

# Porcupine

Joseph Arthur

A porcupine crawling out from inside of your mind  
Like you're 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 blood from my nose

Now you're just like me  
Now I'm just like you