

Wolfgang Press

"Raintime"

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Disturbing the old times, the gift of science

Lots of back washing and sticks of paper

Sticks of paper lighting the way

If you find you don't know where you're going

It's in the bush, it's in the trees

I'm gonna run 'round there twice

It's too quick, it's too late

It's much too quick and it's far too late

I'm rolling away

And I'm rolling away, and I'm rolling away for the last
time

And I'm hauling away, and I'm hauling away

Too many things left unsaid

And I'm rolling away, and I'm rolling away

Somebody here is talking

And I'm hauling away, and I'm hauling away

Somebody here is sober

Somebody here is older, Macbeth times 2

A lazy suit and bloody hands

Come taste your faith in every street

The sounds of money just kissed me in the face

My trousers aren't the right size, I go straight to pocket
Take one step up and back to business
My mind is closed so my body speaks
My mind is clothed, my body squeaks
And I'm rolling away, and I'm rolling away
And I'm facing my only true smile
And I'm hauling away, and I'm hauling away
Somebody there is calling
So I'm rolling away, the rolling away
A sound of time is talking
And I'm hauling away and I'm hauling away
This party here is too loud
Nobody knows what clothes they're wearing
Nobody knows which road is the white one
So here we go holding up the motion
You raise your hopes, you raise your chin
You raise your glass with nothing in it
It's a momentary lapse, a common habit
Support your faith with this party face and party pieces
And party faces, and party people with their powdered
faces
Just, just rolling away, just rolling away, just rolling
away
Just rolling
Ooh rain time, ooh rain time, ooh rain time

