

Guided By Voices, The Winter Cows

So sing, so sing the winter cows
They lowly croak and no-one wonders where they are
Now they know
Just what will come remains a mystery to me
Now they know
Just what will come remains a mystery to me
To me
Remains a mystery

And when they come into our view they disappear like a lonely star
The winter cows are leaving now
The summer sun is burning their eyes
Their infant eyes
Burning their eyes
Their infant eyes
Burning their eyes