

(I Wanna Be a) Dumbcharger

Guided by Voices

To seek the blood from precious stones is blasphemy
The perfect angels who monitor your intentions
God keeps his famous children---be respectable
Temptation creeps to you like rapists in the night
So smoke the rockets and float the boats
We'll man our stations like devil goats

And hope to hell we hear the bell
To let us now go home