

Spider In My Room

Barenaked Ladies

There's a spider in my room
There's a spider in my room Then a 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 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 got 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 waters gettin' high I don't like moths and bugs
They buzz, they get in the rugs
But where's a guy find some room
In a life raft home, a little rubber tomb In the corner beside my bed
Very busy spinning thread
Eight legs and a little head
There's a spider in my room
There's a spider in my room Spider, spider
Spider in my
Spider in my
Spider in my

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