Simple Life

Eight Legs

Well she's sitting on the edge of my bed
Taking her shirt off over her head
I should be somewhere else but I am right here instead
As this old scene unfurls in this ever changing world
I ask myself how did I lose my woman for this here girl
Well she lays back like a queen
In some dark medieval dream
All at once god becomes a big old machine
And I've got one hand on the switch
Building up a fearsome itch
To turn him off for a little while
And dig myself a six foot ditch
'Cause every move she makes
Tempts this here bough to break
I know man lives on love
How much love can one man take
If there's a train coming I can't see it
If there's a lesson here I don't need it
I'm gonna slide right down into my own bad idea
So save it if you will
Stop the doctor, crush the pill
The simple life is overrated
I have simply had my fill

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