

# Guided By Voices, Order For The New Slave Trade

After clearing his throat  
The speaker read from the manuscript  
"Only forty-percent of all participants have remained alcoholic."  
And we began to discuss amongst ourselves  
The possibility for a dream-filled holiday  
Order for the new slave trade

New flag blowing  
We've used up our minds  
We had no way of knowing  
Old flag burning  
We've lost our souls  
There'll be no returning  
We've diverted back  
To the stretch rack  
Only this time  
We won't snap back

While crossing the parking lot  
A stranger approached me  
Handed me a gun  
He said meet me in the ashes  
Of the old city  
And we're bound.....  
To have.....  
Some fun.