

# Fractures in Plaster

## Superchunk

When your clothes they all shrink  
And your forehead's pressed to the cool of the sink  
Do you find yourself suddenly there  
In the woods with your yellow bear? oh  
And if we step through the nursery door  
And if the snow falls like before  
In flakes as big as your hand  
Do we even care where it will end? no  
When the past proves tough to resist  
You'll keep a loose grip on my wrist, won't you?  
Yeah if the ghosts and the living can't coexist  
You'll keep a loose grip on my wrist, won't you?  
Fractures in plaster  
Fractures in plaster  
Queen Elizabeth, what would you ask her?  
In 1922 if the puzzled boy in the books was you,  
Where would your comfort be?  
Up the sturdy trunk of a chestnut tree?  
Well there's no such haven here  
But no one will notice if we disappear  
To the window at the top of the stairs  
With a view to the woods  
And the clearing of forgetful airs  
When the past proves tough to resist  
You'll keep a loose grip on my wrist, won't you?  
And if the ghosts and the living can't coexist  
You'll keep a loose grip on my wrist, won't you?  
Fractures in plaster  
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Queen Elizabeth, what would you ask her?

Songwriters

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