

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

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