

My Feet's Trustworthy Existence

Guided By Voices

Can this illusion be a lie?
Shaped to perfection just to suit you
???

There where the angels come to greet you
Notify the minister right now
Man beast and his probe have cut down the sacred cow
And maintain a puritan state of mind
Came through close encounters of a very different kind
They learn what's instructed them
They eat what is cooked for them
They stay in their houses if they want to
Live a wasted life Sometimes the wind can blow us on
Silence and sorrow when the weight's off
No longer smothering the skin
No further torturing the soft heart
Other times ??? just gotta run
Feet must know happiness
And hands must have fun
This is why I trust where they must go
Anywhere is lovely when I rub my magic toe
And drink from a bottle
And think of another song
And make it sound nice
'Cause I don't want to
Live a wasted life...

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