

## Send To Celeste (And The Cosmic Athletes)

Guided by Voices

When you recognize the throng, when you're righting a wrong  
But the wrong has poor lighting  
Grow your breakfast in the sink, doesn't matter what you think  
The execution went nicely  
Throw some nitrogen on evolution and all the nights light up

Send to Celeste, give it all of your best  
You were heads above the rest from the start

Now the grappling days and steeds always toppling their seas  
Gone to knees on the writhing  
Further interests keep them chaste in their glasses they are ca  
sed  
The observation is enticing  
Go the paramount course crying we are the whores, the right sid  
e up

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A ruffled lake, a waffled sea, the golden eggs of prophecy  
The process drives an appetite, the prophecies, are always righ  
t  
The million eon, marathon, the ceremony makes you yawn  
But up again, another fight, the love we held is always right

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