

# My Feet's Trustworthy Existence

Guided by Voices

Can this illusion be a lie?  
Shaped to perfection just to suit you  
Out and beyond the birds in flight  
There where the angels come to greet you

Notify the minister right now  
Man beast and his probe have cut down the sacred cow  
But maintain a puritan state of mind  
Came through close encounters of a very different kind

They learn what's instructed them  
They eat what is cooked for them  
They stay in their houses if they want to  
Live a wasted life

Sometimes the wind can blow us on  
Silence and sorrow when the weight's off  
No longer smothering the skin  
No further torturing the soft heart

Other times my feet's just gotta run  
Feet must know happiness and hands must have fun  
This is why I trust where they must go  
Anywhere is lovely when I rub my magic toe

And drink from a bottle  
And think of another song  
And make it sound nice  
'Cause I don't want to  
Live a wasted life  
Wasted life