

Hawksley Workman, Spider In The Salt

I am like a spider in the salt
all dried out
all dried out
Drove by the empty house tonight
with no moon out

You'll be at the airport by yourself
make-up light
perfume smell
You possess your beauty
here tonight
by yourself

Venus, you're a fly trap, come inside
Sadness knows your uniform
It pays to be awake on winter nights
all alone

Never took a picture just you and I
now double down the curtains side
Maybe with no picture I'll forget to cry
all alone

How you gonna do it now
on your own
porcupine
needle nose
you are just a softy serpentine
to crash alone

Let us not be poets for beauties sake
beauty does as beauty makes
Men are just exhaust pipes on the take
all alone