

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