

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 trait
Hate 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 me
Well, 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 bed
They 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 love
Caught in a spiders web
Its' not the first time playing dead
I see I saw lovers undercover
No one found out until we left
Caught 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 end
You 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 rain
At 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 city
Caught in a spiders web
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I see, I saw lovers undercover
No one found out until we left
Caught 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 end
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?
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 say
That 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 them
How 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 for creation
I guess it's all part of indoctrination
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