

Break Even

Guided by Voices

Jagged purple rocks
Drunk with the tours and the travel guides
We've all come to Hope Cove
Singing the waning pop standard
In the haven of our love

Trying to break even
Most of us will not turn back
Somehow I know you will not
Carry all the ancient medicine
Steal my rosy red invention

Gather the amps
And dampen the camps
The day is done
When we see the sun
Perhaps then the race is won