

The Colossus Crawls West

Guided By Voices

It's too late now she's got me dreaming
Without you there is no truth according to me
Inside and around me tears got me drinking
Without you there is no scope in the morning for me
One of these days in the night
Old enemies will come back to fight
And since you would then disagree
We will be skinned alive
When full colored kings arrive
And teach then we will all we know
Bring popcorn for geronimo
And dance with our freshly made friends
Ignoring the old ones - the boring and cold ones
And when the colossus crawls west
Jazz bastards will fall and confess
We all love you so and
You rock is paradise plastic
It's cheap and fantastic!

(insert your favorite dessert _____)

Songwriters
POLLARD, ROBERT E. JR. Published by
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