Guided By Voices, Interest Position

It's time for a round Some times I cry for the sane The sane worth speaking of Electric misery Like lightning flashing about In conversation No need to call him out Believe your intuition How is it you want him to be Vivid and psychic Inventing new clich In you not happiness nor hope These gifts do not matter now The hurtful gifts we bring Subject to prop and plan we have to nominate a signal we can understand By now the naked entrants aren't who we need Beneath the hollow tree in gratitude I'm waking up to cut my deal