

Ben Folds**"Such Great Heights"**

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I am thinking it's a sign
That the freckles in our eyes
Are mirror images and when we kiss
They're perfectly aligned
And I have to speculate
That God himself did make us
Into corresponding shapes
Like puzzle pieces from the clay
And true, it may seem like a stretch
But it's thoughts like this that catch
My troubled head when you're away
When I am missing you to death
When you are out there on the road
For several weeks of shows
And when you scan the radio
I hope this song will guide you home

They will see us waving from such great heights
"Come down now," they'll say
But everything looks perfect from far away
"Come down now," but we'll stay . . .

I tried my best to leave
This all on your machine
But the persistent beat
It sounded thin upon listening
And that frankly will not fly
You will hear the shrillest highs
And lowest lows with the windows down
When this is guiding you home

They will see us waving from such great heights
"Come down now," they'll say
But everything looks perfect from far away
"Come down now," but we'll stay . . .

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