

## Kisses to the Crying Cooks

Guided by Voices

Onion lady blows her precious prose  
And so it goes  
Kisses to the crying cooks  
Their bigs in books  
With baited hooks  
Chorus: And days away from your army  
And spend with whimsy kings and slaves  
A girl of God becomes a cash flower  
A catalog of gardens and graves  
Travelers diagram  
For where I am  
From where I am  
Director of visional codes and overloads  
It all explodes  
Chorus