Frank Black & The Catholics "So Hard To Make Things Out"

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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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