Sleight of Hand

Pearl Jam

Routine was the theme
He'd wake up, wash and pour himself into uniform
Something he hadn't imagined being
As the merging traffic passed
He found himself staring down
At his own hands
Not remembering the change
Not recalling the plan
Was it?He was okay
But wondering
About wandering
Was it age?
By consequence?
Or was he moved sleight of hand?Mondays were made to fall
Lost on a road he knew by heart
It was like a book he read in his sleep, endlessly
Sometimes he hid in his radio
Watching others pull into their homes
While he was driftingOn a line
Of his own
Off the line
Off the side
By the by
As dirt turned to sand
As if moved by sleight of handWhen he reached the shore of his clip-on world
He resurfaced to the norm
Organized his few things, his coat and keys
Any new realizations would have to wait
Till he had more time
More timeA time to dream
To himself
He waves goodbye
To himself
I'll see you on the other side
Another man moved by sleight of hand

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