

# I Invented The Moonwalk (And The Pencil Sharpener)

Guided by Voices

Should I offer them over  
Is it best not to paint  
On a page of our shadow lives  
So come lonely  
I invented the moonwalk  
I discovered the saints  
And the saints are misgiven  
Quite homely

Who knows when one of them will call?  
You know without them we are small  
Without them we'd go through withdrawal  
And hear them talking through the wall  
Without them we're not brave at all

When we offer you over  
Come lonely