

Unbaited Vicar of Scorched Earth

Guided by Voices

A child did rumble, went kicking loud trash
A ghost girl and a bulldog
Are whittling my flash

In the kitchen of birds
Sits a wicked child's cat
But the unbaited vicar of scorched earth
Knows that

The flash is not easy
To capture just outright
But there if you fight for it
Like broads in daylight
Say it with angel dust, sprinkle it fat

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