

Nimble Bastard

Incubus

Has it come to this?
We're stuck in the weeds.
I get it, I'm not perfect, I was never tryin to be,
But I'm not long for this earth
If we really only ever get one chance
To burn
I gotta trip before I can see the finish...uh-huh.
How else would I learn?
I wanna know! How is it you do it?

When you land on your feet, you're a nimble bastard!
And you don't skip a beat!
Such a nimble bastard!
Salt of the earth
Yeah, won't you show, lowly us, how do you
See the stars from that far down?...uh-huh.

I swing and I miss
And then come the creeps
It makes me want to faint!
I wanna know; how is it you do it?...uh-huh.
How do you spill the paint?
And then fit it into a frame?

When you land on your feet...you're a nimble bastard!
And you don't skip a beat...such a nimble bastard!
Salt of the earth
Yeah, won't you show...lowly us...
How do you see the stars
From that far down? Nimble Bastard.