

Frank Black, So Hard To Make Things Out

I'm going out to big plains
To see the spirits rise
Out tonight to watch them do their thing
If you're coming out with big plans
To find some paradise
Well, there's nothing here to do but limboing
And some went back
They couldn't face the black
And they're going back today with their personal things
I couldn't go back
I didn't have the knack
So I'll be staying on with my personal things
Yeah, I'll be staying on with my personal things

Well they call this a life I live on the ninety-sixth floor
And they all it a life he lives that's they guy next door
Life on the mighty brick tiers
I tried on the ninety-sixth floor
Mighty brick tiers
Ninety-sixth floor
Something had to give

Why is it so hard to live? it's just so hard to make things out

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Well I have a suggestion as you bark your querying
Well there ain't no congestion on a dark hyperion
In the night night night night night
In the night night night night night
No congestion
Dark hyperion
Why why why why

Well I'll tell you my philosophy things must've been grand
Way back in the old country in a younger land
Now I can hardly wait yeah
I can hardly wait to see them rise
Now I can hardly wait yeah for it to materialize
Now I can hardly wait yeah
I can hardly wait yeah
I can hardly wait to see them rise
They're so hard to make out
They're so hard to make out