

The Pink Spiders, How's This For Space?

She whispers like a megaphone
Its less than subtle and not quite love

Cause I can never be alone
I asked for space and then she grabbed my shirt and held me from the window
Hey hows this for space?
So cut the signal if it still feeds back
Its not an order its a heart attack
As memories of your playground love are catching up to you but these battles need not swords
This open journals empty rhetoric so par for the course
A target audience to snuggle with no guilt or remorse
You point and click and keep your distance
Its the digital age up close in person
Is old fashioned zero one is the rage
The wireless age has got its people on leashes