

Guided By Voices, Storm Vibrations

Does she blend well?
Your choice, I mean
Your angel baby monkey girl
The gift of smiles and love production
Her sunshine mind
Her storm cloud eyes
Blending colors into brown
Confusing emotions, deliberately

Does it hurt you?
To love, I mean
And all the creases in your brow
The red bedspread, the storm vibrations
The starless nights
The shattered screen
Allowing pain to enter
Let your guard/God down, obviously

It will try to find you
No matter where you may go
It will try to find you
No matter who you may know

Does it hurt you?
To love, I mean
Does it hurt you?
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Does it hurt you?
To love, I mean