

# The Military School Dance Dismissal

Guided by Voices

The cargo feels like this,  
Otherwise, guess, of course, we've missed.  
A French coach close up beneath the rear,  
We're playing guns again, we have no fear.

Super balls, they cause the problem hearts,  
Apples fresh, screw you in an outer space hypnotic, it suffice.  
None of them or all of us will preif.  
Time is blowing constantly of hit,  
Lately I've been thinking out of shit.

Nervous skinned, no humble pack, no fun.  
Freshly from a coma on the run.  
Secret stop and space inspects itself.  
Frost collects itself upon the shelf.

Audo James never had a chance,  
Never had a bullet for the dance.