

Guided By Voices, Wondering Boy Poet

Dream on, child of change
Throw your javelin through the sun
Pierce the heart of everyone
Though we push to slave the days
This is not reality
This is just formality
The cup is only being filled
For the chance to have it spilled

Flowing just like the days
Sailing just like the days
Flowing just like the days
Sailing just like the days
Flowing just like the days
Sailing just like the days
Flowing just like the days
Sailing just like the days