

# Bushleaguer

## Pearl Jam

How does he do it? how do they do it? uncanny and immutable.

This is such a happening tailpipe of a party.

Like sugar, the guests are so refined, (look like melting mice)

A confidence man, but why so beleagued?

He's not a leader, he's a texas leaguer

Swinging for the fence, got lucky with a strike

Drilling for fear, makes the job simple

Born on third, thinks he got a triple

Blackout weaves it's way through the cities

Blackout weaves it's way through the cities

Blackout weaves it's way,...

I remember when you sang

That song about today

Now it's tomorrow and

Everything has changed

A think tank of aloof multiplication

A nicotine wish and a colossus decanter

Retrenchment and foolishness

"what's the buckos? "

The raves have not a clue

The immenseness of suffering

And the odd negotiation, a rarity

With onionskin plausibility of life,

And a keyboard reaffirmation

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