

# Guided By Voices, Huffman Prairie Flying Field

Visit mysterious fields  
See them with small courage  
There you will come to a bird  
She may scream the word  
But if that's what you think you heard  
Then what's what you heard  
And if that's what you want to hear  
Then that's what I will tell you

Black without warning  
The storm and the morning star  
It's look! We are angels on wires  
From a pregnant sky  
And if that's where you think you'll go  
Then that's where you'll go  
And if what's what you want to feel  
Then that's what I will sell you

And now I've come back  
Translucent and peeled  
At Huffman Prairie Flying Field  
I've come to start up my head  
Been closed and locked up  
For far too long  
For far too long  
For far too long  
For far too long