

Barenaked Ladies

"There's A Spider In My Room"

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There's a spider in my room
There's a spider in my room

And then a voice above my head
Said if that spider were made dead
I'd better grow some fins 'cause
It would make it easier to swim

I don't like spiders and snakes
The way they crawl, the way they shake
If a spider gets killed how does that make it rain
How could I be the one to blame

A whisper drizzled down from the ice in its eyes
it said, "Try pickin' on your own damn size,"
But the Hoover was quick, termination complete

In its bedroom home got a chance to eat.

In the corner beside my bed
Very busy spinning thread
Eight legs and a little head

I hear the thunder from outside
And the water's gettin' high

I don't like moths and bugs
They buzz, they get in the rugs
But where does a guy find some room
in this life raft home, a little rubber tomb

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