

Spoon - Live

Can

Carrying my own in the afternoon,
Hiding a spoon she will be soon.
Waiting fork weeds alive,
Spends me her joke, she slips me alive. Carrying my own in the afternoon,
Hiding a spoon she will be soon.
Waiting fork weeds alive,
Spends me her joke, she slips me alive. Oh, sitting on my chair where nobody want to care,
Oh, sitting on my chair where nobody want to care. Carrying my own in the afternoon,
Hiding a spoon she will be soon.
Waiting fork weeds alive,
Spends me her joke, she slips me alive.

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