

Vapors, Spiders

She's got spiders inside her head
She's in danger she's easily led
She's on a mission from morning till night
She takes pictures with infra-red light
Secret agent miss Z-P-19
I still love you miss Z-P-19
But every morning when she jumps out of bed
She shakes the spiders playing inside her head
Oh my baby what shall we do
Babys in a black web I'm feeling blue
Johnnys in the cornershop waiting for you
He's got lots of
Lookout Johnny she's got spiders
Inside her head
She can't control her baby spiders
She wants them dead
She's got radar remote control
She's got TV in every hole
She's got camera behind her eyes
She's warm and dangerous in every disguise
Oh my baby what shall we do
Babys in a black web I'm feeling blue
Johnnys in the cornershop waiting for you
He's got lots of
Lookout Johnny she's got spiders
All around her door
She can't control her baby spiders Anymore
She's up and humming at the discostation
When all she really wants is regulations
You're up and humming at the discostation
Up and spinning like a yo yo
And every morning when she catches her train
She taps the telephones in passenger brains