

Pearl Jam, Tremor Christ

winded is the sailor...drifting by the storm...
wounded is the organ he left all...bloodied on the shore...
gorgeous was his savior, sees her...drowning in his wake...
daily taste the salt of her tears, but...a chance blamed fate...
little secrets, tremors...turned to quake...
the smallest oceans still get...big, big waves...
ransom paid the devil...he whispers pleasing words...
triumphant are the angels if they can...a get there first...
little secrets tremors...turned to quake...
the smallest oceans still get...big, big waves...
i'll decide...take the dive...
take my time...not my life...
wait for signs...believe in lies...
to get by...it's divine...whoa...
oh, you know what it's like...
turns the bow back, tows and...drops the line...
puts his faith in love and tremor christ...