

# Guided By Voices, My Thoughts Are A Gas (What's Up Matador)

Of lights who've faded out before here comes the same  
When I'm coded from too much of what I can't describe  
Kept at bay in some regard despite what she wrote  
I've been frozen in a site display where nothing amounts  
To anything

Took a journey back to sometime just to find out  
If I could locate another improbable passage way  
Penetrate ? rock and the rock echos back  
My thoughts are a gas  
I'm not going to crash  
Into anyone

And often asked

What do you know  
Just what was handed down to me  
Slip graciously in to the happy homes  
Groping ? frequently opposed  
???

Built this champion  
Out of their own wasted flesh  
Is this supposed to do that  
Through it all I'll pass  
Cause my thoughts are a gas  
My thoughts are a gas  
My thoughts are a gas