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 doneAnd 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 choirAnd 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, yeahHe might've been fine, he might've got through it, okay
If not for the girl
When he saw her, I guess, everything changedAnd the loose in him, wound up tight
And the flanks all faded in the faring light
And the needy people seemed an oversightHe 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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