

# Guided By Voices, Glad Girls

Hey, glad girls only want to get you high  
And they're alright

There will be no coronation  
There will be no flowers flowing  
In the light that passes though me

Hey, glad girls only want to get you high  
And they're alright

There will be no graduation  
There will be no trumpets blowing  
In the light that passes through me

With the sinking of the sun  
I've come to greet you  
Clean your hands and go to sleep  
Confess the dreams  
Of good and bad men all around  
Some are lost  
And some have found  
The light that passes though me