

Guided By Voices, In Stitches

What have we here?
Where the fragmented mind is reassembled

A new gift for crying out loud
A small token of our appreciation
Human amusements at hourly rates

It all makes for trouble math
But when the lights come on
You leave me in stitches
You leave me in stitches

I hear you singing
The spiritual getaway
Yearning to hike away
From hurt and spiny things
Who use you for their practices
And settlements

Permanent holy wars dissolve and crash
On the red horizon
Busted bottle red sunshine
Moonfire flickering