

# Guided By Voices, Where I Come From

There's sense in arguing  
That's something you believe in  
Can't hope ??? someones good advice  
Don't have much money to lay around and grieve in  
Better off just keep your mouth shut  
Come on boys be nice  
You can't hurt me now  
I don't know how to cry  
But I'm still young

I see the outstretched arms that beckon me  
But I can't come  
I hear the spoken words that make no sense  
Where I come from

Keep everyone happy with ??? recreation  
??? take out frustrations on the field  
??? churches on every other corner  
???visions with much better yield  
You can't hurt me now  
I don't know how to cry  
But I'm still young

I feel the stinging truth  
The slaps me hard  
And makes me numb  
I eat the bitter fruit that grows on trees  
Where I come from