

Guided By Voices, Look At Them

Its crippling, never really knowing
Theyre huddling where its always nice
And plus there is a flame of frail and trippy hearts
And swallowed, being small and being still
Following wherever you will

Look at them, theyre sensitive
And they inch out, look at them
And plus there is a flame of frail and trippy hearts
And swallowed, being small and being still
Following wherever you will