

Guided By Voices, Things I Will Keep

Coded ancient, the crease
Unlock the timers
And strike the chimers
In my sleep

Grab the coat, steel the fleece
From behind the curtain
It will most certain-
ly bring peace

To those with countless numbers
No longer cold or hot, like
Things that I will keep
And hide them in my sleep

Dead even countless numbers
No longer cold or hot, like
Things that I will keep
And hide them in my sleep

Coded ancient, oh brightness
We shall see
Loaded up and at night when
We shall flee
Not to tread through the heavy life
Sink in the dream
On the right night
You'll find her waiting

Selling things for cheap
The things that I will keep