

# Our Lady Peace, The Wonderful Future

She builds her own satellite  
From an old rusted chair  
She leaves this old world behind  
And the things that she cares

Maybe she's gone  
But it won't be for long  
What do I know?  
Maybe she's found  
What we all dream about  
What do I know?

She's beautiful and wonderful  
I can't compare  
It's not that fair

She builds a strong alibi  
From the future that's here  
She needs to know I'm alive  
And that I'm flesh and I tear

Maybe she's wrong  
But I won't mind my own  
What do I know?  
And their silicone  
With a touch of her soul  
What do I know?

She's beautiful and wonderful  
I can't compare  
It's not that fair