

Roosevelt's Marching Band

Guided by Voices

I've stayed
Another phase come 'round
Samsara bound to
With legs to dream
And miles to go
Still haven't found you

I'm sinking on a weighed-down brain
To see what lingers
Unhealthy every place we drank
And face another day like this
With every minute
Every hour draining slowly

'Til you can't take it
But you only have to wait
And they come back

Roosevelt's marching band
Coming up the street
Give them a hand
Bringing it to us
Gladly where we stand
They play the great ones
'Til it's all gone

I call, but eight is way too late
I squeeze my fingers
And pray to hear another breath
Cliché of kitchens
Driven nails
And I'm the chair man
The table man
The cloth man

And I'll be patient
I'll only have to wait
'Til you come back

Roosevelt's marching band
Coming up the street
Give them a hand
Bringing it to us
Gladly where we stand
They play the great ones
'Til it's all gone

I'm drowning in a loser's cycle
Week to week
I'm running out of patience
And it's lonely since you're gone