

# Guided By Voices, Wings Of Thorn

My lonely mile  
Is charming from above  
Do not run my love  
No one is harming you

Why do you dream  
Of strange men in aeroplanes  
And parachutes torn  
By wings of thorn?

Your lovely smile  
Should not be touched  
Do not sip this poison  
No one is hunting  
No fox and no horn

Why do you fear  
What takes to the air  
Before it is borne  
On wings of thorn?