

# Guided By Voices, The Brides Have Hit Glass

I don't come around  
Never call or let her know  
I got a life of my own  
You know I hate to be around her  
When she's like that  
I wrote a song once about her  
Called The Brides Have Hit Glass

You know it just won't last  
To be on top of your own world  
With no guardrails to cling to  
You fall so very fast  
It's very odd to find her up again  
Staking out expansion  
Seeking new exposure

And when she holds out an empty glass  
And she comes for a handout  
And I ask for the same thing, it's sad  
And I hold on so sure I can take all she can  
Just to be around her  
Just to feel bad

One day I will know  
That it's a waste of time  
And there's a better road ahead of me  
I just don't know how to make it there  
So I'll just hang around and take my chance  
Once again I'll roll the dice  
And try to hang on to my shrinking paradise

And I'll hold out an empty glass  
And I'll come for a handout  
And I'll ask for the same thing, it's sad  
And I'll hold on so confident that it's all I can give  
Just to find my way again  
Just to hit glass