

# Guided By Voices, From A Voice Plantation

It  
Who no longer can listen  
It  
Saw a gusty wind

Come up to listen  
Before I was ten  
and all of the evil grids  
From a hill where rats consider

And they gang  
And they topple  
And they send a smoke ring  
Into the onion field  
A ghost!  
And this can make you choke  
Coming from the throat  
Of a ghost!

And sent to my weak knees  
From a voice plantation  
All in together  
In terror