

# Guided By Voices, Mr. Gene

8 stone Sunday lobster  
Subway cars roll in  
Building of coffins  
Build me a coffin  
Pour me some coffee  
White house radar readings  
&quot;The last text on village firearms&quot;;

My dad eats shit and barks at the moon  
And Mr. Gene-o holds the spoon - he said so

Sun-tanned bodies floating in ice cream  
Worries carried away - hey  
On distant mushroom clouds  
I talk very loud  
He says &quot;Mind your manners&quot;;  
I do, but don't think so

My dad eats shit and barks at the moon  
And Mr. Gene-o holds the spoon - he said so

I eat with my hands  
He says &quot;Pray for forgiveness&quot;;  
I do but don't think so  
I bark at the moon  
He says &quot;Stay within reach&quot;;  
I do  
I do but don't think so  
I do Mr. Gene-o  
I do but don't think so  
I do Mr. Gene-o  
F\*\*k you Mr. Gene-o