

# Buhleaguer

## 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  
A confidence man, but why so beleaguered? 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 its way through the city  
Blackout weaves its way through the city  
Blackout weaves its 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 Columbus decanter  
Retrenchment and hoggishness The aristocrat choir sings, "what's the ruckus?"  
The haves have not a clue  
The immenseness of suffering  
And the odd negotiation, a rarity With onion skin plausibility of life  
And a keyboard reaffirmation  
Blackout weaves its way through the city  
Blackout weaves its way through the city Blackout weaves its way  
I remember when you sang that song about today  
Now it's tomorrow and everything has changed  
I remember when you sang that song about today Now it's tomorrow and everything has changed  
Changed, changed, chains

Songwriters

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