

Black Cadillacs - Modest Mouse // 2004 // key: Am

1. And it's true we named our children after towns. That we'd never been to
And it's true that the clouds just hung a - round. Like black cadillacs outside a funeral

Chorus: And we were done, done, done with all the fuck, fuck, fucking a - round

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 cir - cir - circling 'round

Bridge: I didn't die and I ain't complaining. I ain't blaming 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 saying I told the whole truth

I didn't know that this game we were playing even had a set of rules

2. We named our children after towns that we'd never been to

And it's true that the clouds just hung a- round 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

Chorus: 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, fucking a - round.

Circling 'round