

In Stitches

Guided by Voices

What have we here?
Where the fragmented mind is
Re-assembled
A new gift for crying out loud
A small token of our appreciation
Human amusements at hourly rates?
It all makes for trouble math
But when the light comes on
You leave me in stitches
I hear you singing the spiritual getaway
Yearning to hike away
From hurt and spiny things
Who use you for their practice
And settlements
Permanent holy wars dissolve
And crash
On the red horizon
Busted bottle red sunshine
Moonfire flickering