

# Trophy Scars, Don't Fuss Over Spiders Thrown

I read it in a book, my biased dirty looks.  
"Unhand me, you crook."  
I saw it in her face;  
She made a big mistake.  
That word's not hers to take. No.  
This is the joke, so listen up close:  
Those bodies below are people you know.  
Dig them all up,  
Connect all the dots,  
And see what you got...  
Not a whole lot... A lot, a lot, a lot  
All that he knows is all that she is:  
A quiet small girl with some guilt and the passion of saying  
"Oh well, It's personal. So stop listening in!."  
I can argue all night in the cold  
Over TV static and snow or the hum on the radio.  
Listen to John 'cause here comes a solo.  
He plays all the right chords.  
We argue over the same two words: Spiders thrown.  
It's so unofficial but, it's all over the f\*\*king news.  
You gotta sit down.  
We gotta talk about this one pal, we gotta talk about this one.  
This one thinks I'm a dreamer, oh yeah I'm a dreamer.  
I'm taking the next train to Florida where it's warmer.  
I won't argue any longer over spiders.  
They say it's easy when you're the one who's leaving.  
So I guess we're f\*\*king even, right?  
Sit the f\*\*k down and shut up!  
I need to say a couple things to myself.  
"What am I doing?" "What's this song?"  
I can't remember my teeth and my skin.  
"Why the grin?" I'm still knee deep in sin.  
Oh, I'm so existential, pretentious with pencils,  
A market a staple, awkward and able,  
A cowboy who reads much too much noise,  
And I can't keep from drinking when I'm out with the boys  
Over "Spiders thrown."