

Storm Vibrations

Guided by Voices

Does she blend well?
Your choice, I mean?
Your angel baby monkey girl
The gift of smiles and love production
Her sunshine mind
Her storm cloud eyes
Blending colors into brown
Confusing emotions - deliberately
Does it hurt you?
To love, I mean?

And all the creases in your brow?
The red bed spread?
The storm vibrations?

The starless nights?
The shattered screen?

Allowing pain to enter
Let your guard/God down obviously

I will try to find you
No matter where you may go

It will try to find you
No matter who you may know

Does it hurt you?
To love, I mean?