

Guided By Voices, My Thoughts Are A Gas (What's Up Matador)

Of lights who've faded out before here comes the same
When I'm coded from too much of what I can't describe
Kept at bay in some regard despite what she wrote
I've been frozen in a site display where nothing amounts
To anything

Took a journey back to sometime just to find out
If I could locate another improbable passage way
Penetrate ? rock and the rock echos back
My thoughts are a gas
I'm not going to crash
Into anyone

And often asked

What do you know
Just what was handed down to me
Slip graciously in to the happy homes
Groping ? frequently opposed
???
Built this champion
Out of their own wasted flesh
Is this supposed to do that
Through it all I'll pass
Cause my thoughts are a gas
My thoughts are a gas
My thoughts are a gas