

Frank Black And The Catholics, 1826

I'm going away
I'm going far away
I'm going further than the land that meets the sky

And I won't rest
Until I'm very far
I'll walk for many days and walk through many nights
I leave today

I smell the death
I smell it very near
I'm going away before that death is coming here

I hear a sound
I hear my enemies
I hear them getting louder, louder everyday
My enemies

I'll run and run
And I won't have a home
I don't know when I'll stop my running, I don't know

Won't have a friend
Won't talk to anyone
Oh, will I ever stop my running? I don't know

Oh, I don't know
Oh, will I ever know?
Will I ever stop my running? I don't know
Oh, I don't know