

Salt Veruca

"Spiderman '79"

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You're so nice, you tie me in a web
And cradle me till dawn.
You're so deadly that I can see your breath
Beneath me when you're gone.
You're so windy, I'd like to pin you down
And tack you to the wall,
Spiderman, Spiderman.

Spider Sunday, you blaze up from the south
With oil on your hands.
I'm streaked in grease and grime and idle mouths.
You've spoiled all my plans,
Spiderman, Spiderman, Spiderman.

I can't take more of that.
I can't take more of that.
I can't take more of that.
I can't take more of that.
Whoa, ho-oh.

Tiny truckstop, you lay me in a towel
And savor me like a lamb.
You smell of corduroy and lemon drops
And rags pulled from a can.
I dream in black and white,
I've long forgot exactly who I am, am,
A Spiderman, Spiderman, Spiderman, Spiderman.
Whoa, ho-oh. Spiderman

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