

Exploding Anthills

Guided By Voices

Exploding anthills in my head
I'll tell you later
Now I'm dead
I call girl with x ray hair
Call again but she's not there It's all it breaks (?)
Infibulates
Thing thinking
A thing thinking
A thing thinking
A thing thinking She gave me things that made me dig (?)
Magic vestibules and horses wig (?)
A shredded box from the raging wood (?)
On an ant from a smashed car ??? And at the equinox
Can't reach the PO box
A thing thinking
A thing thinking
A thing thinking
A thing thinking...

Lyrics provided by

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