

Pearl Jam, Untitled (Another Version)

She said to me, over the phone
She wanted to see other people
I thought, "well then, look around, they're everywhere"
Said that she was confused...
I thought, "darling, join the club"
24 Years old, mid-life crisis
Nowadays hits you when you're young
I hung up, she called back, I hung up again
The process had already started
At least it happened quick
I swear, I died inside that night
My friend, he called
I didn't mention a thing
The last thing he said was, "be sound"
Sound...
I contemplated an awful thing, I hate to admit
I just thought those would be such appropriate last words
But I'm still here
And small
So small... how could this struggle seem so big?
So big...
While the palms in the breeze still blow green
And the waves in the sea still absolute blue
But the horror
Every single thing I see is a reminder of her
Never thought I'd curse the day I met her
And since she's gone and wouldn't hear
Who would care? what good would that do?
But I'm still here
So I imagine in a month... or 12
I'll be somewhere having a drink
Laughing at a stupid joke
Or just another stupid thing
And I can see myself stopping short
Drifting out of the present
Sucked by the undertow and pulled out deep
And there I am, standing
Wet grass and white headstones all in rows
And in the distance there's one, off on its own
So I stop, kneel
My new home...
And I picture a sober awakening, a re-entry into this little bar scene
Sip my drink til the ice hits my lip
Order another round
And that's it for now
Sorry
Never been too good at happy endings...