Crash at Lake Placebo

Guided by Voices

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Gone
The wind is blown
The film runs out
The shade of black
The light is on

How soon is wrong?
The shade of red
For when it comes
The light is off

Now the air is cool
The end is near
The change has made them run in fear

And struck the pose
And hyped the hype
The view box out
The time is ripe

I see punk arms with nails to go
And bloodshot eyes
They followed due process
With too many college tries

Now they sing their songs
They fire their guns
The light back on
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