

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