

The Winter Cows

Guided By Voices

So sing, so sing the winter cows
They lowly croak and no one wonders where they are
Now they know
Just what will come remains a mystery to me
Now they know
Just what will come remains a mystery to me
To me, remains a mystery
And when they come into our view
They disappear like a lonely star
The winter cows are leaving now
The summer sun is burning their eyes
Their infant eyes, burning their eyes
Their infant eyes, burning their eyes
Their infant eyes, infant eyes

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