

# Archers Of Loaf, Web In Front

Stuck a pin in your backbone.  
Spoke it down from there.  
All I ever wanted was to be your spine.  
Lost your friction and you slid for a mile.  
Overdone, overdrive, overlive, override.

You're not the one who let me down,  
But thanks for offering.  
It's not a voice and I'm not around.  
But thanks for picking it...

Up, on the radio.  
Sampled your rust from a faucet, I know.  
I've got a magnet in my head,  
A magnet in my head.  
Extra thick, extra long, the way it was wasted.

And there's a chance that things'll get weird.  
Yeah, that's a possibility.  
Although I didn't do anything,  
No, I didn't do anything.

All I ever wanted,  
All I ever wanted,  
All I ever wanted was to be your spine.

All I ever wanted,  
All I ever wanted,  
All I ever wanted was to be your spine.

In a mouth kept shut and a tongue twist tie.  
You're the web in front, you're the favorite lie.  
You're a buck in my lip, you're a lash in my eye.  
You're the web in front of a favorite lie.

Stuck a pin in your backbone.  
Spoke it down from there.  
All I ever wanted was to be your spine.  
I've got a magnet in my head, a magnet in my head.  
Extra thick, extra long, the way it was wasted... wasted.