

## The Finest Joke Is Upon Us

Guided by Voices

Mother - feeling your hand-eye  
Believe you and I did then  
And mother-release every bad seed  
The geese are leaving the trees  
Exposed to winter's cold  
They waited too long - But we too  
Exaggerated and now take the cake away  
It's a long song and I can't play it  
So give me a grip now collector of bones  
Worlds of smoke  
Distorted mirror broken  
Paradise is open but I choke  
One of these days when I see through the smoke  
There'll be the day I get the joke