

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