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Liz Phair "Crater Lake"

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Once you've left a lonely rage on its 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's a crater with my name on it and a really good 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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