

Sheetkickers

Guided by Voices

Cover your eyes
The light is too bright
Your wise men, they tell you lies

And what's worse
They curse
But still
I love the bite

Likes flies or maybe mothmen
As they're attracted to the light
They realize
The night has come to baptize
And they will finally realize

And what's worse
It hurts
But still
They love the bite

And I would like to die with you
I'd like to try but I'm not suicide
And I would like to kill you
But that would suit you fine, I realize

And I will not disgrace myself
By chasing you around to pull you back
And I will not give an inch
You win before the fight begins, but it's okay
I'm over you

I'm over you
I'm over you
I'm over you

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