

# 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/>