

# Guided By Voices, The Colussus Crawls West

It's too late now she's got me dreaming  
Without you there is no truth according to me  
Inside and around me tears got me drinking  
Without you there is no scope in the morning for me  
One of these days in the night  
Old enemies will come back to fight  
And since you would then disagree  
We will be skinned alive  
When full colored kings arrive  
And teach then we will all we know  
Bring popcorn for Geronimo  
And dance with our freshly made friends  
Ignoring the old ones - the boring and cold ones  
And when the colossus crawls west  
Jazz bastards will fall and confess  
We all love you so and  
You rock is paradise plastic  
It's cheap and fantastic!