

Never

Guided by Voices

Not enough seasons in the sun
Not enough notches on one gun
Thinking of ways to bring you down
Plucking the jewels from the crown

Such a grind
Qualified
Look at the sword
Someone's behind you

Enter and exit as we please
Think of an eye and we become free
Live with the promises we sold
Believe every story we've been told

Such a grind
Quite a find
Move in a long shot
Straight on a line
[?] sad
Never to be
Never have you