

The Hollies, Isn't It Nice

(Clarke / Sylvester)

Isn't it nice to be someone
Someone you've dreamed that you are
Isn't it such a nice feeling
The feeling you've wished upon a star

You have slipped down a rainbow
Discovered your own pot of gold
You are living your wildest dream
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

verse 2

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

verse 1