

## 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.