

Pearl Jam "[unknown]"

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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 towards him...drops the line...
Puts his faith and love in Tremor Christ...

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