

# 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