

Warren Zevon "Fistful of Rain"

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You can dream the American Dream
But you sleep with the lights on and wake up with a
scream
You can hope against hope that nothing will change
Grab a hold of that fistful of rain

Grab a hold, grab a hold, grab a hold
Grab a hold, grab a hold
Grab a hold of that fistful of rain

When your grasp has exceeded your reach
And you put all your faith in a figure of speech
You've heard all the answers but the questions remain
Grab a hold of that fistful of rain

Grab a hold, grab a hold, grab a hold
Grab a hold, grab a hold
Grab a hold of that fistful of rain

And when diamonds turn back into coal
Grab a hold, children, grab a hold
When the mountains crumble
And you're ready to rumble
And roll like a runaway train

And when diamonds turn back into coal
Grab a hold, children, grab a hold
When the mountains crumble
And you're ready to rumble
And roll like a runaway train

In a heart there are windows and doors
You can let the light in, you can feel the wind blow
When there's nothing to lose and nothing to gain
Grab a hold of that fistful of rain

Grab a hold, grab a hold, grab a hold
Grab a hold, grab a hold
Grab a hold of that fistful of rain

Grab a hold, grab a hold
Grab a hold of that fistful of rain

Grab a hold, grab a hold
Grab a hold, fistful of rain

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