

Paul Westerberg, Crackle And Drag

What's the matter here?
You'll never repair
The lady's cursed with insight
You'll never fix her, with a cold stare
She's all broken inside

She made a good go, like a weeping willow
Her limbs clung to the ground
She closed the window, and made a pillow
And lay her head down
And as her babies slept, she took a long deep breath

Now they're zipping her up in a bag
Can you hear her blacks crackle and drag
And the Cadillac's waiting to take her away
Can you hear her blacks crackle and drag

Another head cold, another spirit old
Mmmm, February
Her hair was dirty, and she was 30 in 1963
And while her babies slept she took a long deep breath

And they're zipping her up in a bag
Can you hear her blacks crackle and drag
The Cadillac's waiting to take her away
Can you hear her blacks crackle and drag
And drag, and drag, and drag

She made a good go, for a weeping willow
She stuffed some rags on the floor
She closed the window
She made a pillow on the oven door
And took a long deep breath
While her babies slept

Now they're zipping her up in a bag
Can you hear her blacks crackle and drag
And the Cadillac's waiting to take her away
Can you hear her blacks crackle and drag

They're zipping her up in a bag
Can you hear her blacks crackle and drag
The Cadillac's waiting to take her away
Can you hear her blacks crackle and drag
Hear her blacks crackle and drag