

# Guided By Voices, Interest Position

It's time for a round  
Some times I cry for the sane  
The sane worth speaking of  
Electric misery  
Like lightning flashing about  
In conversation  
No need to call him out  
Believe your intuition  
How is it you want him to be  
Vivid and psychic  
Inventing new cliché  
In you not happiness nor hope  
These gifts do not matter now  
The hurtful gifts we bring  
Subject to prop and plan we have to nominate a signal we can understand  
By now the naked entrants aren't who we need  
Beneath the hollow tree in gratitude I'm waking up to cut my deal