

Frank Black, Seven Days

Seven days will get you there
Seven plates of bone
I won't pray to get me there
Get there on my own

Going yonder where I was born
Place where I was partly raised
Have you been to Boston Town
The place where I was born

Seven days will get you there
Seven plains of corn
Lord knows I've been all around
Roaming all around these plains

On my way back home from seven years
In seven days
Seven winters blown like seven players
Who had no cheer

Seven summers grown the seven ways
To all my tears
On my way back home from seven years
In seven days

Seven days will get you there
Seven plates of corn
I won't pray to get me there
Get there on my own

Going yonder where I was born
The place where I was partly raised
Going yonder where I was born
The place where I was partly raised