

Guided By Voices, Redboots And The Helmet

Redboots smiled like an electric child
The gift his father gave him
Came straight from God
"Journey onward, Son
Through porcupine nights and daffodil days..."
This was in 19 something and 5
Before the rise of the faceless union
In the heart of Mork and Mindy
Spit through tubeless transportation

This catastrophic nightmare endured
Just a burning fart away
From the terminal tooth decay

The landscapes
The algoythms
Penelope
The head shrinkers
We're all too much

Like a sunburn in the arctic
The best Elvis on Earth
The final calculation of slaughtered Indians
On reruns of Rawhide

Redboots picked up a rock
And threw it through an adjacent window
Angry looking people sat luridly in the press box
And the lucky passers-by who stood
Gawking at the new messiah

If you're gonna take a look
Do it by the book
Question the plot?
Obviously not

And the last thing under construction was my mind...