

# 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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