

Guided By Voices, Trampoline

The one in the jar at the foot of the bed
Gets weaker at heart but larger at head
Says I am the fool, spat on and pushed aside
He gave something back just right before he died

The man with the hair on top of his ears
Drove past me at eight with a cooler of beer
Got high on the hunt in camouflage green
A drop of precious oil in the orgone machine

Way-o
Way-o
Way-o
Way-o