

Look at Them

Guided by Voices

It's crippling never really knowing
They're huddling where it's always nice

And plus there is a flame of frail and trippy hearts
And swallowed, being small and being still
Following where ever you will

Look at them, they're sensitive
And they inch out, look at them

And plus there is a flame of frail and trippy hearts
And swallowed, being small and being still
Following where ever you will