

Guided By Voices, Wings Of Thorn

My lonely mile
Is charming from above
Do not run my love
No one is harming you

Why do you dream
Of strange men in aeroplanes
And parachutes torn
By wings of thorn?

Your lovely smile
Should not be touched
Do not sip this poison
No one is hunting
No fox and no horn

Why do you fear
What takes to the air
Before it is borne
On wings of thorn?