

My Feet's Trustworthy Existance

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