

# Spiders

## Wilco

Spiders are singing in the salty breeze  
Spiders are filling 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 kid smoke  
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, IDs blocked The sun will rise, we'll climb into cars  
Future has a valley and a shortcut around  
Who will wear the crown of drowning award?  
Hold a private light on a Michigan shore Fool me with a kiss of kid smoke  
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  
Carries us all home There's no blood on my hands  
I just do as I am told

Lyrics provided by

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