

# Guided By Voices, Indian Fables

I leap toward the south yeah  
And attempt to burn my bridges  
Way down to the equator  
And back up north with the wind  
I'm travelin'  
And the last I heard twelve sad stories  
From disciples of the sun  
And we rang the bell  
And fired the gun  
To worship the perfect and sometimes cruel  
Impartiality of the sun