

# Seven O'Clock

Pearl Jam

7 o'clock in the morning, got a message from afar  
Down under an oasis where there are dreams still being born  
And summer spoke to winter relaying all encouraging words  
And I was fully grateful mutant messages were heard

Moved on from my despondency and left it in the bed  
Do I leave it there still sleeping or maybe kill it better yet  
For this is no time for depression or self-indulgent hesitance  
This fucked-up situation calls for all hands, hands on deck

Freedom is as freedom does and freedom is a verb  
They giveth and they taketh and you fight to keep that what you've earned  
We saw the destination, got so close before it turned  
Swim sideways from this undertow and do not be deterred

Floodlight dreams go drifting past  
All the lines we could've had  
Distant loves floating above  
Close these eyes, they've seen enough

Caught the butterfly, broke its wings then put it on display  
Oh, stripped of all its beauty once it could not fly high away  
Oh, still alive like a passer-by overdosed on gamma rays  
Another God's creation destined to be thrown away

Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse they forged the north and west  
And you got Sitting Bullshit as our sitting president  
Oh, talking to his mirror, what's he say, what's it say back?  
A tragedy of errors, who'll be the last to have a laugh?

His best days gone, hard to admit  
Throwing angry punches with nothing to hit  
Luminous thoughts were once all he had  
Fading lights, lost eloquence  
There's still a fire in the engine room  
Knows relief will be coming soon

What's to be done?  
Carve a path for Rivers reign  
Much to be done  
Oceans rising with the waves

Oh, held by these thoughts  
They refuse to slip away  
Oh, hangman in dreamland  
About to call your name

Much to be done... Much to be...