

Eddie Vedder

"Lukin"

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Drive down the street can't find my keys to my own
Fucking home
I take a walk so I can curse my ass for being dumb
I make a right after the arches, stinking grease and
bone
Stop at the supermarket, people stare like I'm a dog
I'm goin' to lukin's...
I got a spot at lukin's...
I knock the door at lukin's...

Open the fridge, now I know life is worth
I find the key, but I return to find an open door
Some fucking freak who claims I fathered, by rape, her
Own son
I find my wife, I call the cops, this day's work's never
Done
The last I heard the freak was purchasing a fucking
gun

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