

Spiders (Kidsmoke)

[Wilco](#)

Spiders are singin' in the salty breeze
Spiders are fillin' out tax returns
Spinning out webs of deductions and melodies
On a private beach in Michigan Why can't they wish their kisses good?
Why do they miss when their kisses should?
Fly like winging birds, fighting for the keys
On a private beach in Michigan This recent rash of kidsmoke
All these telescopic poems
It's good to be alone Why can't they say what they want?
Why can't they just say what they mean?
Come clean, listen and talk
Hello private callers, ID's blocked The sun will rise, we'll climb into cars
The future has a valley and a shortcut around
Who will wear the crown of drowning award?
Hold a private light on a Michigan shore You fool me with a kiss of kidsmoke
From a microscopic home, it's good to be alone I'll be in my bed, you can be the stone
That raises from the dead and carries us all home
There's no blood on my hands, I just do as I am told

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