

Order for the New Slave Trade

Guided By Voices

After clearing his throat
The speaker read from the manuscript
"Only forty-percent of all participants have remained alcoholic."
And we began to discuss amongst ourselves
The possibility for a dream-filled holiday
Order for the new slave trade
New flag blowing
We've used up our minds
We had no way of knowing
Old flag burning
We've lost our souls
There'll be no returning
We've diverted back
To the stretch rack
Only this time
We won't snap back
While crossing the parking lot
A stranger approached me
Handed me a gun
He said meet me in the ashes
Of the old city
And we're bound.....
To have.....
Some fun.

Lyrics provided by

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