Guided By Voices, The Enemy

Look me straight Now blame it on loneliness Who knows? Certainly not them

Where is this?
The lane that takes you head on
But for now
You do not/cannot contemplate
Certainly not you

And silence is dread
'Cause look what you've done
Aligned outside no aim
Which follows me
Painted over a well cleansed abdomen
Tattooed ugly and blue
The enemy

Watch and wait A childproof survival kit Just for a glimpse Of the everlasting big kick

Secrets bleeding to untold families Lovers in flight over the gravesite We become statues In a ten acre garden