

Land of Danger

Guided by Voices

Oh, baby -- this is the land of danger (each and every home a battlefield)
Oh, baby -- this is the throat of a stranger (searching for the blood
that's now congealed)
Oh, baby -- this is a thick muddy mystery (tearing at the pages of our past)
Oh, baby -- this is the straight path of history (human motion -- land and ocean)
Try to run, try to hide
It's been a long, long, long, long long, long time
Oh, baby -- this is the fresh flesh of anger (calling out for a action in the streets)
Oh, baby -- this is a slow running canker (opened up by victories and defeats)
Oh, baby -- this is the night of the dancer (dancing on a time bomb in my head)
Oh, baby -- this is the ultimate cancer (human notion -- fear in motion)
Try to run, try to hide
It's been a long, long, long, long long, long time
[Don't tell me everything's gonna work out anymore
Don't tell me everything's gonna work out anymore]
[Don't tell me everything's gonna work out]