

Guided By Voices, Big Boring Wedding

I have entered a shiny new realm
A very different and very spoiled world
Its with great pleasure I introduce myself
To call and thank you for such delicious pie

The irony is sweet, the bird is paralyzed
With one good finger you try me on for size
Its hard to imagine that you just want to leave
With yellow photos, pocket sized

Revealing mobility, your psychedelic eye
Spontaneous and violent but private to the mind
With nowhere left to go

Pass the word, the chicks are back
The chicks are back, yeah
The chicks are back

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The chandelier is spinning and shaking
The fireball is already waking

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