

The Best of Jill Hives

Guided by Voices

Paid up, weathered, and type-O
Clad in gladstone, watch him go
Swimming 'neath the microscope
Hello lonely, bless the nation
Mister skip to all or none
Wooden soldiers fall upon
Try to find what makes her tick
While they're finding out what makes them sick

I don't know where you find your nerve
I don't know how you choose your words
Speak the ones that suit you worst
Keep you grounded, sad, and cursed
Circle the ones that come alive
Save them for the best of Jill Hives

Been around and left you flat
Tragically decided that
Every child of God's a brat
And she's dying to escape them
But do we really need to see
All her punchdrunk history?
And which of it might hold the key
For the exit to her destiny?

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Number one in all our souls
Trifle in a crystal bowl
Fill it up with nine to five
Save them for the best of Jill Hives