

# 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