Spiders

Fischer-Z

Regulo gas mark VIII
Even the world can feel me breathing
Into the count of 4, into the count of 5
Spiders on the wall
They don't pay no alimony, I like the simple life
But I'm drawn back to the heat and the lights
Drinking your poison dry
Nobody loves an apothecary
Paradise lost on me, see all children cry
I pay for my style
With a bunch of people shouting curses at me
Reach for the sky on an airline
Spiders on the wall
They don't pay no alimony, I like the simple life
But I'm drawn back to the heat and the lights
To the heat and the lights, to the heat and the lights
To the heat and the lights

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