

Guided By Voices, Finks

A lie that's of no aim which follows secrets bleeding to you
Painted over beauty with tattoos of pink and blue
Parlor games in time will rob you of the energy which loves you
Do you see that soon I won't be able to weep for you?

I will weep for you
I will preach the truth but it won't be truth
I will reach for you
I will contact you with an outstretched will because

Some of them are astral city slickers, shrewd and untrustworthy
Leaving you asphyxiated, trapped in a world within
Subtle claws have scratched the lining, leaving you hanging on to your skin
Monitors of you monopolies, though soon they will come again

They will turn you in
They will turn you in and I know they will
They will come again
They were here before and they're after joe again

When I get tired it always happens
There comes a lonely man saying
Don't walk away from those who wanna reach you
They will reach for you
They will reach for you
They will reach for you
They will reach for you