

# 21 Reasons

## Frank Black & The Catholics

I rode from TJ up to Berkeley  
And it started out so gray  
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 finger post 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  
The 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

I've got 21 reasons  
And there go 22 singers on the run  
21 reasons, 21 reasons  
22 singers on the run

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