

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

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