

The Finest Joke Is Upon Us

Guided by Voices

Mother - feeling your hand-eye
Believe you and I did then
And mother-release every bad seed
The geese are leaving the trees
Exposed to winter's cold
They waited too long - But we too
Exaggerated and now take the cake away
It's a long song and I can't play it
So give me a grip now collector of bones
Worlds of smoke
Distorted mirror broken
Paradise is open but I choke
One of these days when I see through the smoke
There'll be the day I get the joke