

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