

Guided By Voices, Bunco Men

When the instant city bleeds
the old stones will shift
and the brides will tell
of an empire of grain
that went to the rats
they'll remember well

I've got a thing or two
I wanna give to you again
I see a real baby blue
not yet glued to you again
come on down
emitting dimensions are swallowing you
I picked a room with a view
under the stars

good men how do you wait
like factory ham
on an inchworm train?
bad men how will you steal
another good day
with an episode of pain?

I've got a thing or two
I wanna give to you again
I've seen a real baby blue
not yet glued to you again
come on down
emitting dimensions are swallowing you
I picked a room with a view
under the bushes