

# Pearl Jam, Bu\$hleaguer

How does he do it? How do they do it? Uncanny and immutable  
This is such a happening tailpipe of a party  
Like sugar, the guests are so refined

A confidence man, but why so beleaguered?  
He's not a leader, he's a Texas leaguer  
Swinging for the fence, got lucky with a strike  
Drilling for fear makes the job simple  
Born on third, thinks he got a triple

Blackout weaves its way through the cities  
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Blackout weaves its way

I remember when you sang  
That song about today  
Now it's tomorrow and  
Everything has changed

A think tank of aloof multiplication  
A nicotine wish and a columbus decanter  
Retrenchment and hoggishness  
The aristocrat choir sings  
"What's the ruckus?"  
The haves have not a clue  
The immenseness of suffering  
And the odd negotiation, a rarity  
With onion-skin plausibility of life  
And a keyboard reaffirmation

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