

Guided By Voices, Circus World

It's a storm
Understand me
They never will this
All we do we do for you
Shit gets old and demanding
It never fails to amaze me
When I see it all before me
If I were a freak who self-destructs
A ride for boys in monster trucks
The painted sluts training monkey men
I call to the door but they won't let me in
And the human fly gets smashed again
He mixes his blood with tonic and gin
And I choke on the sheep stuck in the company of wolves
As you raise up on your hind hooves
Daylight breaks
I see a face that used to cry
Where were you then
Somewhere off to yourself
There's too many people involved in the game