

## **A Radio With Guts "Spiders Across The Stars"**

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I'm standing out in the rain  
Beneath the pines  
I'm sticking out my thumb  
No cars in sight  
Plantlike sieves for shoes  
Not fit for the rainy night of america  
And the raw road night  
My heart beats bright  
Sal paradise just needs a ride

I shamble after the mad ones  
Mad to live  
Mad to talk  
Who never yawn  
Mad to be saved  
Desirous of everything  
Who never say commonplace things  
But burn burn burn  
Like yellow roman candles  
Like spiders across the stars  
I'm on the road that leads to where you are

I'm riding on the plains 'neath purple skies  
I'm living on ice cream and apple pie  
I've rushed past the pretty girls  
The prettiest girls in america  
As I ride on by  
My heart beats life  
Sal paradise just lives to write  
And shamble after the mad ones...

Mad to live  
Mad to talk  
Who never yawn  
Mad to be saved  
Desirous of everything  
Who never say commonplace things  
But burn burn burn  
Like yellow roman candles  
Like spiders across the stars  
I'm on the road that leads to where you are  
Just give me time to stop

At every bar I pass along the way...

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