

## Phair Liz

### "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 view ... There I was, getting drunk in your  
room ... Because

I wanted to throw my weight around

An oh, all the tears

In four tiny years

Oh look at me, I'm frightening my friends...

You better roll me home

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