

So Hard to Make Things Out

Frank Black & The Catholics

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 plains
To find some paradise
Well, there's nothing
Here to do but limboing And some went back
They couldn't face the black
So they're going back today
With their personal things I couldn't go back
I didn't have the knack
Yeah, so I'll be staying on with my personal things
I'll be staying on with my personal things Well, they call this a life I live
On ninety-sixth floor
And they call it a life he lives
That's a 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
It's just so hard to make things Why is it so hard to live?
It's just so hard to make things out Well, I have a suggestion
As you bark your querying
Well, there ain't no congestion
On a dark Hyperion In the night
In the night
Oh, no congestion
On a dark Hyperion
Why, why, why, why? Why is it so hard to live?
It's just so hard to make things
It's just so hard to make things Why is it so hard to live?
It's just so hard to make things out Well, I'll tell you my philosophy
Things must have been grand
Way back in the old country
In a younger land Yeah, now I can hardly wait, yeah
I can hardly wait to see them rise
Oh, I can hardly wait yeah
For it to materialize Oh, 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

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