

# Wilco, Spiders (Kidsmoke)

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 kidsmoke  
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  
The future has a valley and a shortcut around  
Who will wear the crown of drowning award  
Hold a private light on a Michigan shore

You fool me with a kiss of kidsmoke  
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  
And carries us all home

There's no blood on my hands  
I just do as I am told