

## Crater Lake

Liz Phair

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

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