

Guided By Voices "Mr. Gene"

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8 stone Sunday lobster
Subway cars roll in
Building of coffins
Build me a coffin
Pour me some coffee
White house radar readings
"The last text on village firearms"

My dad eats shit and barks at the moon
And Mr. Gene-o holds the spoon - he said so

Sun-tanned bodies floating in ice cream
Worries carried away - hey
On distant mushroom clouds
I talk very loud
He says "Mind your manners"
I do, but don't think so

My dad eats shit and barks at the moon
And Mr. Gene-o holds the spoon - he said so

I eat with my hands
He says "Pray for forgiveness"
I do but don't think so
I bark at the moon
He says "Stay within reach"
I do
I do but don't think so
I do Mr. Gene-o
I do but don't think so
I do Mr. Gene-o
Fuck you Mr. Gene-o

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