

Guided By Voices, Picture From The Brainbox

Grandma's connected to a black and white
Push button brainbox
Donate your dollars to the logical scholars
Of the radiated smile
And radiation kills
She takes the little yellow pills
That make her sleep

Suspended animation - yeah
Total degradation - yeah
And auto-medication - yeah

Slowdown - speed up
The club down the street
With no signs that compete
With cold streets tomorrow
We're on our way from earth
Can't fix the plumbing
No second coming
See you next week, baby
They'll be out in the streets, oh yeah
Looking for anyone to eat, oh yeah
They'll take the logical mask of defeat, oh yeah

They're dying to see Jesus

Fat greedy bastards sit in beautiful mansions
Combing their ransoms, man
For the sum of gold saved
Whilst building the coolest of graves
Puppet-headed conscious police
Saviors of the weak
Masters of the donkey and carrot
Perfectionists of dog and bone
Get them in their homes
The hordes of Christian clones
"We know no other vehicle"
Save the keeper of the aquarium
But electronic John the Baptist
And a much more comfortable ride
When we come to place, yeah!
We'll all go together
Has anyone died?
Come back with your mind fried?