

Frank Black & The Catholics

"1826"

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I'm going away
I'm going far away
I'm going further than the land
That meets the sky

And I won't rest
Until I'm very far
I'll walk for many days
And walk through many nights
I leave today

I smell the death
I smell it very near
I'm going away
Before that death is coming here

I hear a sound
I hear my enemies
I hear them getting louder, louder everyday
My enemies

I'll run and run
And I won't have a home
I don't know when I'll stop my running
I don't know

Won't have a friend
Won't talk to anyone
Oh, will I ever stop my running?
I don't know

Oh, I don't know
Oh, will I ever know?
Will I ever stop my running?
I don't know, oh, I don't know

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