

Nice to Know You

Incubus

Better than watching Gellar bending silver spoons
Better than witnessing newborn nebulae in bloom
She who sees from up high smiles and surely sings
Perspective pries your once weighty eyes and it gives you wings

I haven't felt the way I feel today
In so long it's hard for me to specify
I'm beginning to notice how much this feels
Like a waking limb, pins and needles

Nice to know you, goodbye
Nice to know you, goodbye
Nice to know you, goodbye
Nice to know you goodbye
Nice to know To know you...

Deeper than the deepest Cousteau would ever go
And higher than the heights of what we often think we know
Blessed she who clearly sees the wood for the trees
To obtain a bird's eye is to turn a blizzard to a breeze

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So could it be that it has been there all along?

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