

Pearl Jam, Who You Are

come to send, not condescend
transcendental consequence
is to transcend where we are
who are we? who we are
trampled moss on your souls
changes all you're a part
seen it all, not at all
can't defend fucked up man
take me a for a ride before we leave...
circumstance, clapping hands
driving winds, happenstance
off the track, in the mud
that's the moss in the aforementioned verse
just a little time, before we leave...
stop light plays its part
so i would say you've got a part
what's your part? who you are
you are who, who you are