

(S)mothering and Coaching

Guided by Voices

Make them go 'way
They seem so low
They seem so low
Make them go 'way

There and always shopping, never think to stopping us
When they meet us down the road
Frequently for squeezing anything to pleasing them
When they trap us in our homes down the road

You tear your childhood down from the cheekbone
You sell me down when you tell me you'll never
Spend days unfazed, not to tell me, "I love you"

And they might not be failing solo
And they might not be playing for the team
What team?
And so they're moving out in circles
To know themselves in life and pleasant dreams
Whose dreams?

Baby, don't go
We'll miss you so much
This is your home
Baby, don't go