

Arachne

Rufus Wainwright

Spinning Arachne

Birds are picking at the cherries in your lovely tapestry
Spinning Arachne

Looming over the loom in the middle of the room

I see you spinning Arachne

The bears are hungry for the berries in your country

Fantasy, spinning Arachne

The gray-eyed goddess Athena is in the plume, harbinger of doom

Don't

Challenge the gods

Don't

Especially that one

Because if you do, oh, Arachne

A black spider, you will become

And there's nothing more frightening

Than a black spider spinning in the night

Spinning Arachne

How your cheeks, they get to pouting when attention you're not gettin
g

Don't [?]

You'll give birth to sleeping beauty [?] children

Waving the future

Tried so hard to make it pretty, tried so hard to really matter

Next to [?] Athena

I won't even go there

I won't even go there

I won't even go there

Oh, Arachne

Just don't

Challenge the gods

Don't

Especially that one

Don't

Challenge the gods

Don't

Especially that one

Because if you do, oh, Arachne

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And there's nothing more frightening

Than a black spider spinning in the night