

Nickel Creek, This Side

One day you'll see her and you'll know what I mean.
Take her or leave her, she will still be the same.
She'll not try to buy you with her time.
Nothing's the same as you will see when she's gone.

It's foreign on this side.
And I'll not leave my home again.
There's no place to hide,
And I'm nothin' but scared.

You dream of colors that have never been made.
You imagine songs that have never been played.
They will try to buy you and your mind.
For only the curious have something to find.

It's foreign on this side.
And the truth is a bitter friend.
Reasons, few have I,
To go back again.

Your first dawn blinded you, left you cursing the day.
Entrance is crucial and it's not without pain.
There's no path to follow once you're here.
Climb up the slide and then you'll slide down the stairs.

It's foreign on this side.
But it feels like I'm home again.
There's no place to hide,
But I don't think I'm scared.

(There's no place to hide.)
(There's no place to hide.)
But I don't think I'm scared.
(There's no place to hide.)
But I don't think I'm scared.