

# Said The Spider To The Fly

The pAper chAse

I want your head.  
I want your wicked parts.  
I want to wring out your evil thoughts.  
I want to eat out your bitter heart.  
I want your soul to sing six words harmony  
Of all the pigs that might tempt me.  
I know you're sick alone and I'm telling everyone everything.  
So scratch it on the wall of your coffin on your sick day home:

"And when your lover loves to cheat there's another you can mee  
t  
It's a short pier, it's a long walk home"  
You gotta show me where it hurts,  
There's a beast and a burden  
Kicking, spitting on your bathroom floor.  
This is your life this is your life and  
When I'm done it's over just a little bit more.

Good things die all the time,  
So God bless your heart, vengeance is mine.  
"Kiss me like you mean goodbye," said the spider to the fly.  
All those times you thought that you were wrong, you were right  
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So if I fight the good fight will hairlines recede?  
Will lines deepen in face to craft a look of defeat?  
I feel the end is near my little Monday night whore,  
My little Saturday night became a Sunday remorse.  
And it's all over America,  
God bless the game show heathens.  
This is your life, this is your life,  
And at last my good friend we are even.  
I know I'll never lose an arm, never stay up staring at the pho  
ne.  
If I ever rot up with disease don't you bury me and leave,  
Don't you leave me in the ground alone.  
You gotta show me where it hurts, never cremate me to burn,  
Never chop me up and throw me to sea.  
You'll never have to find the words they come out spilling unre  
hearsed,  
But you and I will never find that peace.

Good things die all the time,  
God bless your heart, vengeance is mine.  
"Kiss me like you mean goodbye," say the spider to the fly.  
When all those times you thought that you were wrong, you were  
right.