

Aesop Dreamed of Lions

Guided by Voices

Here come the raincoats
Crimes and passion in their eyes
And maybe I paid a lot
Maybe not, not strong enough
To walk away
But I'm not afraid of them

Palace of drapes
Flowers and pests
Souring grapes
From unwanted guests
For they have shown no patience
Their golden fleece is gone and
Off on a roman candle

Town before town, all sing along
The aging fool's reunion song
Who dreams of a lion
Perhaps we'll only know when he's
Gazing out a stained-glass window
Trillions make vapors away in a trick of the sunlight
Maybe they paid a lot to see you
Maybe not strong enough to leave you