

Spider in My Room

Barenaked Ladies

There's a spider in my room
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Then the voice above my head
Said if that spider were made dead
I'd better grow some fins 'cause
It would make it easier to swim

I don't like spiders and snakes
The way they crawl, the way they shake
If a spider gets killed, how does that make it rain?
How could I be the one to blame?

A whisper drizzled down from the ice in its eyes
It said, "Try pickin' on your own damn size."
But the Hoover was quick, termination complete
In its bedroom home not a chance to eat

In the corner beside my bed
Very busy spinning thread
Eight legs and a little head

I hear the thunder from outside
And the water's gettin' high

I don't like moths and bugs
They buzz, they get in the rugs
But where does a guy find some room
In this liferaft home, a little rubber tomb

In the corner beside my bed
Very busy spinning thread
Eight legs and a little head

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Spider