

# I'm Open

## Pearl Jam

A man lies in his bed in a room with no door  
He waits hoping for a present  
Something, anything to enter  
After spending half his life searching  
He still felt as blank  
As the ceiling at which he's stared  
He's alive  
But feels absolutely nothing  
So, is he? When he was six he believed  
That the moon overhead followed him  
By nine he had deciphered the illusion  
Trading magic for fact  
No trade backs  
So this is what it's like to be an adult  
If he only knew now what he knew then I'm open  
I'm open  
Come in, come in  
Come in, come in I'm open  
(Aah)  
I'm open  
(Aah, aah)  
Come in, come in  
Come in, come in

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