Guided By Voices, Tobacco's Last Stand

I heard you what the problem is I didn't hear you both You're coming through Like weird electric jive Bumming your role I'm playing your role Will you love me come Saturday? Yeah I know it's too hard to plan it And will the attachment stay attached? Until destroyed by a match Watch it burn a light in the night Watch it burn a light in the night Fire cleanses a soul Fire cleanses a spirit But I don't wanna hear it Through a box with wires I wanna taste it with my own two eyes Burn baby burn Burn baby burn baby burn baby burn