

Hollies

"Isn't It Nice"

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Isn't it nice to be someone
Someone you dream that you are?
Isn't it such a nice feeling
The feeling you wished on a star?

You have slipped down a rainbow
Discovered your own pot of gold
You are living your wildest dreams
Use them, you'll never grow old

Just like Cinderella
But your clock will never strike twelve
You have something to envy
That everyone wants for themselves

You have slipped down a rainbow
Discovered your own pot of gold
Chasing moonbeams and catching the wind
And living stories you've been told

You have slipped down a rainbow
Discovered your own pot of gold
You are living your wildest dreams
Use them, you'll never grow old

Isn't it nice to be somewhere
In places you've dreamed that you've seen
Isn't it such a nice feeling
Being where you've never been

Isn't it nice to be someone
Someone you dream that you are?
Isn't it such a nice feeling
The feeling you wished on a star?

Isn't it nice to be someone
Someone you dream that you are?
Isn't it such a nice feeling
The feeling you wished on a star?

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