

# Incubus, Miss Bliss

I've seen a place not far away.  
Where people are individuals.  
And every car has a phone.  
They'll bend backwards just to hear you say,  
"I've got a new 'Rolls' so why can't I take you home?"  
Enough with their materialism and anal retentive state of mind.  
All you need is yourself and a cause so the truth will be all that you will find.  
What? Save me! God? Save me!  
You dress to impress and intimidate.  
All in hopes that you'll catch a glimpse of a star.  
Your guard is up and I see right through you.  
Those credit cards and your make-up have gone too far!  
Enough with their materialism and anal retentive state of mind.  
All you need is yourself and a cause so the truth will be all that you will find...  
Why can't I...dismiss my own vibe?  
Please help me....piss miss bliss away!  
I look and I...see your fucking face!  
Smiles kept by a...hidden will to live!!!!  
You can't see what your cheap mind game has done for me!