

# 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