

Robert Pollard, Wrinkled Ghost

There is wind in the trees
It ripples like a song and I ask you please
Are your lasers applied?
Is your contribution generous enough to go inside?

With good in everyone
For this we have been striving
This trip is a task to long
I insist you do the driving

Will you go where you're steered?
Do you call your boyfriend Little John?
Do you call his father weird?
Do you love him the most?

Does he iron out the nasty creases
From your wrinkled ghost?

Some guys have very sharp eyes
And some are simply hiding
And some might testify
To the best of worlds colliding
I'll set sail today
Without the gods to bless me
You'd like I should go away
But I shall refuse endlessly