

Joseph Arthur, Porcup Me

A porcupine
Crawling out from inside of your mind
Like you growing a crown of thorns
But you're no messiah
You think more like a spider
'Cause guilty hearts beat upside down
Silver hubcaps replcaed your eyes
As you went spinning on a daydream down
Forgiving the road every inch for miles
If your tyres survive
You know your heart will explode
And if this song was a sponge
Soaked in your blood
Well then I guess the story would be told
A fateful day
You became a spider
As I fed you blood from my nose
Now you're just like me