

Pearl Jam, I'm Open

a man lies in his bed in a room with no door
he waits hoping for a presence, something, anything to enter
after spending half his life searching, he still felt as blank
as the ceiling at which he's staring
he's alive, but feels absolutely nothing
so, is he?
when he was six he believed that the moon overhead followed him
by nine he had deciphered the illusion, trading magic for fact
no tradebacks...
so this is what it's like to be an adult
if he only knew now what he knew then...
i'm open
i'm open
come in
come in
come in
come in
i'm open
i'm open
come in
come in
come in
come in
lying sideways atop crumpled sheets and no covers
he decides to dream...
dream up a new self for himself