

Joseph Arthur

"Porcupine"

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A porcupine crawling out from inside of your mind
Like you're growing a crown of thorns
But you're no Messiah
You think more like a spider 'cause guilty hearts beat
upside down

Silver hubcaps replcaed your eyes
As you went spinning on a daydream down
Forgiving the road every inch for miles
If your tyres survive you know your heart will explode

And if this song was a sponge soaked in your blood
Well then I guess the story would be told
A fateful day
You became a spider as I fed you blood from my nose

Now you're just like me

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