

Tremor Christ

Pearl Jam

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 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, tows, and drops the line,
Puts his faith in love and tremor Christ.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>