

The Antlers

"I'd Rather Kiss A Tarantula"

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The apple fell small distance from the tree that it called
mum
In those shadows it became what apples do become
A granny smith, from granny smith, so each stems
from it's kind
And that is how I should have known, how could I be so
blind

Your mother, though a charm at times, fell short of
character
Your mother went from man to man, and you were
prone to flirt

Now looking back it seems unfair to have expected
more
From someone who my wiser friends identified a whore
And yes that word is strong, but true, and so is my
resolve
To be the man that I should be and leave you with the
dogs

We've been through this before

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