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? nowhen 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 airswhen 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
fractures in plaster
Queen Elizabeth, what would you ask her?

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