

# Guided By Voices, Gleemer (The Deeds Of Fertile Jim)

I'm sitting on two heads  
&quot;Some seat,&quot; I heard some said  
Just waiting for Sunday  
Four days after Wednesday

The higher clouds are closing in  
To hide the deeds of Fertile Jim

Could this be a brand new low  
One that we can't talk about  
One that we can't live without  
One that we can join in now?

Standing on two feet  
Now buried on concrete  
Just waiting for sundown  
So as to be not found

The higher clouds are closing in  
To hide the deeds of Fertile Jim

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One that we can't talk about  
One that we can't live without  
One that we can join in now?