

Guided By Voices, The Enemy

Look me straight
Now blame it on loneliness
Who knows?
Certainly not them

Where is this?
The lane that takes you head on
But for now
You do not/cannot contemplate
Certainly not you

And silence is dread
'Cause look what you've done
Aligned outside no aim
Which follows me
Painted over a well cleansed abdomen
Tattooed ugly and blue
The enemy

Watch and wait
A childproof survival kit
Just for a glimpse
Of the everlasting big kick

Secrets bleeding to untold families
Lovers in flight over the gravesite
We become statues
In a ten acre garden