

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

I'm sitting on two heads
"Some seat," 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

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?