Guided By Voices, Pretty Bombs

Climbing up to greet you And all the suns that shine above you Pretty bombs will sing you To sleep and you will dream of them

Out of one chance Out of wonder

A secret box where hides it They put their hearts inside it No one has the keys And so they lie to you

Loving arms attack you With promises for when you check out Are they so intrigued By far off places over there

From inside their pretty cages They creep out and up the hill To follow them

Going places All the same

Peeled in grace before the sunlight Stripped of face and so the morning...