

Porcup me

Joseph Arthur

A porcupine
Crawling out from inside of your mind
Like you growing a crown of thorns
But you're no messiah
You think more like a spider
'Cause guilty hearts beat upside down

Silver hubcaps replaced your eyes
As you went spinning on a daydream down
Forgiving the road every inch for miles
If your tyres survive
You know your heart will explode

And if this song was a sponge
Soaked in your blood
Well then I guess the story would be told
A fateful day
You became a spider
As I fed you the blood from my nose

Now you're just like me