

# Spider Dream

The Dirty Nil

Yeah, the past, it seems to me  
Is a cemetery that I visit every day, rain or shine

With a bouquet in my hands  
Among the graves I stand  
With a funny kind of envy in my mind

'Cause if I could trade with them, you know I might just would  
No, things ain't going the way I thought they would, nah  
Nah  
Nah

Does your conscience fill your head  
With fifty thousand little thoughts of dread?  
Of what could have been and things you should have said?

Yeah if I could trade with them, you know I might just would  
No, things ain't going the way I thought they would

Last night I dreamt my body was covered up in spider bites  
And for some reason, I didn't really mind  
It felt fine, it felt right

Things ain't going the way I thought they would  
Things ain't going the way I thought they would  
No, things ain't going the way I thought they would