

# Guided By Voices, Expecting Brainchild

"Bob, would you and Living Praise Choir lead us into 'Gos Be The Glory'?"

It isn't quite ready  
It's almost 5:30  
Scholars and flunkees  
Faggots and junkies  
Incinerator in a blood red sky  
Kill the head and the body will die  
I can't tell you that I'm happy  
But I can tell you that my clothes are snappy

It's time time time time time time time time to draw the line  
Time time time time time time time time to draw the line

Superman died tonight  
Ate a pound of Kryptonite  
Drank a quart of brotherly love  
Fell straight from the sky above  
And if there's a hell below  
Kenneth Ray ain't gonna go  
He lost his soul in the Korean War  
I lost my concentration when he opened the door

It's time time time time time time time time to draw the line  
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