

# 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 bables  
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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