

## The Best of Jill Hives

Guided by Voices

Paid up, weathered, and type-O  
Clad in gladstone, watch him go  
Swimming 'neath the microscope  
Hello lonely, bless the nation  
Mister skip to all or none  
Wooden soldiers fall upon  
Try to find what makes her tick  
While they're finding out what makes them sick

I don't know where you find your nerve  
I don't know how you choose your words  
Speak the ones that suit you worst  
Keep you grounded, sad, and cursed  
Circle the ones that come alive  
Save them for the best of Jill Hives

Been around and left you flat  
Tragically decided that  
Every child of God's a brat  
And she's dying to escape them  
But do we really need to see  
All her punchdrunk history?  
And which of it might hold the key  
For the exit to her destiny?

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Number one in all our souls  
Trifle in a crystal bowl  
Fill it up with nine to five  
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