

# Trout Fishing In America, Spider's Fence

Nothing lasts forever, forever don't last long,  
It is over in a heartbeat--  
Over with the singin' of a love song.  
Angles in the canvas try to minimize the threat,  
And time's a lovely filter,  
And I can still recall the fears that I felt.  
Chorus: Dance your way through the spider's fence,  
And never look Medusa in the eye;  
You might call it something else,  
But no matter what you call it, it's goodbye, yeah--  
I saw the image in the mirror, didn't recognize myself,  
Severed from a childhood and it seemed like someone else,  
Picked up all the pieces, put that box back on the shelf,  
And just kept goin' on, I kept goin' on;  
Just kept goin' on, yeah yeah yeah, I kept goin' on.  
I opened up that closet, and here I stand again,  
Doesn't look so bad now,  
And all my years of exile seem so well spent;  
I thumbed through yellowed pages, the books I used to read,  
Tryin' on an old suit,  
And all those broken promises that would never keep.  
Chorus: