

Guided By Voices, Kisses To The Crying Cooks

Onion lady blows her precious prose
And so it goes
Kisses to the crying cooks
Their bigs in books
With baited hooks

Chorus: And days away from your army
And spend with whimsy kings and slaves
A girl of God becomes a cash flower
A catalog of gardens and graves

Travelers diagram
For where I am
From where I am
Director of visional codes and overloads
It all explodes

Chorus