

Guided By Voices, Tobacco's Last Stand

I heard you what the problem is
I didn't hear you both
You're coming through
Like weird electric jive
Bumming your role
I'm playing your role
Will you love me come Saturday?
Yeah I know it's too hard to plan it
And will the attachment stay attached?
Until destroyed by a match
Watch it burn a light in the night
Watch it burn a light in the night
Fire cleanses a soul
Fire cleanses a spirit
But I don't wanna hear it
Through a box with wires
I wanna taste it with my own two eyes
Burn baby burn
Burn baby burn baby burn baby burn