

The Worryin' Song

Guided by Voices

(nothing could be finer than viewing this in paragraph form!)
Constant gray-
haired hunters are after me, on the collision course
in the room of the lie detectors. Someone's ideas are a joke, but this
one is all mine. And that's what bothers me, like my father before me,
and the mothers that bore me. There is always going to be the test team
and qualifiers. I'm on the cutting edge of humility. Just like
Jerk said,
I ain't gonna worry no more.