

Spider's Web

Jamie T

They think we're fools sitting on the corner,
Older you get the more like your father,
The more I drink the more like my brother,
Seem to have picked up on a callus trait,
Hate people who think there life is a drama,
Making in jokes about Americana,
Amusing myself is worth it for the karma,
Obama sounds like Osama to me.

Well my bedrooms watched by an intifada,
Kids with bricks or strips in gaza,
Point at me in my pyjamas,
Laugh and scream 'get out of bed!'
I say 'Have I got plans? I'm meeting up with Martha',
I'm a shoulder she's Robert Palma,
Acts like a twat but she's a top banana,
Might as well admit she's addicted to love.

Caught in a spider's web,
It's not the first time playing dead,
I see I saw lovers undercover,
No one found out until we left,
Caught in a spider's web,
It's not the first time playing dead,
They know somin' oh well we're runnin',
I know they'll catch up in the end.

You walked in last with a dirty barbour,
Found me at the bar in fits of laughter,
Said you've been seen out digging the past,
With Arthur you'd rather just walk in the rain,
At a party with Ash as they smash a pinata,
Can I leave some stuff here for you to look after,
I'll be back around probably in the mid summer,
New York, New York man I love the city!

Caught in a spider's web,
It's not the first time playing dead,
I see I saw lovers undercover,
No one found out until we left,
Caught in a spider's web,
It's not the first time playing dead,
They know somin' oh well we're runnin',
I know they'll catch up in the end.

In the hustle and the bustle I feel I'm in trouble,
And I trip and then I stumble I feel myself fall,
In the hustle and the bustle it's too rough,
I tumble in the gravel and the rubble can you hear me call?
Well with a wheezing chest and a leaking ceiling,
Baby next door screaming all evening,
The beatings we got and the ones we're seeking,
We're stubborn as fuck and I'm proud to say,
That me and Ben Skeleton mixed our own medicine,
Never let a critic affect our direction,
Barricade doors with out pale complexion,
Program a beat bones I'll just keep telling them,

How selling them a brand is a band complication,
A man in a room with a survey for the station,
Trying to get it on air no care for creation,
I guess it's all part of indoctrination!

In the hustle and the bustle I feel I'm in trouble,
And I trip and then I stumble I feel myself fall,
In the hustle and the bustle it's too rough,
I tumble in the gravel and the rubble can you hear me call?
Caught in a spider's web,
Its' not the first time playing dead,
I see I saw lovers undercover,
No one found out until we left,
Caught in a spider's web,
It's not the first time playing dead,
They know somin' oh well we're runnin',
I know they'll catch up in the end.

In the hustle and the bustle I feel I'm in trouble,
And I trip and then I stumble I feel myself fall,
In the hustle and the bustle it's too rough,
I tumble in the gravel and the rubble can you hear me call? [x4]