

Laundry and Lasers

Guided By Voices

Northern eyes, I'd like to meet you on the dance floor
What was that? realistic men don't speak cliché
Whatever my business is, I still can get off
Meet me then - we'll take Laundry & Lasers
Here's a magnet - round your themes up - take your
dreams up
Too much soft rectanglement ensnares the head
Not so high into the sky light should you pray them
Not so low your hands on those you lay
A porcine fellow
Who dwells on the dirt spot
As dead as a death way
Swept clean as a laser
Even though you musn't know I swim the meadows
Even though you musn't know I field the sky
Let's go eat the factory - let's go running in there
Wise beyond the northern eyes
And super spies
And realize much more

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>