

Spiders

Lovedrug

Searching on the wire,
for a wire,
for a peice of mind,
like the spiders in the corners that are never there
To the one,
to the magic sun,
you're not that bright now, but you will be someday,
soon,
and you will fall in love with the moonlight,
So come on, come on, and say so,
come on, come on and say so
If God was on the radio,
I know he'd say to thee:
Love is spiders on the edge,
and we're hanging by a thread,
connected to the other end of this
twisted frequency I've spun,
But I don't care,
I'd be happy,
If you'd share,
your web, with me
So come on, come on, and say so,
come on, come on and say so