

# Frank Black And The Catholics, Dog Gone

I could not pray  
I felt so dog gone  
Couldn't get no witness but I did not know  
Then a voice in a whisper said you've got to carry it on  
And the news is gonna break  
The news is gonna break  
The news is gonna break that I am here  
Out along the way I got so bogged down  
I had some business there I did not slow  
And a boy in the world said you've got to carry it on  
And the news is gonna break  
The news is gonna break  
The news is gonna break that I am here  
I'm not a messenger  
I'm not the passenger  
Got some business there but you did not know  
And the point of my visit, well sir, that's to carry me on  
And the news is gonna break  
And the news is gonna break  
Yeah, your noose is gonna break when I am there  
No Paris  
No Nepal  
No Barstow  
Won't be none of them at all  
No Congo  
No Kish or Kishangargh  
No Memphis  
It doesn't matter who you are  
I'm on my way  
I feel so dog gone  
Go 'bout your business but you did not know  
And the point if there is one, well sir  
That's to carry me on  
And the news is gonna break  
(your noose is gonna break)  
The news is gonna break that I am here)  
The news is gonna break that I am here  
And your noose is gonna break when I am there