

# A Weather, Spiders, Snakes

Did you mean the things you said?  
Were you pulling ankles and legs?  
Do you read when you go to bed?  
Do you lie there shaking instead?  
Cause it works both ways with the rain  
leaving the words unread  
and I want to have you again  
listening to Bedhead

Try to get a little rest  
There's a very big day ahead  
I was lost like people feel  
before they find God's love

The best I can say now,  
"We made it alone,  
no help from hot-air balloons,  
saving us in the nick of time"  
Don't get your hopes up  
Keep them low  
Try not to reach so high  
Hard work won't pay off in the end

What a broken string of events  
What a little tied up loose end  
Are you mad that they are all dead?  
Do you wish that you'd gone instead?  
Are you pissed that when things got bad  
there was one set of footprints in the sand?  
When it's easy you walk alone  
there's a mark for each of your toes

The best I could hope for  
is what you'd expect  
White lights like icicles  
hung up above the porch  
I'd just like to say now  
before things go too far,  
"I hated none of you,  
I loved you all at the time"

I like having to run when I don't run  
and it leaves me so, so tired  
I want better for you and for my son  
and the lives we're leading now

I like having a tongue when the words come  
And even if it gets tied  
I want cinnamon buns in the morning sun  
in the airport waiting lines

I like having some fun like anyone  
with loaded water guns  
Your Canadian plum has got me numb  
Like Novacain in my gum

The best is the smoke blown  
back through the flue  
like birds returning to a tree  
Where their old nest used to be  
Now things have changed  
or maybe not  
That's where you learn to fly  
That's where our eggshell lies

