

Guided By Voices, Glad Girls

Hey, glad girls only want to get you high
And they're alright

There will be no coronation
There will be no flowers flowing
In the light that passes though me

Hey, glad girls only want to get you high
And they're alright

There will be no graduation
There will be no trumpets blowing
In the light that passes through me

With the sinking of the sun
I've come to greet you
Clean your hands and go to sleep
Confess the dreams
Of good and bad men all around
Some are lost
And some have found
The light that passes though me