

## **Pink Spiders**

### **"How's This For Space?"**

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She whispers like a megaphone  
Its less than subtle and not quite love

Cause I can never be alone  
I asked for space and then she grabbed my shirt and  
held me from the window  
Hey hows this for space?  
So cut the signal if it still feeds back  
Its not an order its a heart attack  
As memories of your playground love are catching up  
to you but these battles need not swords

This open journals empty rhetoric so par for the course  
A target audience to snuggle with no guilt or remorse  
You point and click and keep your distance  
Its the digital age up close in person  
Is old fashioned zero one is the rage  
The wireless age has got its people on leashes

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