

Guided By Voices, The Finest Joke Is Upon Us

Mother, feeling your hand I
Believe you and I did then
And mother, release every bad seed
The geese are leaving the trees

Exposed to winter's cold
They waited too long
But we too exaggerated
And I take the cake away
It's a long song
And I can play it so
Give me a pick now
Collector of bones

Words of smoke
Distorted, never broken
Paradise is open but I choke
One of these days when I see through the smoke
There'll be the day I get the joke

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