

Pearl Jam, Sleight Of Hand

routine was the theme, he'd wake up and...wash and pour himself into uniform
something he hadn't imagined being...
as the merging traffic passed, he found himself staring, down, at his own hands..
not remembering the change, not recalling the plan, was it...?
he was okay, but wondering about wandering
was it age? by consequence? or was he moved by sleight of hand?
mondays were made to fall, lost on a road he knew by heart
it was like a book he read in his sleep, endlessly...
sometimes he hid in his radio, watching others pull into their homes
while he was drifting...
on a line, of his own, off the line, on the side
by the by, as dirt turned to sand, as if moved by sleight of hand
when he reached the shore of his clip-on world
he resurfaced to the norm
organized his few things, his coat and keys...
any new realizations would have to wait til he had more time, more time...
time to dream, to himself
he waves goodbye, to himself
i'll see you on the other side...
another man...moved by sleight of hand...