

# Not Behind the Fighter Jet

## Guided By Voices

Militant babies came to me  
And tole me, "Don't be afraid to try"  
Phenomenal stunt kids in the street  
Popping out of the black ghost pie  
(It pleases the chef) Fearless ones-cracked up Jack and Jill  
They're down there in the bunker still  
You look like a sniper anyway  
I'm not behind the fighter jet I'd much rather back a simple girl  
I've seen your plan and it's all wet  
A nose load of prophecies coming to me  
Caught in the trap where bravery steps A wounded mercenary bleeds  
In the hall of fantastically fine things  
Where the path of glory leads  
Lately I think it's grown too hard

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