

Harboring Exiles

Guided by Voices

What it was
What it wasn't, what was true
And what I see
What it is not for you

And in all the world
There is no finer place
As such the dream up here is falling
I'll keep it close until the pattern breaks
When it breaks the dream is over
The kind of thing that makes me sing

And here it goes
Quite apparent but not so
The time to live
And pull out stitches as we go

In all the world
There is no finer place
As such the dream up here is falling
I'll keep it close until the pattern breaks
And when it breaks the dream is over
The kind of thing that makes me sing

As such the dream up here is falling
I'll keep it close until the pattern breaks
And when it breaks the dream is over
The kind of thing that makes me sing
Yah!