

Modest Mouse, Black Cadillacs

And it's true we named our children
After towns that we've never been to
And it's true that the clouds just hung around
Like black Cadillacs outside a funeral

And we were done, done, done
With all the fuck, fuck, fuckin' around
You were so true to yourself
You were true to no one else
Well I should put you in the ground

I've got the time, I got the hours
I got the days, I got the weeks
I could say to myself
I've got the words but I can't speak
Well I was done, done, done
With all the circ, circ, circlin' round

I didn't die and I ain't complainin'
I ain't blamin' you
I didn't know that the words you said to me
Meant more to me than they ever could you
I didn't lie and I ain't sayin'
I told the whole truth
I didn't know that this game we were playin'
Even had a set of rules

We named our children after towns
That we've never been to
And it's true that the clouds just hung around
Like black Cadillacs outside a funeral
And we were laughing at the stars
While our feet clung tight to the ground
So pleased with ourselves
For using so many verbs and nouns

But we were all still just dumb, dumb, dumber
Than the dirt, dirt, dirt on the ground
Well wings on flames, kings with no names
Well, this place just ain't got right air right now
You were so all over town but still so Crayola brown
Well you should run 'round yourself right now
And we were done, done, done
With all the fuck, fuck, fuckin' around
Circlin' round