

Guided By Voices, Man Called Aerodynamics

Find deep within your memory coat
A cricket bag you ate from
Its sweet smiling apology
Acceptance awaits you
Dont be afraid to cherish it
Look it up in the bookmobile
Look it up in the gun rack
In the magazine rack
And the map

For it is only after the fence comes down
That the cartoon bubble explodes
And the new party begins
Invitation only, still in a senators suitcase
Let them out and dance for the ant god
Like scary magnets to pounce upon command
Upon the man
The man called Aerodynamics