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 tripleBlackout 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 todayNow it's tomorrow and everything has changed
A think tank of aloof multiplication
A nicotine wish and a Columbus decanter
Retrenchment and hoggishnessThe aristocrat choir sings, "what's the ruckus?"
The haves have not a clue
The immenseness of suffering
And the odd negotiation, a rarityWith onionskin plausibility of life
And a keyboard reaffirmation
Blackout weaves its way through the city
Blackout weaves its way through the cityBlackout 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 todayNow it's tomorrow and everything has changed
Changed, changed, chains

Songwriters
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