

# Guided By Voices, I Wanna Be A Dumbcharger

To seek the blood from precious stones is blasphemy  
The perfect angels who monitor your intentions  
God keeps his famous children---be respectable  
Temptation creeps to you like rapists in the night  
So smoke the rockets and float the boats  
We'll man our stations like devil goats

And hope to hell we hear the bell  
To let us now go home