## Frank Black And The Catholics, Whispering Week

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
Oh whispering weeds
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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