

Guided By Voices, It Is Divine

The colorful summer
I still remember
The smell of the chlorine
The diving hairline

It is divine, my child
And it only lasts a second

To study the plants
To hike the trails
Stray out from strange echoes
Collect the lights
Advice from the cows

It is divine...

To polish the pearl
To open the tomb
To piss on the hot street
Like transistor sunman

It is divine...