Frank Black, When the Paint Grows Darker Still

I am just a weary singer Moving through this world of ills Hark the choir of predecessors When the paint grows darker still

Once I found a golden trumpet In the mash of an old landfill Now I play for the spirits When the paint grows darker still

Winter waited in my garden When the sun did refuse to shine Honeybees all in a slumber Skies filled up the sea Falling down on me

Winter waited in my garden When the sun did refuse to shine Honeybees are in a slumber Skies filled up the sea Falling down on me

See his eyes turn to stained glass Head to toe in a black roadkill Here I am for your judgement When the paint grows darker still