Liar's Box

Guided by Voices

This is the liars' box
Where anyone can speak
Take orders and go
March swiftly

Combustible with pointed hands

And it sees you
Outside of its hawks eye
Droplets from an aircraft
Onto a city of paper

Burning
A gust of lust blew it out
But the arcade is in your shades

Mirrors on 62nd Street

Summons of a glass
To a sad sad heaven
Summons of a glass
To a sad sad heaven
Summons of a glass
To a sad sad heaven
Summons of a glass
To a sad sad heaven

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!