

Whispering Weeds

Frank Black & The Catholics

I went climbing up a weedy hill
Just to see what I could see
There far below the Hindu shrine
Where I go from time to time And up at the top I met dead Andy
I'm not sure how he got killed
But nailed to a tree is a photograph, yeah
I always tip my hat Oh, whispering weeds
Oh, whispering weeds
Oh, whispering weeds
What are we talking about today?
And what's that you say?
And what's that you say? Up in the flats of Leo Carillo
Is a place where I can sleep
A great big rock where I did dream
A happy stone age dream And the darkness around me started to creep
And I knew that I had to go
'Cause night is the hour of the mountain lion who
Sent me back home crying Oh whispering weeds
Oh, whispering weeds
Oh, whispering weeds
What are we talking about today?
And what's that you say?
And what's that you say?

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