

Billy Wire

Guided by Voices

It wants to live but it can't go on
It needs to die but it's never been born
Yeah, but it all boils down to yourself

All in place it
Billy Wire, Billy gadget
Miles on the faces
Of the task force
Lays the grids, open my lids
Humble thyself to the King of the Kids

You want to flip but he don't know how
They're poking fun at a five-legged cow
Yeah, but it all works out for the best

Solemn places
Billy Wire, Billy catch it
Miles on the faces
Of the task force
Lays the grids, open my lids
Humble thyself to the King of the Kids

Slave for greatly wanted drum
Cradle complacently one you don't come
Only a bottle could punt you and moan...

And it's a mug with a smiling face
Plastic flowers in a broken vase
To when he failed the surgery test