

Dog Gone

Frank Black and the Catholics

I could not pray, I felt so dog gone
Couldn't get no witness but I did not know
Then a voice in a whisper said, "You've got to carry it on" And the news is gonna break
The news is gonna break
The news is gonna break that I am here Out along the way, I got so bogged down
I had some business there, I did not slow
And a boy in the world said, "You've got to carry it on" And the news is gonna break
The news is gonna break
The news is gonna break that I am here I'm not a messenger, I'm not the passenger
Got some business there but you did not know
And the point of my visit, well sir, that's to carry me on And the news is gonna break
And the news is gonna break
Yeah, your noose is gonna break when I am there No Paris, no Nepal, no Barstow
Won't be none of them at all
No Congo, no Kish or Kishangargh, no Memphis
It doesn't matter who you are I'm on my way, I feel so dog gone
Go 'bout your business but you did not know
And the point if there is one, well sir, that's to carry me on And the news is gonna break
(Your noose is gonna break)
(The news is gonna break that I am here)
The news is gonna break that I am here
And your noose is gonna break when I am there

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