

Pearl Jam, Army Reserve

How long must she stand
Before the ground gives way
To an endless fall
She can feel this
War on her face
Stars on her pillow
Folding in the darkness
Begging for slumber

I'm not blind
I can see it coming
Looks like lightning
In my child's eye

I'm not frantic
I can feel it coming
Violently shakes
My body

Her son's slanted
Always giving her
The sideways eye
An empty chair where Dad sits
How loud can silence get?
And Mom, she reassures
To contain him
But it's becoming a lie

She tells herself
And everyone else
Father is risking
His life for our freedoms

I'm not blind
I can see it coming
Looks like lightning
In my child's eye

I'm not frantic
I can feel it coming
Darling you'll save me
If you save yourself