

Liz Durrett

"Crater Lake"

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Once you've left a lonely rage on it's 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

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