

# Black Cadillacs

Modest Mouse

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.