

## Mother Mirth

Guided by Voices

Singing at blossom with flower chains  
The towers erected to higher stakes  
Tiny drops and greater lakes  
All the way through eternal Pennsylvania

It's a trip  
It's a wall  
It's a Rubik's cube  
It's a fall, it's a body  
It's a place

On the morning of the aftermath  
Our goal was to have everything  
On the morning of the aftermath  
Our goal was to keep everything  
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On the morning of the aftermath  
Our goal was to keep everything