

Hawksley Workman, Tarantulove

You ain't been sexin' kitten,
but now you're screamin',
your bare feet dancin' crazy,
in shards of wine-glasses.
The picture's blurry-blue,
what the hell's got into you?
Tarantulove.

The yellow fringe is frayin',
you pull the top down.
Your clothes cling tightly to your
body when it's rainin'.
I, hungry, smitten, I,
what've you been bitten by?
Tarantulove.
Tarantulove.

Came the times
I want to hold you,
walk the line 'til all
that's feeling sad.

That's feeling sad,
That's feeling sad,
That's feeling sad,
That's feeling sad.

Well, I'm no doctor, baby,
but I know what's good for me.
It's just like chocolate fingers,
on bed-side saucers.
How do you describe the pain?
Here's what I'm prescribin', babe,
Tarantulove.
Tarantulove.
Tarantulove.
Oh, Tarantulove,
Oh, Tarantulove,
Oh, Tarantulove,
Oh, Tarantulove,

Oh, you're blue, blue
when the tide is over,
Tarantulove,
Oh, Tarantulove,
Oh, you're blue, you're blue
blue, blue
Tarantulove,
Tarantulove,
Tarantulove,
Tarantulove,
Oh, Tarantu-rantu-love.
Tarantulove.
Oh,
Tarantulove.