

Meet the Star

Guided by Voices

Knees are the kneeds
Where souls try out
Wee of the weeds
Where stems dry out
Long yellow fingers
Dust colored stash
The blundering good men
Their stone bones now ash

Meet the star
His plectrum strums
A universal
Web

Stun gun runners
Who cram their threads
Out to balloons
Their hot air threats
Gone the fear
Soon to release
His thundering brain children
Out from their crease

Meet the star
His plectrum strums
A universal
Web

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