

## Trampoline

Guided by Voices

The one in the jar at the foot of the bed  
Gets weaker at heart but larger at head  
Says I am the fool  
Spat on and pushed aside  
He gave something back just right before he died  
The man with the hair on top of his ears  
Drove past me at eight with a cooler of beer  
Got high on the hunt in camouflage green  
A drop of precious oil in the ??all darned?? machine  
Way-o