Guided By Voices, The Goldheart Mountaintop Q

cold hands touching my face don't hide - the snake can see you old friends you might not remember fading away from you the goldheart mountaintop queen directory the goldheart mountaintop queen directory

and we looked and we passed through the hallway of shatterproof glass

she runs through the night as if nobody cares she screams and she cries and ignores all the stares she wants me to come, but i'm never going there the goldheart mountaintop queen directory the goldheart mountaintop queen directory