

Frank Black And The Catholics, Whispering Weeds

I went climbing up a weedy hill
Just to see what I could see
There far below the Hindu shrine where
I go from time to time

And up at the top I met dead Andy
I'm not sure how he got killed
But nailed to a tree is a photograph, yeah
I always tip my hat

Oh whispering weeds
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Oh whispering weeds
What are we talking about today?
And what's that you say?

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Up in the flats of Leo Carillo
Is a place where I can sleep
A great big rock where I did dream a
Happy stone age dream

And the darkness around me started to creep
And I knew that I had to go
'Cause night is the hour of the mountain lion who
Sent me back home crying

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