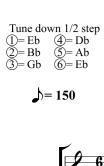
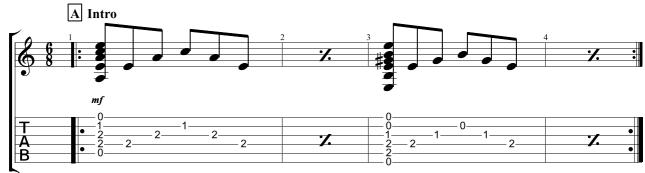
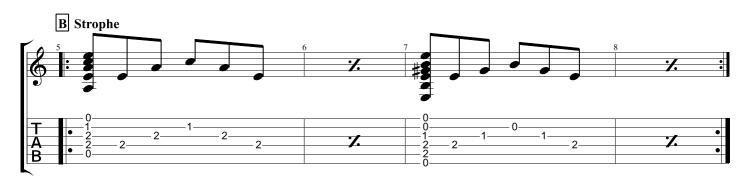
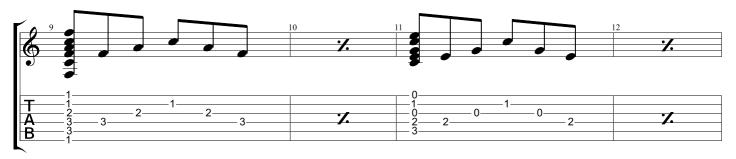
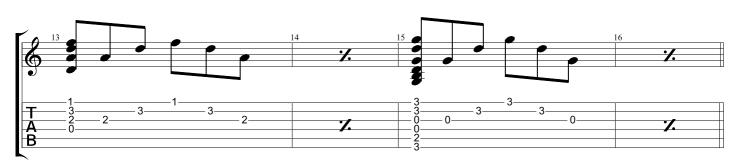
Spider's Web



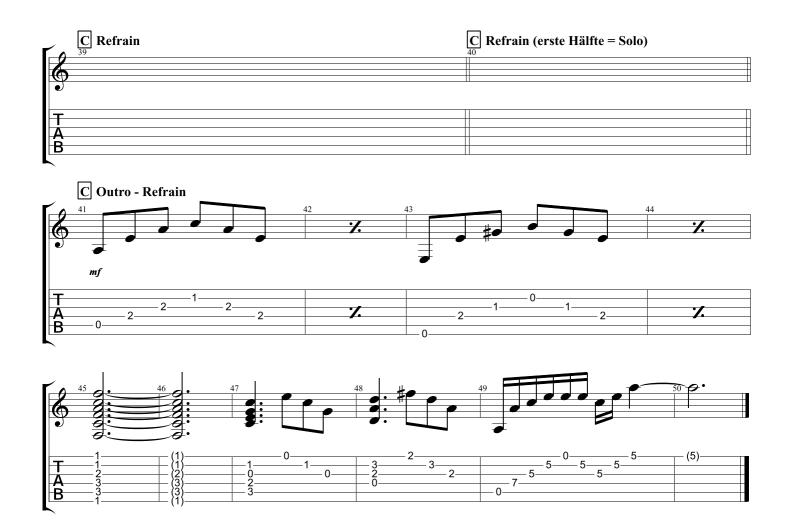












SPIDER'S WEB

If a black man is racist, is it okay?

If it's the white man's racism that made him that way
Because the bully's the victim they say
By some sense they're all the same

Because the line between
Wrong and right
Is the width of a thread
From a spider's web
The piano keys are black and white
But they sound like a million colours in your mind

I could tell you to go to war
Or I could march for peace and fighting no more
How do I know which is right
And I hope he does when he sends you to fight

Because the line between wrong and right
Is the width of a thread from a spider's web
The piano keys are black and white
But they sound like a million colours in your mind

Should we act on a blame?

Or should we chase the moments away?
Should we live?
Should we give?
Remember forever the guns and the feathers in time
Because the line between wrong and right
Is the width of a thread from a spider's web
The piano keys are black and white
But they sound like a million colours in your mind
The piano keys are black and white
But they sound like a million colours in your mind

But they sound like a million colours in your mind