just a little strange when he gets hungry.
City state your town he will continue.
A stadiums tiny clubs every venue.
A his bus. a your trust.
There goes another turned into crust.
Dirty frank a Dirty Frank yeah. A Dirty frank. oh a Dirty Frank.
Yeah, oh, watch it! now
Why that dirty Frank was a bad mother... Shut your mouth! Hey man, I'm just talking about dirty Frank.

Oh wa-ha a yea cookoo there fucking crazy these kids are driving me crazy

Oh, middle of the night we're stopped the freeway shoulder.
A frank's shoveling to bury the leftovers.
A they're sunk. He's drunk.
Now he's gonna drive I'm hiding in my bunk. Oh.
The band all knows. We're too afraid to mention.
A Don't want to be part of Frank's luncheon.
A lose weight. A be safe. Where's Mike McCready? My god he's been ate!

Dirty frank. A Dirty Frank, yeah.
A Dirty frank. Oh, a Dirty Frank, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
Dirty frank frank frank frank a Dirty frank yea
Dirty frank oh a dirty frank a yea yea yea

Wa yea a yea yea yea oh he's gone fruit loops it's the perfect job

Cook 'em just to see the look on their face. I cook 'em just to see the look on their face. [x10]

Mommy mommy I'll just sing mommy no no ahh Why

Why that dirty Frank was a bad mother... Shut your mouth! Hey man, I'm just talking about dirty Frank. Yeah.

Dirty Frank wow a Dirty Frank a dirty frank yeah

Why that dirty Frank was a bad mother... Shut your mouth! Hey man, I'm just talking about dirty Frank. Woo.

A Dirty Frank. Yeah, a dirty frank. [x2]
Dirty frank. [x8]

Wo Ok I think that's enough

"Black, Red, Yellow"

Exponentially serving. Perpetually unnerving. Vehicle swerving.
The adjectives they are all a-blurring.
Freud walking the sidelines clipboard scoring the brain.
Black magic painted traits. Makes me sain.

Hormones firing like a fifty foot Roman, yeah.
Please don't make me explain. Don't matter anyway.

Phantom pain in my brain. It's all that's left of my leg.

Black and Red and Yellow and Black and Red and Yellow.

Heard you repeat a-what ya heard. Me knowing the truth I can not conure. Na-na.

Hormones firing like a fifty foot Roman, yeah.
Please don't make me explain. Doesn't matter anyway.
Hormones firing like a fifty foot Roman, yeah.
Please don't make me explain.

Yo bro. Tell us what's happenin'. Um, I'm on the west, west side of, on the west coast.
Give me a jingle, uh, when you get in from where the fuck you're at.

Yeah, hormones firing like a fifty foot Roman, yeah.
Please don't make me explain. Doesn't fucking matter anyway.
Hormones firing like a fifty foot Roman, yeah. Please don't make me explain.

"Brother"

You should be happy with what you got..
You should be hard to be a brother..
You should be happy with what we give you...

Hand over my face. I am related to my enemy.
My house on fire,
And my big brother come put the blame on me.

He's a-pushin'...I'm being pushed from above.
Oh, and a brother, back to back to back,
Better back off of him.

You should not question at all his authority...

Use a flag as a bandage.
Stick 'em up, show us your pocket hypocrisy.
In the closet, my pleasures
'Cause my big brother don't want to just let me be.

Oh, and I'm pushin'...oh if I could get above...
Oh, and a brother back to back back,
Keep your back off.
Oh, and I'm pushin'...I'm being pushed from above.
Oh, and a brother, back to back to back,
Better back off of him...

Face down...brother...
Face down... [x3]

In my mind there's a clearing.
Black clouds flow through grey still skies.
And the birds don't even whisper.
I'm flying out...I'm flying...

Back to back back, better back off..
Back to back to back, a better, better, better...
Back to back to back, back to back back...brother...
Face down...brother...
Face down...
Face down...brother...
Face down...almost...fired...
Face down...I got a gun...
Face down...
I got a gun...I got a gun...
Face down...I got a gun...
Face down...

Aah, fuck it, I'm just gonna go home, turn on the fuckin' TV...
Watch the nightly news and drink a beer...
Like I could even change the world, yeah right...

"Rival"

all my rivals will see what i have in store, my gun...
i've been harboring fleets in this reservoir, red sun...
and this nation's about to explode
your disciples are riddled with metaphors, well hung...
better pony up and bring both your barreelfulls, not one...
as we release this unspeakable toll...
(every grain of sand equals)
(all the stars and everyone)
how's our mother to damn these contributors...with mud?
how will the man who made chemicals difficult...shed blood?
how's our father supposed to be told?

"Lukin"

drive down the street can't find my keys to my own fucking home
i take a walk so i can curse my ass for being dumb
i make a right after the arches, stinking grease and bone
stop at the supermarket, people stare like i'm a dog
i'm goin' to lukin's...
i got a spot at lukin's...
i knock the door at lukin's...
open the fridge, now i know life is worth
i find the key, but i return to find an open door
some fucking freak who claims i fathered, by rape, her own son
i find my wife, i call the cops, this day's work's never done
the last i heard the freak was purchasing a fucking gun