

## **Cadillac Blindsight**

# **"Straightjacket Weather"**

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i thought you would be, insane at twenty-three. now, i'm  
that weirdo screaming on the train. you're setting fires  
inside my head. i'd like to believe you. it's not arson,  
maybe just a warm goodbye for me. it's cold inside my  
heart, cold, dark, and crazy. sweater weather for you,  
and a straightjacket for me. head down, hands tied,  
dreaming only of you. who can rescue me from this  
padded room. if i got my mouth on some cyanide, or a  
shotgun, maybe i'd survive. head down, hands tied,  
dreaming only of you. who can rescue me from this  
padded room. and our get-away car is parked outside.  
i'll ride shotgun, baby, you can drive.

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