

Incubus, Just A Phase

I am bottled fizzy water
And you are shaking me up
You are a fingernail running
Down the chalkboard I thought I left in third grade
Now my only consolation
Is that this could not last forever
Even though you're singing and thinking how well you've got it made
Who are you?
When will you be through
Yeah, it's just a phase
It will be over soon
Yeah, it's just a phase
Yeah, it's just a...phase
Call it women's intuition
But I think I'm on to something here
Temporaryism has been the 'Black Plague'
And the Jesus of our age
I know I must sound opinionated
Maybe biased and quite possibly jaded
But sooner than later they'll be throwing quarters at you on the stage
Who are you?
When will you be through
Yeah, it's just a phase
It will be over soon
Yeah, it's just a phase
Yeah, it's just a...phase
And I am waiting for it to be over too