

This

OK Go

The sun's barely rising
The eastern horizon
Is starting to lighten to grey
Man, there was a time
When a quarter past five
Was the whole other side of the day

Oh, look at you now
Bright-eyed somehow
And swaying to a song that ain't playing out loud
And I lose the thread
Like, forget what I said
I'm a deer in the headlights again

'Cause by default the future wins
She carves the dolls and pulls the strings

But it's all right here, right now
In your hands and still out of reach somehow
This endless precipice
Or honey whatever it is
Oh, it just don't get better than this

The revelry levels, eventually petals
Of normalcy settle again
Oh, but look at us now
Normal somehow
Is just inches from heaven, I guess

'Cause by default the future wins
She carves the dolls and pulls the strings

But now it's right here, right now
In your hands and still out of reach somehow
And it's all there, but you can't quite look at it
A glow in the margins, maybe that's just what heaven is
This endless precipice
'Cause honey whatever it is
Oh, it just don't get better than this

And it's nearly unbearable
That it will not submit to the touch
Lovely and terrible
That there's no way to touch it
No way to tame it
No way to bottle it up
Oh, look at you now
Bright-eyed somehow
And swaying to a song in your head

Right here, right now
In your hands and still out of reach somehow
And it's all there, though you can't quite look at it
A glow in the margins, honey that's just what heaven is
This endless precipice
And sugar whatever it is
Oh, it just don't get better than this

Just don't get better than this

It just don't get better than this
It just don't get better
(And by default, the future wins)
Oh, it just don't get better than this
Than this, than this
Oh, it just don't get better than this
Than this
It just don't get better than this