

Guided By Voices, Navigating Flood Regions

Spy! shouted the crew, Lets string him up
Wise off to the captain, now wheres my coffee cup?
And its been an adventurous day
The ship floats, but it wont float away
Lets us stay

Don your favorite costume, here we go
Belt a song from your lungs real long and slow
And youre doing a wonderful job
Shaping up with a competent mob
Its your job

Its as long as wide and just beginning
Been around for eons just like me
Grab your money and lets go for all the winnings
Cast your soul into the jagged sea
Its the number on your head
Now youre dead

Stuff you down the barrel of a cannon
Let you see the world as something to see
Take you to the corners of the playground
Let you watch the traffic through the trees
Its the number on your head
Now youre dead

And well run as the war trumpet blows
And the judge with the list of no-shows