

## **Paul Westerberg "Crackle and Drag"**

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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 the 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 & drag?  
And the Cadillac's waiting to take her away  
Can you hear her blacks crackle & drag?

Another head cold, another spirit old  
February  
Her hair was dirty and she was thirty 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 & drag?  
The Cadillac's waiting to take her away  
Can you hear her blacks crackle & drag?

And drag, 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 & drag?  
And the Cadillac's waiting to take her away  
Can you hear her blacks crackle & drag?

They're zipping her up in a bag  
Can you hear her blacks crackle & drag?

The Cadillac's waiting to take her away  
Can you hear her blacks crackle & drag?  
Hear her blacks crackle & drag

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