

# Guided By Voices, Cocksoldiers And Their Postwar

If you could imagine this  
You're not to blame  
This is one thing that you missed  
I know it's not the same

Bend your rules in healing halls  
Poisoned rain  
Of the scavenger of sports  
That you found to be insane

Realize the entertainment  
Rise above the self-containment  
Compromise will be the arrangement  
For the cocksoldiers  
And their postwar stubble  
And dream tonight

repeat all but the second part.