

They Don't Play the Drums Anymore

Guided by Voices

They play electric lily-pads
On cool blue amazons
They float on
Flat digital airwaves
Learned and rhythmic
With absolutely, absolutely, absolutely
No bongos
No congos
Their origins are unknown
Incomplete
Forgetful of any zeitgeist
Riches
Krupas
Moons
Stars
No they don't play the drums anymore
They sit beating their puds
And staring, staring at their screensavers
Staring, staring at their screensavers
Staring, staring, beating their puds