

Greenface

Guided by Voices

Everyone is standing in line
And it smell of it making me sick
A physical seismic [?]
And the walls are like paper and ice

Speak to me, revolution boy
Come out to me, daughter of joy
I am the collector of things
And all of the thing it brings

Now tell me the lesson we've botched
And lead me to the oxygen tent
And who will be the speaker of the day
And can I exchange my surprise?

Speak to me, revolution boy
Come out to me, daughter of joy
I am the collector of things
And all of the thing it brings