

# Barenaked Ladies, There's A Spider In My Room

There's a spider in my room  
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And then a voice above my head  
Said if that spider were made dead  
I'd better grow some fins 'cause  
It would make it easier to swim

I don't like spiders and snakes  
The way they crawl, the way they shake  
If a spider gets killed how does that make it rain  
How could I be the one to blame

A whisper drizzled down from the ice in its eyes  
it said, "Try pickin' on your own damn size,"  
But the Hoover was quick, termination complete  
In its bedroom home got a chance to eat.

In the corner beside my bed  
Very busy spinning thread  
Eight legs and a little head

I hear the thunder from outside  
And the water's gettin' high

I don't like moths and bugs  
They buzz, they get in the rugs  
But where does a guy find some room  
in this life raft home, a little rubber tomb

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