

A Weather, One More One Night Stand

When the wind comes the spider leaves her web
and waits in the groove of the window
Last night the rain looked so thick in the streetlight
I thought it might be snow
The reflection of the powerlines and the spiderweb
In the house across the street
What's going on with you every night?
I really want to know
But I get too tired to speak

When you dance that way
Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no
"That's my clavicle", you say
I know you'll dance
if you can stand

One more night stand
One more night stand
One more night stand
One more one night stand
(if you could stand)
One more night stand
One more night stand
One more night stand
One more one night stand

And I think it'll be better, it will be someday
The spider bites across your back will all go away
and I'll stay
And I will be clearer and not so pushed around
by every small mouth that makes a very small, sad sound

"I got sick", you say
But I don't know, I don't remember
When you bite my ear
Your breath's the loudest thing I ever hear
if you could stand

One more night stand
One more night stand
One more night stand
One more one night stand
(if you could stand)
One more night stand
One more night stand
One more night stand
One more one night stand

And the good days are like presents we get to unwrap
When no one's around so we don't have to thank anyone
I tried to speak louder so you'd understand
I want you to sleep here
Make this cold part of the bed warm again

"That's my web", you sing
The spider's day looks very boring
"That's my clavicle";
Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no
if you could stand

One more night stand
One more night stand
One more night stand
One more one night stand

(if you could stand)
One more night stand
One more night stand
One more night stand
One more one night stand