

# Reflection

## Spock's Beard

Behold, the man, the stranger, the working man's son  
He reflected the mountain  
Now all souls can see what's been done And the word spread fast as wild fire  
But the people changed as the wind swept higher  
And the crowd's got huge, man, you should've seen the choir And in two years he made the cover of time  
The albino priest with the psychic mind  
You wanna see Mr. Snow, you better get in line, yeah He might've been fine, he might've got through it, okay  
If not for the girl  
When he saw her, I guess, everything changed And the loose in him, wound up tight  
And the flanks all faded in the faring light  
And the needy people seemed an oversight He knew about things he couldn't know  
He knew about people and he told them so  
But until he touched her, he didn't know  
She let him know, oh, oh

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