

# Flying Without a License

Guided by Voices

My favorite policeman  
Is always on the move  
Lost in a sea of madness  
Coming through the show

My favorite grocer  
Knows the price of cantaloupe  
The fight of heaven  
In his optimistic ties

Under the white umbrella  
He hears an angel  
It whispers  
"You're on the wrong side  
Of sky"

Repeat yourself to no avail

Extraterrestrial  
In sky blue uniform  
Like something honest  
You're a credit with the storm

It burns a monkey vision  
Out from inside  
Trapped in the flat screen  
In our mind

You can't fly  
You can't fly