

# Guided By Voices, A Visit To The Creep Dr.

The yellow moon looks down now  
Lights the scene for the night ahead  
Surround the chairs in a circle  
And I just can't sit down

{chorus}  
But the freak stares on  
Puts on his glasses and he smokes it down  
That don't matter for much now/dear/downhere  
He says, "I'm gonna put your head on

and don't you screw it up."

The message was delivered  
The mothers wept uncontrollably  
Mad children went to the warehouse  
Heavens trumpets blow

{chorus}  
{chorus}