

Guided By Voices, On Short Wave

I often said my my problems with too much to say
Good things flow
The way to cover topics Scots (?) forgot about
Life beams low
On short wave
On short wave
The only real memory I'll ever have

In unrealistic boyhoods we made no mistakes
In what we chose
The mosses green on slippery black rocks we would break
Far too close
To short wave
To short wave

I have survived the acid test to reach you
I'm never sightless to the outstretch of your arms
Wearing it's disguise in exiting the idols blight controlling
All encompassing cajoling
Wear our wings of no bird (?)
You have your rainbow waiting
On short wave
On short wave
The only real memory I'll ever have