

# Pearl Jam, Satan's Bed

it's not all been said...been said and done...  
i've never slept in satan's bed  
although i must admit...still visits my place  
uninvited, as you know, he don't wait  
funny how he always seems to fit in  
funny how i always want to give in  
sundays, fridays, tuesdays, thursday, the same  
sometimes the special guest, he don't like to leave  
already...in love...  
already...in love...  
already...in love...  
already...  
who made, who made up, made up the myth  
that we were born to be covered in bliss?  
who set the standard, born to be rich?  
such fine examples, skinny little bitch  
model, role model, roll some models in blood  
get some flesh to stick, so they look like us  
i shit and i stink, i'm real, join the club  
i'd stop and talk, but i'm already in love  
already...in love...  
already...in love...  
already...in love...  
already...  
in love...ah ha ha ha...  
ah torture...follows reward...  
follows torture...follows reward...  
oh, oh my butt...  
never shook satan's hand, look see for yourself  
you'd know it if i had, that shit don't come off  
i'll rise and fall, let me take credit for both  
jump off a cliff, don't need your help so back off  
i'll never suck satan's dick...  
again, you'd see it, you know, right round the lips  
i'll wait for an angel, but i won't hold my breath  
'magine they're busy, think i'm doing okay...  
already...in love...  
already...in love...  
already...in love...  
already...