

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, b
ut this
one is all mine. And that's what bothers me, like my father bef
ore me,
and the mothers that bore me. There is always going to be the t
est team
and qualifiers. I'm on the cutting edge of humility. Just like
Jerk said,
I ain't gonna worry no more.