

Guided By Voices, Exploding Anthills

Exploding anthills in my head
I'll tell you later
Now I'm dead
I call girl with x ray hair
Call again but she's not there

It's all it breaks (?)
Infibulates
Thing thinking
A thing thinking
A thing thinking
A thing thinking

She gave me things that made me dig (?)
Magic vestibules and horses wig (?)
A shredded box from the raging wood (?)
On an ant from a smashed car ???

And at the equinox
Can't reach the PO box
A thing thinking
A thing thinking
A thing thinking
A thing thinking...