Spiders

Tim McMillan

The piercing radiant moon, the storming of poor June
All the life running through her hair
Approaching guiding light, our shallow years in fright
Dreams are made winding through my head
Through my head
Before you know, awake
Your lives are open wide, the V chip gives them sight
Of all the life running through her hair
The spiders all in tune, the evening of the moon
Dreams are made winding through my head
Through my head
Before you know, awake
Through my head, through my head
Before you know, before you know I will be waiting all awake
Dreams are made winding through her hair
Dreams are made winding through her hair

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