

Pearl Jam, Satan's Bed

it's not all been said...been said and done...
i've never slept in satan's bed
although i must admit...still visits my place
uninvited, as you know, he don't wait
funny how he always seems to fit in
funny how i always want to give in
sundays, fridays, tuesdays, thursday, the same
sometimes the special guest, he don't like to leave
already...in love...
already...in love...
already...in love...
already...
who made, who made up, made up the myth
that we were born to be covered in bliss?
who set the standard, born to be rich?
such fine examples, skinny little bitch
model, role model, roll some models in blood
get some flesh to stick, so they look like us
i shit and i stink, i'm real, join the club
i'd stop and talk, but i'm already in love
already...in love...
already...in love...
already...in love...
already...
in love...ah ha ha ha...
ah torture...follows reward...
follows torture...follows reward...
oh, oh my butt...
never shook satan's hand, look see for yourself
you'd know it if i had, that shit don't come off
i'll rise and fall, let me take credit for both
jump off a cliff, don't need your help so back off
i'll never suck satan's dick...
again, you'd see it, you know, right round the lips
i'll wait for an angel, but i won't hold my breath
'magine they're busy, think i'm doing okay...
already...in love...
already...in love...
already...in love...
already...