

Guided By Voices, The Goldheart Mountaintop Q

cold hands touching my face
don't hide - the snake can see you
old friends you might not remember
fading away from you
the goldheart mountaintop queen directory
the goldheart mountaintop queen directory

and we looked
and we passed
through the hallway of shatterproof glass

she runs through the night as if nobody cares
she screams and she cries and ignores all the stares
she wants me to come, but i'm never going there
the goldheart mountaintop queen directory
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