

Pretty Bombs

Guided By Voices

Climbing up to greet you
And all the suns that shine above you
Pretty bombs will sing you
To sleep and you will dream of them
Out of one chance
Out of wonder
A secret box where hides it
They put their hearts inside it
No one has the keys
And so they lie to you
Loving arms attack you
With promises for when you check out
Are they so intrigued
By far off places over there
From inside their pretty cages
They creep out and up the hill
To follow them
Going places
All the same
Peeled in grace before the sunlight
Stripped of face and so the morning

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