

LIZ PHAIR, Crater Lake

Once you've left a lonely rage on its own, it grows
And dynamite stuffed in a mailbox doesn't smoke until it blows
And, oh, all the tears in four tiny years
Well, look at me, I'm frightening my friends
You better roll me...
I bought a map of the moon
There was a crater with my name on it and a really good view
There I was, getting drunk in your room
Because I wanted to throw my weight around
And, oh, all the tears in four tiny years
Well, look at me, I'm frightening my friends
You better roll me home
You better roll me home
You better roll me home