

Sing for Your Meat

Guided by Voices

When you write about the boys
Under friendly fire, dress 'em up in suits
And seek her to kill, freedom of the will
Ours and, yes, yours, yesterday, today
Onward marching on

Chameleon, don't paint your skin to the color of confection
And turn away from every ghost you've been
And sure enough, I saw your head at the tent sale and fire auction
For a taste and a chaser, you're a solid gold debaser

Can you ever be a boy again, or have you stopped?
Trade lost hours for a dare, burn the water, cook the air?

And twenty-one is the legal age to kill yourself slowly
But eighteen is the legal age to die
Would I cast my vote into the inside shit?
I'm often wont to crawl, that's all
Don't leave me now to drag my chains to a rhythm never changing
Lost from found and beaten down

When you write about the boys
Under friendly fire, dress 'em up in suits
And seek her to kill, freedom of the will
Ours and, yes, yours, yesterday, today
Onward marching on