

A Good Flying Bird

Guided by Voices

Many years we spent unpressured
That we knew so swell
Love in times of simple pleasures
Only time would tell
Oh, this is not to say
We are not the way we used to be
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

We were not so fond of reason
Everyone could tell
Even times we'd start to stumble
But never ever fell
Oh, this is not to say
We were not the worst we've ever been
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Fools and kings decide
Ways to live your life
This is just the way we want to be