

Storm Vibrations

Guided By Voices

Does she blend well?
Your choice, I mean?
Your angel baby monkey girl
The gift of smiles and love production
Her sunshine mind
Her storm cloud eyes
Blending colors into brown
Confusing emotions - deliberately
Does it hurt you?
To love, I mean? And all the creases in your brow?
The red bed spread?
The storm vibrations? The starless nights?
The shattered screen? Allowing pain to enter
Let your guard/God down obviously I will try to find you
No matter where you may go It will try to find you
No matter who you may know Does it hurt you?
To love, I mean?

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