

A Portrait Destroyed by Fire

Guided by Voices

Pollards mumbling here
Rings of blue and
Rings of gold
So many stories to be told
It hurts be worse than it hurt you
You realize now that's not true..oohh
Amber, neon, wet concrete
A well-worn track a smothering heat
They curious pet in an open cage subjected
To his masters rage. oohh
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