

# Guided By Voices, Bite

I remember things  
We weren't in the plan  
Long ago when I was a young man  
Never tried to hide  
Never really saw the  
House that holds  
The hawk's head cold  
Is mine yes  
I drink myself into a drunken mess  
Lose my luck, fail the test  
They're are the things I wanna say to you  
They're are things that I'd like to say to you