SpiderÂ´s Web

Jamie T

They think were fools sitting on the corner
Older you get the more like your father
The more I drink the more like my brother
Seem to have picked up on a callus traitHate people who think there life is a drama
Making in jokes about Americana
Amusing myself is worth it for the karma
Obama sounds like Osama to meWell, my bedroom's watched by an intifada
Kids with bricks or strips in Gaza
Point at me in my pajamas
Laugh and scream, get out of bedThey say I am, I got plans, I'm meeting up with Maltha
I'm a shoulder, she's Robert Palma
Acts like a twat but she's a top banana
Might as well admit she's addicted to loveCaught in a spiders web
Its' not the first time playing dead
I see I saw lovers undercover
No one found out until we leftCaught in a spiders web
It's not the first time playing dead
They know something, oh well, we're running
I know they'll catch up in the endYou walked in last with a dirty barbour
Found me at the bar in fits of laughter
Said you've been seen out digging the past
With Arthur you'd rather just walk in the rainAt a party with ash as they smash a pinata
Can I leave some stuff here for you to look after
I'll be back around probably in the mid summer
New York, New York, man, I love the cityCaught in a spiders web
Its' not the first time playing dead
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It's not the first time playing dead
They know something, oh well, we're running
I know they'll catch up in the endIn the hustle and the bustle, I feel I'm in trouble
And I trip and then I stumble, I feel myself fall
In the hustle and the bustle, it's too rough
I tumble in the gravel and the rubble can you hear me call?In the hustle and the bustle, I feel I'm in trouble
And I trip and then I stumble, I feel myself fall
In the hustle and the bustle, it's too rough
I tumble in the gravel and the rubble can you hear me call?Well, with a wheezing chest and a leaking ceiling
Baby next door screaming all evening
The beatings we got and the ones we're seeking

We're stubborn as fuck and I'm proud to sayThat me and Ben Skeleton mixed our own medicine
Never let a critic affect our direction
Barricade doors with out pale complexion
Program a beat bones, I'll just keep telling themHow selling them a brand is a band complication
A man in a room with a survey for the station
Trying to get it on air no, care tor creation
I guess it's all part of indoctrinationIn the hustle and the bustle, I feel I'm in trouble
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