

Clean It Up

Guided by Voices

In the gnarly winds
Of the oncoming beast
I confuse myself

In the choppy woods
Of the trackless ruts
I compose myself

In the chance I took
On a broken horse
I'm the one who's no good in your eyes

Can I change these things
Can I break the spell that you've cast over me

Parallel lines on a slow decline
Tractor rape chain
Better yet, let's all get wet
On the tractor rape chain

Clean it up
Clean it up
Clean it up
Clean it up
Right now