

# 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  
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The place where I was partly raised