

Burning Flag Birthday Suit

Guided by Voices

Don't open life alone
Contact the empire solutionaries
They cut the skin
They peel back the onion
Reveal the ghost blood
Fat black gas exudes
Moves into the mirrored hall of empty values

Canned sister Iowa
Drive me to the changing room
Where the counterfeit meets
And brings it's collection of orphans

Leave them in the state grip
The nurses hate them
But it's up to you and me
My faithful sin-eater
To give them a glorious light bath
And remove their wrapping
Their burning flag birthday suit