

Frank Black, Places Named After Numbers

Beyond below above
A gravity that slumbers
At the center of
Places named after numbers
A different kind of love

She was right
She was right there
She was right there all the time
Collapsing all the way

And though it seems from here
That she was never there
Light beams disappear
Into her blackened hair
I wonder if they reappear

She was right
She was right there
She was right there all the time
Collapsing all the way