

## 21 Reasons

Frank Black

I rode from TJ up to Berkeley  
And it started out so grey  
Till I lost that cool protection  
When the sun burned it all away  
While the winter's light shined down on those  
Revivals from my day  
I had dreams of your insurrection  
Taken down by Monterey  
I don't care for the season  
I don't find it that fun  
And I've got 21 reasons  
I've got 21 reasons  
And there go 22 singers on the run  
First I saw the digits crawling  
Slowly up the rocky coast  
Just some separated fingers  
Looking for their fingerpost  
From the water jumped a bloody hand  
Needing desperately a host  
When I saw the bald bell ringers  
Well I knew then that you were toast  
I don't care for the season  
I don't find it that fun  
And I've got 21 reasons  
I've got 21 reasons  
And there go 22 singers on the run  
Then went up the baby babels  
Where the iron bells were hung  
They couldn't get them any higher  
And those iron bells were rung  
With the singers now all gathered  
They collected every tongue  
And so now it was required  
For every soul to turn the dung  
I don't care for the season  
I don't find it that fun  
And I've got 21 reasons  
I've got 21 reasons  
And there go 22 singers on the run  
Well you sure can hear a rumble  
On the royal road today  
And those grand halls of correction  
Well I think that they're here to stay  
From the time that you are born  
There are certain bells you must obey  
Best you plan for the resurrection  
Best you lower your head and pray  
I don't care for the season  
I don't find it that fun  
And I've got 21 reasons  
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And there go 22 singers on the run  
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22 singers on the run