

Don't Fuss Over Spiders Thrown

Trophy Scars

I read it in a book, my biased dirty looks.
"Unhand me, you crook."
I saw it in her face;
She made a big mistake.
That word's not hers to take. No.
This is the joke, so listen up close:
Those bodies below are people you know.
Dig them all up,
Connect all the dots,
And see what you got...
Not a whole lot... A lot, a lot, a lot
All that he knows is all that she is:
A quiet small girl with some guilt and the passion of saying
"Oh well, It's personal. So stop listening in!."
I can argue all night in the cold
Over TV static and snow or the hum on the radio.
Listen to john 'cause here comes a solo.
He plays all the right chords.
We argue over the same two words: Spiders thrown.
Its so unofficial but, its all over the fucking news.
You gotta sit down.
We gotta talk about this one pal, we gotta talk about this one.

This one thinks I'm a dreamer, oh yeah I'm a dreamer.
I'm taking the next train to Florida where it's warmer.
I won't argue any longer over spiders.
They say it's easy when you're the one who's leaving.
So I guess we're fucking even, right?
Sit the fuck down and shut up!
I need to say a couple things to myself.
"What am I doing?" "What's this song?"
I can't remember my teeth and my skin.
"Why the grin?" I'm still knee deep in sin.
Oh, I'm so existential, pretentious with pencils,
A market a staple, awkward and able,
A cowboy who reads much to much noise,
And I can't keep from drinking when I'm out with the boys
Over "Spiders thrown."