

# Guided By Voices, Circus World

It's a storm  
Understand me  
They never will this  
All we do we do for you  
Shit gets old and demanding  
It never fails to amaze me  
When I see it all before me  
If I were a freak who self-destructs  
A ride for boys in monster trucks  
The painted sluts training monkey men  
I call to the door but they won't let me in  
And the human fly gets smashed again  
He mixes his blood with tonic and gin  
And I choke on the sheep stuck in the company of wolves  
As you raise up on your hind hooves  
Daylight breaks  
I see a face that used to cry  
Where were you then  
Somewhere off to yourself  
There's too many people involved in the game