

Exploding Anthills

Guided by Voices

Exploding anthills in my head
I'll tell you later, now I'm dead
I call girl with x-ray hair
Call again but she's not there

It's all the earthquakes
In the Finger Lakes
Thing thinking
A thing thinking
A thing thinking
A thing thinking

She gave me things that made me dig
Magic vestibules and horses wig
A shredded box from the raging wood
On an ant from a smashed car on the hood

And at the equinox
Can't reach the P.O. box
A thing thinking
A thing thinking
A thing thinking
A thing thinking