

# Pearl Jam, Pilate

Talk of circles and punching out  
Looking in, drawing circles down  
Falling up the south marking ground  
Talking out of turn, drawing circles down

Like Pilate, I have a dog  
{Obeys, listens, kisses, loves}

Walks me out of town  
Still, ones a crowd  
Making angels in the dirt  
Looking up, looking all around

Like Pilate, I have a dog  
Obeys, listens, kisses, loves

Stunned by my own reflection  
It's looking back, sees me too clearly  
And I swore I'd never go there again  
Not unlike a friend that politely drags you down

Like Pilate, I have a dog  
Obeys, listens, kisses, loves