

Guided By Voices, Not Behind The Fighter Jet

Militant babies came to me
And told me, Don't be afraid to try
Phenomenal stunt kids in the streets
Popping out of the black ghost pie
Fearless ones, cracked up Jack and Jill
They're down there in the bunker still
You look like a sniper anyway

I'm not behind the fighter jet
I'd much rather back a simple girl
I've seen your plan and it's all wet
A noseload of prophecies coming to me

Caught in the trap where bravery steps
A wounded mercenary bleeds
In the hall of fantastically fine things
Where the path of glory leads
Lately I think it's grown too hard
Coming up with the winning card
But who's gonna beat them in their own backyard?

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