

Free Agents

Guided by Voices

Free agents are the oldest people in the world
But not jaded
They learn to sit but not roll over and play dead
They won't fade out

Learn from what previously has happened in your life
You can't fake it
And how to swim up downstream rivers in weird states
In your mind, your mind

And feel like suffering inside
And it's your ego, yes
And maybe just your pride
Nuns appear delighted
Swelling high and just as wide

And fear not slight remission

Life is like a slot machine
All goes up and down as in a dream
Similar to an aerosol spray
And all free agents know the way to fly
Fly

We all shine on like diamond rings
Never been to heaven but I heard good things
Alright