

## Drinker's Peace

Guided by Voices

At times I wish I were dead  
Busy people dancing all over my head  
This I value with every move they make  
Real bad headache with every step they take

I get a contact buzz  
Can't remember what the problem was  
I find it hard to even care  
Life was to real till you got there  
My life is dirt but you seem to make it cleaner  
Reduce my felony to a misdemeanor  
When I feel sick you're an antibiotic  
Organize my world that was pointless and chaotic