

Guided By Voices, The Brides Have Hit Glass

I don't come around
Never call or let her know
I got a life of my own
You know I hate to be around her
When she's like that
I wrote a song once about her
Called The Brides Have Hit Glass

You know it just won't last
To be on top of your own world
With no guardrails to cling to
You fall so very fast
It's very odd to find her up again
Staking out expansion
Seeking new exposure

And when she holds out an empty glass
And she comes for a handout
And I ask for the same thing, it's sad
And I hold on so sure I can take all she can
Just to be around her
Just to feel bad

One day I will know
That it's a waste of time
And there's a better road ahead of me
I just don't know how to make it there
So I'll just hang around and take my chance
Once again I'll roll the dice
And try to hang on to my shrinking paradise

And I'll hold out an empty glass
And I'll come for a handout
And I'll ask for the same thing, it's sad
And I'll hold on so confident that it's all I can give
Just to find my way again
Just to hit glass