

A Contest Featuring Human Beings

Guided by Voices

I drew up back when Mr. Skate came back from the attack
The official fag saw the cake tossed into the lake
And he crossed that lake with his overpaid army
Of rats and snakes on whiskey ships
And they are right, they were alive
They were fools, making rules
For their entrance into the butchery pools
Let them be and that's the lesson
An overworked dreamer and his cronies
On minitracks and motorbikes
And a contest featuring human beings
And other less sprouts
And other less sprouts