Pearl Jam, Untitled (Another Version)

She said to me, over the phone She wanted to see other people

I thought, " well then, look around, they're everywhere"

Said that she was confused...

I thought, "darling, join the club"

24 Years old, mid-life crisis

Nowadays hits you when you're young

I hung up, she called back, I hung up again

The process had already started

At least it happened quick

I swear, I died inside that night

My friend, he called

I didn't mention a thing

The last thing he said was, &guot;be sound&guot;

Sound...

I contemplated an awful thing, I hate to admit

I just thought those would be such appropriate last words

But I'm still here

And small

So small... how could this struggle seem so big?

So big...

While the palms in the breeze still blow green

And the waves in the sea still absolute blue

But the horror

Every single thing I see is a reminder of her

Never thought I'd curse the day I met her

And since she's gone and wouldn't hear

Who would care? what good would that do?

But I'm still here

So I imagine in a month... or 12

I'l be somewhere having a drink

Laughing at a stupid joke

Or just another stupid thing

And I can see myself stopping short

Drifting out of the present

Sucked by the undertow and pulled out deep

And there I am, standing

Wet grass and white headstones all in rows

And in the distance there's one, off on its own

So I stop, kneel

My new home...

And I picture a sober awakening, a re-entry into this little bar scene

Sip my drink til the ice hits my lip

Order another round

And that's it for now

Sorry

Never been too good at happy endings...