

Wilco, Spiders (Kidsmoke)

Spiders are singing in the salty breeze
Spiders are filling out tax returns
Spinning out webs of deductions and melodies
On a private beach in Michigan

Why can't they wish their kisses good
Why do they miss when their kisses should
Fly like winging birds fighting for the keys
On a private beach in Michigan

This recent rash of kidsmoke
All these telescopic poems
It's good to be alone

Why can't they say what they want
Why can't they just say what they mean
Come clean, listen and talk
Hello private callers, IDs blocked

The sun will rise, we'll climb into cars
The future has a valley and a shortcut around
Who will wear the crown of drowning award
Hold a private light on a Michigan shore

You fool me with a kiss of kidsmoke
From a microscopic home
It's good to be alone

I'll be in my bed
You can be the stone
That raises from the dead
And carries us all home

There's no blood on my hands
I just do as I am told