

Guided By Voices, Cocksoldiers And Their Postwar

If you could imagine this
You're not to blame
This is one thing that you missed
I know it's not the same

Bend your rules in healing halls
Poisoned rain
Of the scavenger of sports
That you found to be insane

Realize the entertainment
Rise above the self-containment
Compromise will be the arrangement
For the cocksoldiers
And their postwar stubble
And dream tonight

repeat all but the second part.