

# Sleight of Hand

Pearl Jam

Routine was the theme  
He'd wake up, wash and pour himself into uniform  
Something he hadn't imagined being  
As the merging traffic passed  
He found himself staring down  
At his own hands  
Not remembering the change  
Not recalling the plan  
Was it?...

He was okay  
But wondering  
About wandering  
Was it age?  
By consequence?  
Or was he moved sleight of hand?

Mondays were made to fall  
Lost on a road he knew by heart  
It was like a book he read in his sleep, endlessly  
Sometimes he hid in his radio  
Watching others pull into their homes  
While he was drifting

On a line  
Of his own  
Off the line  
Off the side  
By the by  
As dirt turned to sand  
As if moved by sleight of hand

When he reached the shore of his clip-on world  
He resurfaced to the norm  
Organized his few things, his coat and keys  
Any new realizations would have to wait  
Till he had more time  
More time

A time to dream  
To himself  
He waves goodbye  
To himself  
I'll see you on the other side  
Another man moved by sleight of hand