Spiders

Fischer-Z

Regulo gas mark VIII Even the world can feel me breathing Into the count of 4, into the count of 5 Spiders on the wall They don't pay no alimony, I like the simple life But I'm drawn back to the heat and the lights Drinking your poison dry Nobody loves an apothecary Paradise lost on me, see all children cry I pay for my style With a bunch of people shouting curses at me Reach for the sky on an airline Spiders on the wall They don't pay no alimony, I like the simple life But I'm drawn back to the heat and the lights To the heat and the lights, to the heat and the lights To the heat and the lights