

Pearl Jam "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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