

Trance To The Sun, Czar Chasm

I've got no fingers anymore he took them all from me
He hid them in his room between the lap and the T.V.
Do you have some glue?
Maybe some acrylic paint
I've found them again and I intend to stick them back on
He doesn't want me to have anything to do when he's away
What's there to do when you're lonely?
There's a spider in my attic
She has to crochet all day
He can't get to her in her maze of spokes
She somehow keeps him away
But he's got to me like black magic
I can't keep him at bay
He's just like that I guess in some way
I've got a suitcase of colors and fifteen bottles of rainbow ink
33 paintbrushes and five pens
And a little bird outside my window
She keeps me entertained
You could come over if you like and you promise to behave
You could meet the spider and we'll have some tea
I promise they won't lock the doors on you
And if they do you can climb out the window
Say hello to the bird for me