

Frank Black And The Catholics, 21 Reasons

I rode from TJ up to Berkeley
And it started out so grey
Till I lost that cool protection
When the sun burned it all away

While the winter's light shined down on those
Revivals from my day
I had dreams of your insurrection
Taken down by Monterey

I don't care for the season
I don't find it that fun
And I've got 21 reasons
I've got 21 reasons
And there go 22 singers on the run

First I saw the digits crawling
Slowly up the rocky coast
Just some separated fingers
Looking for their fingerpost

From the water jumped a bloody hand
Needing desperately a host
When I saw the bald bell ringers
Well I knew then that you were toast

I don't care for the season
I don't find it that fun
And I've got 21 reasons
I've got 21 reasons
And there go 22 singers on the run

Then went up the baby babels
Where the iron bells were hung
They couldn't get them any higher
And those iron bells were rung

With the singers now all gathered
They collected every tongue
And so now it was required
For every soul to turn the dung

I don't care for the season
I don't find it that fun
And I've got 21 reasons
I've got 21 reasons
And there go 22 singers on the run

Well you sure can hear a rumble
On the royal road today
And those grand halls of correction
Well I think that they're here to stay

From the time that you are born
There are certain bells you must obey
Best you plan for the resurrection
Best you lower your head and pray

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