

Puncher's Parade

Guided by Voices

If you think that
That would be the score
You'll be wrong like never before
Make the scene
With lampshades and neckties
Trumpet's for puncher's parade

Lord of leaps and flying starts
Leader in the dying arts
Lash the eyes
With dying plots to cry on
Strange thing that anything at all
Should happen to fall
In place every time
He does his own thing
When no one's even noticing

You may take your happy pills
You can keep your psycho thrills
You can call a man a louse
His happy house for sale

Good kids are always
Gonna make a star
A smiling face every time

Athlete in bronze tan
Statue of an army man