

# Guided By Voices, Bunco Men

When the instant city bleeds  
the old stones will shift  
and the brides will tell  
of an empire of grain  
that went to the rats  
they'll remember well

I've got a thing or two  
I wanna give to you again  
I see a real baby blue  
not yet glued to you again  
come on down  
emitting dimensions are swallowing you  
I picked a room with a view  
under the stars

good men how do you wait  
like factory ham  
on an inchworm train?  
bad men how will you steal  
another good day  
with an episode of pain?

I've got a thing or two  
I wanna give to you again  
I've seen a real baby blue  
not yet glued to you again  
come on down  
emitting dimensions are swallowing you  
I picked a room with a view  
under the bushes