

Huffman Prairie Flying Field

Guided by Voices

Visit mysterious fields
See them with small courage
There you will come to a bird
She may scream the word
But if that's what you think you heard
Then what's what you heard
And if that's what you want to hear
Then that's what I will tell you

Black without warning
The storm and the morning star
It's look! We are angels on wires
From a pregnant sky
And if that's where you think you'll go
Then that's where you'll go
And if what's what you want to feel
Then that's what I will sell you

And now I've come back
Translucent and peeled
At Huffman Prairie Flying Field
I've come to start up my head
Been closed and locked up
For far too long
For far too long
For far too long
For far too long