

# The Pink Spiders, Mrs. Ruston

Mrs. Ruston, I survived the rest of your life  
Unaware, oblivious, you couldn't be down,  
And now you're given out the combination code  
And they know

Mrs. Ruston, time retired all the lights  
The electric air expired with the night,  
But you're eyes are deep and cut through me  
Here in the afterglow -  
What a show

And she keeps sketching her dreams  
From the back of her mind into the souls of machines  
An audience breathes the troubles she's trying to forget  
And these scenes, obviously  
Though I don't know what they said  
Somehow I know what they mean  
But how can I trust the bridge if I didn't build it?

Mrs. Ruston, he was waiting there all along  
What a fool, but how could anyone think it wrong  
To wait, or hesitate from pushing you away,  
If you'd stay?

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From the back of her mind into the souls of machines  
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And these scenes, obviously  
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The constellations falling slowly from the sky  
With blurry edges through the tears that fill your eyes  
You'd like to catch them, but you're too afraid to try,  
'Cause it might be worth the effort  
But it's just not worth the time

Mrs. Ruston, life resides inside of the grey  
And every step reminds me what you said  
About losing touch with those you love  
And giving yourself away  
Every day

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From the back of her mind into the souls of machines  
An audience breathes the troubles she's trying to forget  
And these scenes, obviously  
Though I don't know what they said  
Somehow I know what they mean  
But how can I trust the bridge if I didn't build it?

When she keeps quiet and clean,  
Despite the impact, in fact it's all that she needs  
As an ambulance screams a choir to silence the regrets,  
This one dream, evidently,  
Was like a flashback trip that was stealing the scene  
But how can I trust the bridge if I didn't build it?