# Bu$hleaguer

## 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 refinedA 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 cities
Blackout weaves its way through the cities
Blackout weaves its wayI remember when you sang
That song about today
Now it's tomorrow and
Everything has changedA 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 reaffirmationBlackout weaves its way through the cities
Blackout weaves its way through the cities
Blackout weaves its wayI remember when you sang
That song about today
Now it's tomorrow and
Everything has changed.

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