

Pearl Jam, 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