

Guided By Voices, Perhaps Now The Vultures

Shot down from the rafters
And off to ever after
Consider this a failure
So be it, urchins promise
The curse is working
The trail of bodies
That leaves no suspect
What did you expect?

And get it
Get it here
Get it now

The news is not worthy
Dont even look
Youre cornered into thinking
Invited to the lynching

Specify instructions
Ill shoot the arrow straight up
Ill frame your holy mugshot
Add insult to buckshot
And then Ill drink with glycerol frog-eye
Yeah, she can tell you every detail