

Guided By Voices, To My Beloved Martha

Fly like a bird
Black feet that never get shocked
Fried fish
Pluck the hen
Skin the rabbit
Mount the head
All of the rabbits that don't get your scent
Get shot
Or hide like a beast in the forest down
Underground
In a world that's safe

There's the gift you gave

Chorus:
To my beloved Martha
A shiny gold plaque
With a small brass tack
Hold the wire on the back

Chorus again