

# Staind, This Is It

Here we are  
With nowhere else to go  
And that's so far  
From where we all could be but

If you feel like disappearing  
You should take this for what it's worth

This is it  
And it fits  
And it feels like this is good enough for me  
Could it be  
That the grass is always green?

There you are  
You dream of something better  
What's so wrong  
With what you thought was true and

If all the colors are disappearing  
You should take this for what it's worth

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And it fits  
And it feels like this is good enough for me  
Could it be  
That the grass is always green?

(This is it)  
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