

# Paul Westerberg, Crackle And Drag (Original Take)

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