

Pearl Jam, Pilate

Talk of circles and punching out
Looking in, drawing circles down
Falling up the south marking ground
Talking out of turn, drawing circles down

Like Pilate, I have a dog
{Obeys, listens, kisses, loves}

Walks me out of town
Still, ones a crowd
Making angels in the dirt
Looking up, looking all around

Like Pilate, I have a dog
Obeys, listens, kisses, loves

Stunned by my own reflection
It's looking back, sees me too clearly
And I swore I'd never go there again
Not unlike a friend that politely drags you down

Like Pilate, I have a dog
Obeys, listens, kisses, loves