

Modest Mouse "Black Cadillacs"

Visit "[Black Cadillacs](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

And it's true we named our children
After towns that we've never been to.
And it's true that the clouds just hung around
Like black Cadillacs outside a funeral.

And we were done, done, done
With all the fuck, fuck, fuckin' around.
You were so true to yourself.
You were true to no one else.
Well I should put you in the ground.

I've got the time, I got the hours,
I got the days, I got the weeks.
I could say to myself
I've got the words but I can't speak.
Well I was done, done, done
With all the circ, circ, circlin' round.

I didn't die and I ain't complainin'.
I ain't blamin' you.
I didn't know that the words you said to me
Meant more to me than they ever could you.
I didn't lie and I ain't sayin'
I told the whole truth.

I didn't know that this game we were playin'
Even had a set of rules.

We named our children after towns
That we've never been to.
And it's true that the clouds just hunger around
Like black Cadillacs outside a funeral.
And we were laughing at the stars
While our feet clung tight to the ground.
So pleased with ourselves
For using so many verbs and nouns.

But we were all still just dumb, dumb, dumber
Than the dirt, dirt, dirt on the ground.
Well wings on flames, kings with no names,
Well this place just ain't got right air right now.
You were so all over town but still so Crayola brown.

Well you should run 'round yourself right now.
And we were done, done, done
With all the fuck, fuck, fuckin' around.
Circlin' round.

Visit [Modest Mouse](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.